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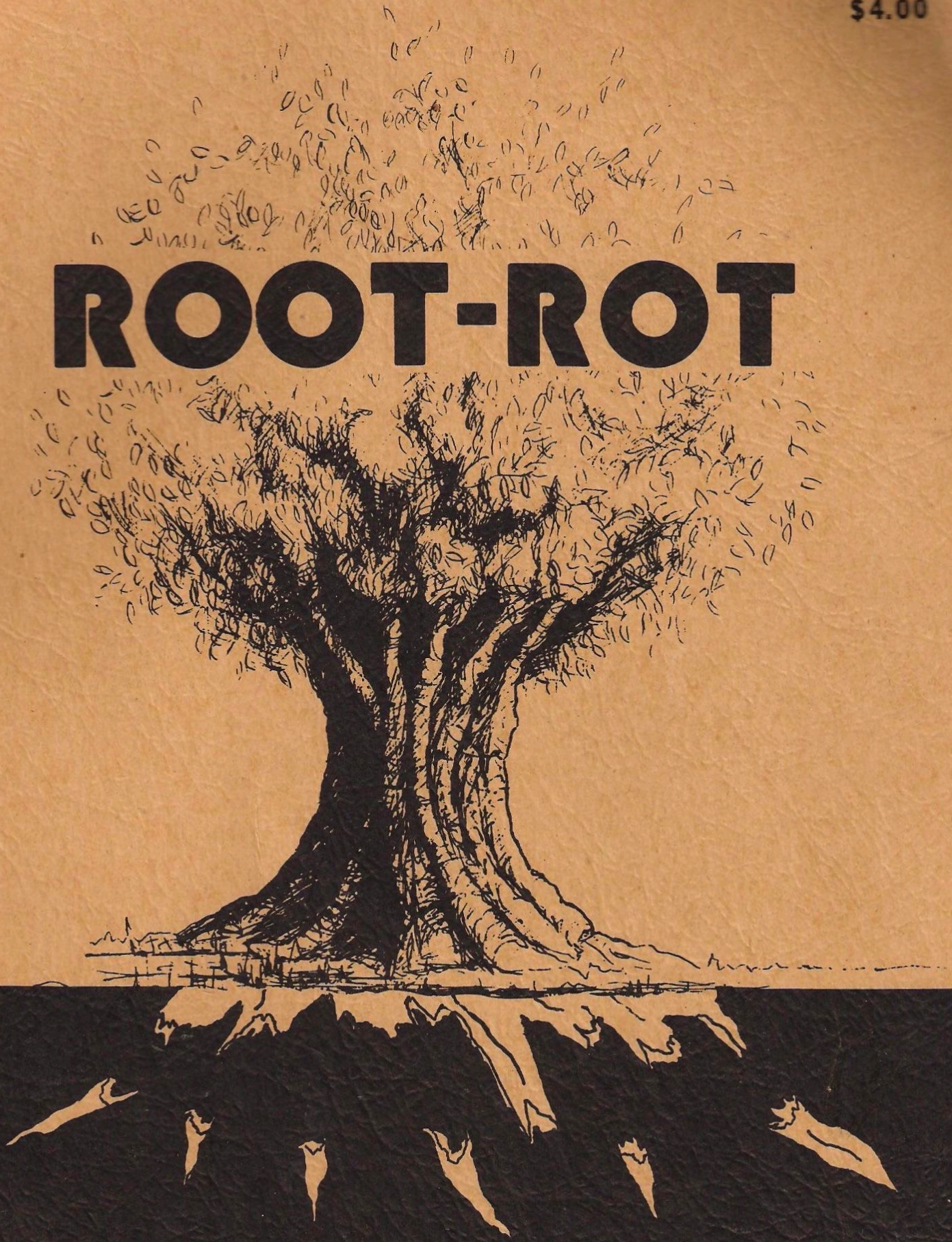
ROOT-ROT



KURT SAXON'S ANSWER TO ALEX HALEY

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ATLAN FORMULARIES
P.O. Box 95
Alpena, AR 72611
(501) 437-2999

ROOT-ROT

KURT SAXON'S ANSWER TO ALEX HALEY

ROOTS, by Alex Haley, is a slander against all white Southerners during the days of slavery and has caused humiliation to all their descendants as well as feelings of guilt among many whites whose ancestors had nothing to do with slavery. ROOTS is also a disservice to blacks, causing them resentment of whites and a false pride in their own ancestors as well as a belief that they are somehow in bondage here, rather than living the good life in their native homeland.

As a descendant of Southern whites, I have written an answer to Haley's slanders and compiled eleven articles and stories from the 19th Century on the real slave trade and slave life in the American South.

Kunta Kente, a devout Moslem, born in 1750 in the village of Juffure, four days upriver from the mouth of the Gambia in West Africa was captured about 1770 by whites. This fable has been presented to Americans in the foolish account, "ROOTS", by Alex Haley. Now in its second showing as a TV series to millions of credulous whites and blacks, it is calculated to instil pride and anti-white hatred in blacks and guilt and self-hatred in whites.

Elaborate in detail, as are most accounts written in the Big Lie style, it is so full of holes that any objective scholar would reject it in its entirety. However, since few objective scholars are also publishers these days, the lie has remained relatively unchallenged. Worst of all, the non-objective scholars are so cowed by fears of being stigmatized as racists that anything some boorish lout writes against his betters must be tolerated.

Aside from such considerations, proof to the contrary is simply unavailable to most modern scholars. So much has been lost that only a collector of 19th century accounts has the real facts to refer to. Others have to look to modern accounts by liberal idealists, so prejudiced in favor of the underdog that they are blind to their own long-range interests.

The most amazing thing about this whole fable is Alex's arrogance in omitting documentation. Small wonder, since slaving was extremely unpopular with those not engaged in the trade. It is understandable, therefore, that records were sketchy and seldom preserved after the transactions of captains and shipowners and/or captains and slave dealers were completed.

On talk shows, Alex has related questioning surviving relations, collecting letters, etc. His freed ancestors left the plantation at the end of the Civil War and we are to believe that the plantation records still exist intact.

In the chaos of the Reconstruction, ex-slave owners would have had little reason to preserve such records. I doubt if one out of a thousand American blacks can trace his ancestry back to any plantation.

But even if Alex could fix that location, there would be no mention of Kunta Kente in any records. Slaves were not named, or even numbered by the ship's captains. His master changed his name so "Kunta Kente" would never have been written down.

His slave descendant, Kizzy, was supposedly taught to read from the Bible by her playmate and mistress. But this doesn't mean she could write. Nor would Kizzy have dared to write the family history, as literacy among slaves was usually strictly forbidden.

Illiterates, constantly oppressed and beaten, never going more than three minutes at a time without some traumatic humiliation (if you believe the story) would have no reason to preserve a family legend. I should suppose slaves had better things to think about than the ravings of a mad ancestor.

It would be easy, but tedious and unrewarding to nit-pick and disect each inaccuracy, page by page. But for instance, I cite Alex's reference to "a pile of books" on a shelf by his grandmother's bed, (ROOTS, page 25) left by his grandfather many years before. Only the wealthy could afford to own books in those days and anyway, tropical mildew would have destroyed them in a season. But let's call this "author's licence".

As a naturalist, Alex is pathetic, as on page 31 of ROOTS he tells of a termite mound being broken into and thousands of termites pouring out to get away. They would retreat further inside and only soldiers and builders would rush to the break. No matter. To contradict more such unimportant absurdities would only be boring.

Going from the book to the TV series; the Mandinkas (if such a tribe existed) were presented as a brave, clean, strong people, loving in peace and

fierce in war. They lived the idyllic life of farmers and goatherds. Chapter 16 of the book shows many in the tribe were slaves, which Alex excuses as being merely the equivalent of sharecroppers. The TV series omits this part, leading the audience to believe that slave owning of any kind would have been abhorrant to Kunta's people. Besides, no one who reads the article on black slave owners in the Congo (page 10) could take the sharecropper line seriously.

Actually, slavery was a black African institution accepted and practiced by them for thousands of years. Even so, as Moslems, the Mandinkas would have been exempt from enslavement.

The Arabs, although not present in the book, considered all heathen fair game. However, those blacks who were converted to Islam were either let alone or used to capture their infidel black brothers for the slave trade. All Moslems are brothers and even whites left black. Moslems alone, lest the Arabs protest, which they would have. Since the whites depended on many Arab slavers to supply them with their human chattels, picking up black Moslems would have been more a nuisance than it was worth.

Further, there is no evidence of Moslem influence in the American slaves' religions. They were invariably practicers of black magic and various forms of African witchcraft. This alone, casts further doubt on Alex's account, since, although Kunta Kente could read and write in Arabic and prayed five times daily to Allah, his tribe's customs were ridden with heathen superstitions.

"There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet", is the basic tenet of Islam. No real Moslem convert would be allowed to retain the heathen rituals of his ancestors. As the early accounts show, (page 5) there were Moslem tribes in Gambia, but Kunta's people would not have been among them.

Kunta's grandmother, on page 67 of ROOTS, tells him that during her girlhood (possibly 40 years before, or about 1730) whites invaded her village and captured her. The first ship of whites which had penetrated the region since 1660 was commanded by a Captain Stibbs in 1723 looking for gold, not slaves (page 6).

The idea of whites capturing slaves in the first place, is ridiculous. The interior of Africa was often fatal to whites. Only explorers, missionaries and gold hunters ventured beyond the coasts. Their mortality rate from tropical diseases was high and in Gambia the climate was only "fairly healthy during the dry months" (page 5).

Slaves were purchased from black chiefs or Arab slavers. Their cost was from pennies to maybe a pound, depending on from which group they were purchased. A string of beads for one, a bottle of rum for another, a couple of yards of cheap cloth for another one. Their cheapness, coupled with the fact of their 50-50 chance of living to be sold in the Americas (page 7) is a virtual guarantee that no whites would risk a spear in the guts or fever to capture slaves themselves. Besides, ship crews were minimal, so the captains would have been short-handed if crewmen were lost. It simply wouldn't have been worth the trouble from any point of view.

The account of about twenty slave ships moored upriver (ROOTS, page 70) is further nonsense, as slavers did not congregate in fleets. Although the British owned slaving companies, slavers were mostly individual ships, regardless of how many a company might own, with independent captains under contract. There may have been twenty ships anchored at the mouth of the Gambia at Bathurst, but not upriver. Besides, slave raids would not have been held during the rainy season and the Gambia has a dry season depth of only 13 to 20 feet, hardly deep enough for slavers with a load of human cargo (page 5).

Page 70 of ROOTS also gives an account of the king of Barra leading his soldiers against a fleet of slavers and burning them to the waterline and killing all their crews. This is an absurdity hardly worth repeating except as a story for children.

It is not likely that any slavers operated around Gambia as the trade was largely restricted to areas further south and conducted by agents. The story, "Negroland and the Negroes" (page 27) is not particularly interesting but it does show that coastal tribes were not often bothered by slavers. It also illustrates the discomfort of whites, even on the coast.

Not all Africans were involved in slavery. The Krus were neither enslaved nor were they slave owners. They did own women called "wives", although a chief who owned 3000 women and called them wives was stretching a point as far as the women themselves were concerned. But owning women was hardly different from owning slaves.

Alex's account of the Mandinkas paints a picture of misery and starvation only the hopelessly nostaligic could relish. His claimed ancestors were in worse shape than the sorriest American Indian tribe. Starvation, drouth, wet, insects, slavery, constant terror, was hardly a pristine

utopia from which the noble savage would develop.

Recent visitors to the area he claims as his ancestral homeland describe the natives there as the most wretched of people. I should suppose any ghetto dweller in New York would consider himself well-off by comparison.

Furthermore, upon reading the account of slavery by blacks in "The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin", his arguments against the whites who bought slaves as being brutes, is pretty thin. Compared to the black slavers, the whites were benign.

Actually, the Africans lent themselves to enslavement by whites. Since they had no feelings for their fellow Africans, is it any wonder that both Arabs and whites considered them fair game? After all, if these poor creatures were doomed to the most miserable, torturous existance, if they were allowed to live at all, could slavery in America or an Arab state be worse? And those who made it to America were far better off than those who remained captive servants in native villages.

Alex may have known something of these conditions so relocated his mythical ancestors to a less harsh setting. But placing them in Gambia was the most clumsy grasping at straws. His real ancestor was most likely some pitiful Congolese woman who would have been butchered and eaten if her black captor hadn't been offered a bottle of rum in trade for her.

Although I wish no slave had ever been brought to America, any black can only be thankful that his ancestor was sold to the whites. Hating modern whites for what a few of our ancestors did is a form of insanity. I'm sure no American black would trade places with the average modern black African.

Alex writes against the slavers with great bitterness. But would he want to have been reared as was the fictional Kunta Kente? Kunta was brought up in a truly totalitarian system. His every hour was controlled and regimented as strictly as is that of any Chinese living under modern communism. His time, his thought, his life, was not his own. All was tradition, conditioning, molding, regimentation.

Where, in all that, was the real Kunta Kente? The TV series and the book shows the captive Kunta a borderline psychotic with no identity of his own. He could not adapt since he had never made an important decision for himself. It's little wonder he proved to be a mental defective.

Had he been reared in America with its lax discipline, his insanity would have gotten him committed to an institution. That he was indeed insane can be shown by comparison with the other slaves on the plantation. They had adapted. They were normal. He couldn't, so he wasn't normal at all.

Lest his rebelliousness in the face of all the odds be attributed to strength, consider this analogy: Suppose you were captured and carried off to Outer Mongolia and sold to a village chieftan. There, you meet others of French, German, Polish and Italian nationalities. You know only English and they can't communicate to you or each other except in snatches of Mongolian.

Your master names you Oom Tang. You insist you are George Blake. Whack. "Oom Tang". "No, George Blake". Whack. "Oom Tang". "George Blake". Whack.

You pick up a little Mongolian and your fellow slaves tell you to settle down. Cooperate. They're doing all right under the circumstances. They're not chained or beaten. They're not trying to run away. Where can they go? They tell you this but you run anyway. You're beaten. You run again. Your toes are chopped off. What are you proving?

This isn't happening to the others. They're not weaklings or cowards. But maybe you are. Maybe you're just plain nuts. Should a descendant; a respected Amero-Mongolian scholar, Toirin Salatu, write a 729 page book of nonsense about the heroic American, George Blake? That, in itself, might be a kind of insanity if it were meant to be believed.

But then again, your descendant becomes wealthy and goes on Mongolian TV. So all you got out of it was a hole in the ground and dirt shoveled in your face.

ROOTS has proven to be the greatest racist con since Uncle Tom's Cabin. But it gives me the greatest pleasure to show the other side. I was raised mainly in the North, but my roots are in Arkansas. So I grew up knowing all sides as few others are privileged.

Rather than go further and dispute the Kente clan's misadventures in the American South, I'll let my own ancestors and their Northern brothers tell it like it really was. The following articles were all printed in Yankee publications during and soon after the Civil War.

They had no axe to grind. They wrote of what they saw. They weren't writing to us. But their version of Africans, slave life and the Southerners' attitudes towards blacks were first-hand and

objective.

They were good people, for the most part. There was a Simon Legree here and there but such were not typical, as they are depicted in ROOTS. Slave owners were as much a part of the system as were their slaves.

In the hotter regions of the deep South were agribusinesses with their monocultures of cotton, sugar cane, etc. Their owners had little personal contact with the slaves and so were often unconcerned with their treatment. The work was brute labor and mainly reserved for brutes. Blacks with the intelligence to do regular work around the farm or in the home were too valuable to waste in such occupations.

Slaves who were too stupid, lazy or uncooperative to work around the farm were sold to such plantations. There was the whip swinging overseer, usually black. Kunta Kente would most certainly have been sold down the river to the cane fields.

It was in these agribusinesses where slaves were most likely to run away. They were the ones for which most reward posters were printed. The average slave owner had no interest in catching runaways from such places, hence, the incentive of a reward. Even rewards were not enough for many decent slave owners to become involved so there were professional slave catchers operating on the same basis as the bounty hunters of the old West.

It was also on these huge agribusinesses where families were separated. The owners of the kind of plantations shown in ROOTS seldom broke up a family unless forced to by economic necessity.

They knew their slaves as people and were as considerate of their well-being as any decent employer of today. They wanted to keep them happy and breaking up the family would have insured only resentment from the other slaves and nothing but trouble from then on.

In the following reprints, the 19th century encyclopedia descriptions of Gambia make no mention of slave trading in that area. The excerpts on the Negro (page 8) gives no hint of Moslem slaves in the Americas.

The Yankee explorer who wrote "The Realm of

the Congo", showed nothing but contempt for Africans and displayed attitudes not reflected by the slave owners in the other articles. The story was mainly of exploration and I have reprinted only relevant excerpts.

Read and judge for yourself. You can but conclude, as I do, that the whites in ROOTS were caricatures and composites of the worst of the slave owners and not at all representative of the average.

"Aunt Eve Interviewed", tells of a beloved exslave and her fond recollections of slave life during Colonial days.

Slaves were generally respected, loved and well cared for. Bible Smith, of "The Poor Whites of the South", so loved his slave, Jake, that he apparently named his son after him.

The writer of "Education of the Colored Population of Louisiana" was a Yankee liberal of his day and properly points out that there were black slave owners in Louisiana, just as pro-slavery as any white slave owner. I cut the article off after the relevant information had been covered.

Yankee writers of the last century had good reason to resent Southerners, but I found no stories by them reflecting the constant brutality and downright meanness of whites depicted in ROOTS.

The clergyman who bought a plantation may seem a rascal, but he offered no threats of force to his slaves. By his thinking, he was showing genuine concern for his charges.

Oby, of "The Freedman's Story", was torn between real love and respect for his master and his yearning for an uncertain freedom. In September of 1864, Sheridan defeated Early and liberated northern Verginia. Oby crossed the Union controlled lines in October and got work with a Sutler. Being too frail for this, he hired on as a house servant. By late 1866 he could read well enough to see that DeVere had the story straight.

Young Miss Broome of the fictionalized, "How Sal Came Through", was genuinely concerned with her friend-slave, Sal and wanted her to practice Christian forgiveness towards a plantation rival.

Excerpts from the "Monthly Record of Current Events" for 1864-65, gives the main points of the debate on arming the slaves to fight against the North during the close of the Civil War. The fact that this issue was up for debate, in the first place, should be proof that the slaves were trusted to be loyal to the system by most, even though they were generally believed unqualified through lack of training and the lack of time involved. Had Alex's characterizations been accurate the arming of slaves would never have come up for debate.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA — 1891

GAMBIA

Gambia, a river of Western Africa, the more southerly of the two great streams of Senegambia, enters the Atlantic after a course estimated at over 1400 miles, by an estuary which in some parts measures nearly 27 miles across, but contracts to little more than 2 at the mouth (Bathurst, 13° 24′ N. lat., 16° 36′ W. long.). It is navigable from June to November for vessels of 150 tons up to Barraconda, about 400 miles from the sea. The whole of the *lower* river, extending to Georgetown, 180 miles from Bathurst, is British waters. Below Barraconda the river overflows its banks in the rainy season, and, like the Nile, leaves a fertile deposit of mud.—The British settlement of Gambia occupies the banks of the river as far up as Georgetown, though not continuously. Its actual area is about 69 sq. m., embracing St Mary's Island, a sandbank about 3½ miles long by 1¼ broad, mostly covered with low swamps, but containing Bathurst (q.v.); British Combo, on the mainland opposite; Albrida, on the north bank; the Ceded Mile; and M'Carthy's Island, with Georgetown. The climate is officially described as only 'fairly healthy during the dry months.' Besides the weaving of cotton into native cloths, there are manufactures of vegetable oils and bricks, and some boat-building. The staple product is the ground-nut, which is exported to the south of Europe for the extraction of oil, although this trade has declined since 1858. Other products are hides, rice, cotton, beeswax, kola nuts, and india-rubber, and there is an active entrepôt trade with the neighbouring French settlements in cotton goods, spirits, rice, kola nuts, and hardware. In the ten years 1878–87 the imports (mostly British) ranged from £217,938 in 1884 to £69,243 in 1886; the exports (chiefly to France) from £254,711 in 1882 to £79,516 in 1886. The revenue in the same period ranged from £28,952 to £13,453, but the expenditure never fell below £18,361. Formerly a dependency of Sierra Leone, the settlement was created an independent colony in 1843, and became a portion of the West African Settlements in 1876; in 1888 it was made a separate government. The settlement is connected with Europe by telegraph cables, and the Liverpool mail-steamers call fortnightly. There are 14 denominational schools (8 Mohammedan), receiving grants in aid, with about 1300 pupils. Pop. (1881) 14,150, including some 25 Europeans.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA — 1892

GAMBIA, Gambra, Ba Dimma, or Fura, an important river of Western Africa, which enters the Atlantic about 13° 50′ N. lat. Its sources are in the central plateau of the Futa Jallon highlands, a tract of country about 240 miles inland, which also contains the head waters of the Senegal, the Faleme, the Rio Grande, and some tributaries of the Niger. Flowing almost due N. for the first 200 miles of its course, it turns somewhat abruptly to the W., and continues in that direction through a country of great fertility. Steamers can proceed up the river as far as Yaba Tenda; the channel remains navigable for boats 300 miles from the mouth to the falls of Barracónda; and above the falls it is again navigable, as was shown by Governor Macdonnell's expedition in 1851, for at least 160 miles farther. The principal affluent is the Neries, which, coming from the north, joins the main stream about 30 or 35 miles above the falls. At Fattatenda, a short distance below the falls, the river has a breadth, even in the dry season, of about 320 feet, with a depth of from 13 to 20 feet. In the rainy season it rises from 20 to 50 feet, and the whole country downwards to the sea is laid under water, and receives a rich alluvial deposit.

The British colony of Gambia comprises a considerable territory mainly on the left bank at the mouth of the river, Elephant's Island about 100 miles from the sea, and Macarthy's Island still further inland. The whole area under British authority is 21 square miles. The population in 1851 was stated at 5693, in 1861 at 6939, and in 1871 at 14,190 (7306 males and 6884 females). In the 15 years from 1860 to 1874 the total gross revenue was £268,232, making an annual average of £17,802; and the gross amount of public expenditure in the same period was £255,291, making an annual average of £17,019, or a total surplus of revenue over expenditure of £2941. In 1862, 1863, and 1864 the liabilities exceeded the assets by £3638, £4817, and £5492 respectively, but there is no funded debt. The Gambia settlement, which formerly cost the imperial revenue from £20,000 to £25,000 per annum, now provides for its own defence,—an armed police force, recruited mainly from the Mahometan tribe of the Houssas, having been substituted since 1869 for the imperial troops. The parliamentary grant, which had averaged about £4200 per annum from 1860 to 1867, was reduced to £1500 in 1868, and finally withdrawn in 1871, and all expenses are met by the local revenue. The Gambia district was originally united with Sierra Leone on the dissolution of the African Company in 1822; in 1843 it was made a separate colony, the first governor being Henry Frowd Seagram; in 1868 it was reunited to Sierra Leone; and it is now governed by an administrator. The capital of the colony is Bathurst, a town on the eastern side of St Mary's Island.

St Mary's Island lies at the mouth of the river on the south side, close to the mainland, from which it is separated by a stretch of mangrove swamp and a narrow arm of the river called Oyster Creek. It is about 15 miles in length by less than a mile in breadth, and consists of a slightly elevated plain of sandy soil, which in the dry season becomes a bed of hot and shifting dust. There are naturally not many trees on the island, though a few cocoa-nuts,

palms, papaws, willows, bananas, oleanders, and guavas manage to maintain a precarious existence. The Barbadoe pride, however, flourishes luxuriantly (Captain Hewitt). Bathurst is on the whole a well-built town, the principal material employed being a dirty red sandstone coated with whitewash. It lies about 12 or 14 feet above the level of the river. The market house is built of iron, and the market place was planted with trees in 1869. Besides the Government house and the barracks, there is a hospital founded by General Macdonnell, a court-house, and an Episcopal church completed about 1869. The population of the town is of a very motley description, including, besides the white officials, and traders to the number of about 50, half-castes of all shades, liberated negroes, Jolloffs, Barras, and other local tribes. The part of the mainland immediately contiguous to St Mary's is known as British Combo, an area of about 6 miles long by from 2 to 3 miles broad having been secured by treaty with the king of Combo in 1853.

M'Carthy's Island lies about 180 or 200 miles above St Mary's. It is about 5½ miles in length and 1 in breadth. There are two or three "factories," a considerable trading town, peopled partly by liberated Africans, a fort, a Methodist church, and a schoolhouse. Though this was the last spot actually in British possession, it was long understood by Gambia traders that they were under British protection much farther up the stream; but, according to the despatches of Lord Carnarvon in 1877, they must proceed at their own risk as soon as they advance beyond British territory. St James's Island, which was the seat of the British factory in the 18th century, is about 17 miles from St Mary's. It still bears traces of European occupation, but is gradually being washed away by the river.

The chief exports are ground nuts, wax, hides, ivory, gold dust, palm oil, and gum arabic; but even these are obtained in quantities that look ridiculously small when the natural richness of the country through which the Gambia flows is considered. At the close of the 18th century only two or three ships were employed in the trade; in 1839 no fewer than 239 merchant vessels visited the river; and in 1871 75 British and 154 foreign vessels entered, with a total tonnage of 51,853 tons. During the four rainy months, from July to October, the native trader conveys his employer's rice or corn up the river, and receives in exchange the pagnes or country cloths; in November he barters these same cloths for ground nuts, hides, and wax; and for the rest of the year, till the rainy season comes round again, he supplies the natives with arms, powder, rum, Madras handkerchiefs, and other European productions. The French traders, however, who are gradually getting a large share of the commerce into their hands, have introduced the custom of money transactions, and the innovation is well received by the natives.

The trade in ground nuts is of comparatively recent development. In 1836 the value exported was only £838; in 1837 it reached £8053, and in 1840 no less than £15,209. In 1860 the value was £79,611, and in 1861 £101,060. The average quantity between 1850 and 1860 was 11,196 tons; between 1870 and 1877 it was 14,000 tons. The supply is greatly affected by the political state of the country in which the nuts are grown. Most of the necessary tillage is performed by the tribe of the Sera-Woullis, who come down from the interior in great numbers, and return home when they have earned what they desire. The French markets are the principal destination of the nuts. American traders deal mainly in hides, horns, and beeswax; and the honey is chiefly purchased for the German market. The Roman Catholics maintain a mission and a small convent in the Gambia, and the Wesleyans have long had a number of stations. The latter have done great service to education in the colony,—their 10 schools, as far back as 1860, being attended by 1273 scholars. It was not till 1869 that, even at Bathurst, a Government school was established; but there are now several schools in connexion with the Episcopal church. The Roman Catholics began the erection of a large schoolhouse in 1873.

The Gambia was visited by the Carthaginian explorer Hanno, and it became early known to the Portuguese discoverers; but it was not till 1618 that English traders began to turn their attention to this quarter. In that year a company was formed for the exploration of the river. Richard Thompson was sent out in the "Catherine," and succeeded in reaching Kassan, a Portuguese trading town, but he never returned, and his fate is not known. Two years afterwards, Richard Jobson advanced beyond the falls of Barraconda; and he was followed, about 40 years later, by Vermuyden, a Dutch merchant. In 1723 Captain Stibbs was sent out by the African Company to verify Vermuyden's reports of gold; he proceeded 60 miles above the falls. The treaty of Versailles in 1783 assigned the right of trade in the Gambia to Britain, reserving the single port of Albreda for the French; while at the same time it assigned the Senegal to France, and reserved the port of Portendic for the British. By the treaty of Paris in 1851 this arrangement was re-established, and it remained in force till 1857, when an exchange of possessions was effected, and the Gambia became a purely British river. In 1870 there was a proposal to transfer the colony to the French; but it led to nothing more than a voluminous diplomatic correspondence.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA 1892

The first Englishman who engaged in the hateful traffic was Captain John HAWKINS (*q.v.*). The English slave traders were at first altogether occupied in supplying the Spanish settlements. Indeed the reign of Elizabeth passed without any English colony having been permanently established in America. But in 1620 a Dutch ship from the coast of Guinea visited Jamestown in Virginia, and sold a part of her cargo of negroes to the tobacco-planters. This was the first beginning of slavery in British America; the number of negroes was afterwards continually increased—though apparently at first slowly—by importation, and the field-labour was more and more performed by servile hands, so that in 1790 the State of Virginia, which is only a small part of the original colony so named, contained 200,000 negroes.

The African trade of England was long in the hands of exclusive companies; but by an Act of the first year of William and Mary it became free and open to all subjects of the crown. The African Company, however, continued to exist, and obtained from time to time large parliamentary grants. By the treaty of Utrecht the asiento,[2] or contract for supplying the Spanish colonies with 4800 negroes annually, which had previously passed from the Dutch to the French, was transferred to Great Britain; an English company was to enjoy the monopoly for a period of thirty years from 1st May 1713. But the contract came to an end in 1739, when the complaints of the English merchants on one side and of the Spanish officials on the other rose to such a height that Philip V. declared his determination to revoke the asiento, and Sir Robert Walpole was forced by popular feeling into war with Spain. Between 1680 and 1700 about 140,000 negroes were exported by the African Company, and 160,000 more by private adventurers, making a total of 300,000. Between 1700 and the end of 1786 as many as 610,000 were transported to Jamaica alone, which had been an English possession since 1655. Bryan Edwards estimated the total import into all the British colonies of America and the West Indies from 1680 to 1786 at 2,130,000, being an annual average of 20,095. But this, he admits, is much less than was in his time commonly supposed. The British slave trade reached its utmost extension shortly before the War of American Independence. It was then carried on principally from Liverpool, but also from London, Bristol, and Lancaster; the entire number of slave ships sailing from those ports was 192, and in them space was provided for the transport of 47,146 negroes. During the war the number decreased, but on its termination the trade immediately revived. When Edwards wrote (1791), the number of European factories on the coasts of Africa was 40; of these 14 were English, 3 French, 15 Dutch, 4 Portuguese, and 4 Danish. As correct a notion as can be obtained of the numbers annually exported from the continent about the year 1790 by traders of the several European countries engaged in the traffic is supplied by the following statement:—"By the British, 38,000; by the French, 20,000; by the Dutch, 4000; by the Danes, 2000; by the Portuguese, 10,000; total 74,000." Thus more than half the trade was in British hands.

[2] The Spaniards were prevented from forming establishments on the African coast by the Bull of Demarcation ("Inter cætera") of Pope Alexander VI. (1493), which forbade their acquiring territory to the east of the meridian line of 100 miles west of the Azores. They could therefore supply their American possessions with slaves only by contracts with other powers.

"At present," said Robertson, writing in 1791, "the number of negro slaves in the settlements of Great Britain and France in the West Indies exceeds a million; and, as the establishment of servitude has been found, both in ancient and modern times, extremely unfavourable to population, it requires an annual importation of at least 58,000 to keep up the stock." The slaves in the Spanish dominions and in North America, he thought, probably amounted to an additional million.

The hunting and stealing of human beings to make them slaves, which were already practised in Africa for the supply of the central states of that continent, as well as of the markets of northern Africa, Turkey, and other Mohammedan countries, were greatly aggravated by the demand of the European colonies. The native chiefs engaged in forays, sometimes even on their own subjects, for the purpose of procuring slaves to be exchanged for Western commodities. They often set fire to a village by night and captured the inhabitants when trying to escape. Thus all that was shocking in the barbarism of Africa was multiplied and intensified by this foreign stimulation. To the miseries thus produced, and to those suffered by the captives in their removal to the coast were added the horrors of the middle passage. Exclusive of the slaves who died before they sailed from Africa, 12½ per cent. were lost during their passage to the West Indies; at Jamaica 4½ per cent. died whilst in the harbours or before the sale, and one-third more in the "seasoning." Thus, out of every lot of 100 shipped from Africa 17 died in about 9 weeks, and not more than 50 lived to be effective labourers in the islands. The circumstances of their subsequent life on the plantations were not favourable to the increase of their numbers. In Jamaica there were in 1690 40,000; from that year till 1820 there were imported 800,000; yet at the latter date there were only 340,000 in the island. One cause which prevented the natural increase of population was the inequality in the numbers of the sexes; in Jamaica alone there was in 1789 an excess of 30,000 males.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA — 1891

NEGRO SLAVERY

Negro Slavery existed from the earliest times; the Carthaginians seem to have brought caravans of slaves from various parts of North Africa; but in this the negroes suffered no more than other contemporary barbarians. The negro slavery of modern times was a sequel to the discovery of America. Prior, however, to that event the negroes, like other savage races, enslaved those captives in war whom they did not put to death, and a considerable trade in slaves from the coast of Guinea was carried on by the Arabs. The deportation of the Africans to the plantations and mines of the New World doubtless raised the value of the captive negro, and made slavery rather than death his common fate; while it may also have tempted the petty princes to make war on each other for the purpose of acquiring captives and selling them. The aborigines of America having proved too weak for the work required of them, the Portuguese, who possessed a large part of the African coast, began the importation of negroes, in which they were followed by the other colonisers of the New World. The first part of the New World in which negroes were extensively used was Hayti in St Domingo. The aboriginal population had at first been employed in the mines; but this sort of labour was found so fatal to their constitutions that Las Casas (q.v.), Bishop of Chiapa, the celebrated protector of the Indians, interceded with Charles for the substitution of African slaves as a stronger race. As early as the beginning of the 16th century a good many Africans were already in Hispaniola; the emperor accordingly in 1517 authorised a large importation of negroes from the establishments of the Portuguese on the coast of Guinea. Sir John Hawkins (q.v.) was the first Englishman who engaged in the traffic, in which his countrymen soon largely participated, England having exported no fewer than 300,000 slaves from Africa between the years 1680 and 1700; and between 1700 and 1786 imported 610,000 into Jamaica alone. At first the trade was in the hands of special companies, one of which long enjoyed the special right or Assiento (q.v.) from Spain of supplying slaves. Most of the English slaving ships belonged first to Bristol, and from 1730 onwards to Liverpool (q.v.). The slave-trade was attended with extreme inhumanity; the ships which transported the negroes from Africa to America were overcrowded to such an extent that a large proportion died in the passage; and the treatment of the slave after his arrival in the New World depended much on the character of his master. Legal restraints were, however, imposed in the various European settlements to protect the slaves from injury; in the British colonies courts were instituted to hear their complaints; their condition was to a certain extent ameliorated, and the flogging of women was prohibited. But while slavery was thus legalised in the British colonies, it was at the same time the law of England (as decided in 1772 by Lord Mansfield in the case of the negro Somerset, and less emphatically by other judges at earlier dates, without any actual statute on the subject) that as soon as a slave set his foot on English soil he became free; though, if he returned to his master's country, he could be reclaimed. Up till this date the contrary impression was the usual one, though public opinion was strongly setting against the custom of keeping slaves. In 1764 there were believed to be thousands of negro slaves in London; and advertisements of 'black boys' for sale were frequent, as also rewards offered for runaways. As late as November 1771 the *Birmingham Gazette* advertised the public sale of a negro boy, sound, healthy, and of a mild disposition.

Before the idea of emancipation was contemplated the efforts of the more humane portion of the public were directed towards the abolition of the traffic in slaves, mainly under the influence of a sense of Christian duty. In 1787 a society for the suppression of the slave-trade was formed in London, numbering Thomas Clarkson and Granville Sharp among its original members. The most active parliamentary leader in the cause was William Wilberforce, and Zachary Macaulay was one of its most zealous friends. The Quakers were the only religious body who as such petitioned the House of Commons on the subject. Many not unkindly people defended slavery. Thus Boswell, who on this point opposed his master, speaking of 'so very important and necessary a branch of commercial interest,' says: 'To abolish a status which

in all ages God has sanctioned and man has continued would not only be robbery to an innumerable class of our fellow-subjects, but it would be extreme cruelty to the African savages, a portion of whom it saves from massacre and introduces to a much happier life' (*Life of Johnson*, chap. xxxv.). In 1788 an order of the crown directed that an inquiry should be made by a committee of the Privy-council into the state of the slave-trade; and an act was passed to regulate the burden of slave-ships and otherwise diminish the horrors of the middle passage. A bill introduced by Wilberforce for putting an end to the further importation of slaves was lost in 1791, but in 1792 Wilberforce, supported by Pitt, carried a motion to gradually abolish the slave-trade. And it is noteworthy that the anti-Christian French convention, influenced by the teaching of Rousseau, decreed (4th February 1794) that slavery should be abolished throughout the French colonies, and all slaves admitted to the rights of French citizens. Meanwhile, conquest of the Dutch colonies having led to a great increase in the British slave-trade, an order in council in 1805 prohibited that traffic in the conquered colonies; and in the following year an act was passed forbidding British subjects to take part in it, either for the supply of the conquered colonies or of foreign possessions. In the same year a resolution moved by Fox for a total abolition next session was carried in the Commons, and, on Lord Granville's motion, adopted in the Lords; and the following year the general abolition bill, making all slave-trade illegal after 1st January 1808, was introduced by Lord Howick (afterwards Earl Grey) in the House of Commons, was carried in both Houses, and received the royal assent on 25th March 1807. British subjects, however, continued to carry on the trade under cover of the Spanish and Portuguese flags; the slave-ships were more crowded than ever, to reduce the chances of capture, and the negroes were not unfrequently thrown overboard on a pursuit. The pecuniary penalties of the act were discovered to be inadequate to put down a traffic so lucrative as to cover all losses by capture. Brougham therefore in 1811 introduced a bill, which was carried unanimously, making the slave-trade felony, punishable with fourteen years' transportation, or from three to five years' imprisonment with hard labour. An Act of 1824 declared it piracy, and, as such, a capital crime, if committed within the Admiralty jurisdiction; and the statute of 1837, mitigating the criminal code, left it punishable with transportation for life. The Anti-slavery Society practically established the colony of Sierra Leone in 1787 as a home for destitute negroes.

The United States of America abolished the slave-trade immediately after Great Britain (1808), and the same was in the course of time done by the South American republics of Venezuela, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, by Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and, during the Hundred Days after Napoleon's return from Elba, by France. Great Britain, at the peace, exerted her influence to induce other foreign powers to adopt a similar policy; and eventually nearly all the states of Europe have passed laws or entered into treaties prohibiting the traffic. The accession of Portugal and Spain to the principle of abolition was obtained by treaties of date 1815 and 1817; and by a convention concluded with Brazil in 1826 it was declared piratical for the subjects of that country to be engaged in the slave-trade after 1830. By the conventions with France of 1831 and 1833, to which nearly all the maritime powers of Europe have since acceded, a mutual right of search was stipulated within certain seas, for the purpose of suppressing this traffic. The provisions of these treatises were further extended in 1841 by the Quintuple Treaty between the five great European powers, subsequently ratified by all of them except France. The Ashburton treaty of 1842 with the United States provided for the maintenance by each country of a squadron on the African coast; and in 1845 a joint co-operation of the naval forces of England and France was substituted for the mutual right of search.

The limitation of the supply of negroes naturally led, among other good results, to a greater attention on the part of the masters to the condition of their slaves. But the attention of British philanthropists was next directed towards doing away with slavery altogether in the colonies. Societies were formed with this end, an agitation was set on foot, and attempts were made, for some time without success, to press the subject of emancipation on the House of Commons. At length in 1833 a ministerial proposition for emancipation was introduced by Mr Stanley (Earl of Derby), then Colonial Secretary, and an emancipation bill passed both Houses, and obtained the royal assent 28th August 1833. This act, while it gave freedom to the slaves throughout all the British colonies, at the same time awarded an indemnification to the slave-owners of £20,000,000. Slavery was to cease on 1st August 1834; but the slaves were for a certain duration of time to be apprenticed labourers to their former owners. Objections being raised to the apprenticeship, its duration was shortened, and the complete enfranchisement took place in 1838. The serious decadence of trade and commerce in the British West Indies has been commonly attributed to emancipation; but though the change in the position of the negroes unquestionably contributed to the result, it is clear that before a slave had been manumitted by law the industry of Jamaica and the other islands had already begun to fall off.

The French emancipated their negroes in 1848; as did most of the new republics of South America at the time of their establishment; while the Dutch slaves had freedom conferred on them in 1863. In Hayti slavery ceased as far back as 1791, its abolition having been one of the results of the negro insurrection of that year. In Brazil (q.v.) slavery was not abolished until 1888.

Negroes. The negro and negroid people at home are dealt with at AFRICA and ETHNOLOGY. In America the word negroes is used for all of African descent, whether of the true negro or of Bantu stock. The total number of negroes of pure or mixed blood in America has been recently estimated as somewhat above twenty millions, of whom about one-third are in the area of the United States. Their importation has been going on steadily since the early years of the 16th century,

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when it was begun by the Spaniards, even the good Las Casas recommending it in the interest of the native Indians. Both Queen Elizabeth and King James I. issued patents to English slave-trading companies operating between the coast of Guinea and the American colonies. England, by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), engaged to carry out the contract of the old French Guinea Company, and to import into the New World 130,000 slaves in the course of the next thirty years, and is said to have more than made good the engagement. In the United States the traffic was open and active until the passage of the Act of 1794 prohibiting the importation of slaves into any of the federal ports. Long after this it continued to be a brisk business in the West Indies and South America. As late as 1840 there were seventy-five ships plying constantly between Brazilian ports and the African coast, bringing cargoes of 300 or 400 slaves at each trip. The principal points at which the slaves were obtained were along the coast of Guinea, especially on what was known as the Slave Coast, between the rivers Lagos and Assinie, where were the crowded marts of Waidah and Anamaboe, and again along the Angola coast, from 8° to 18° S. lat. In these two regions the traders encountered two quite different branches of the African race, and their human wares in America show that they were derived from different sources. Along the Guinea coast, whence most of the slaves brought to the United States were derived, the population belongs to the true negro type. As most of the coast tribes enriched by the traffic did not sell their own members, but obtained the slaves from the interior by capture or purchase, we do not find traces of the Fans, Ashantis, or Dahomis in the negro population of our country, but well-marked characteristics, both linguistic and anthropologic, of the interior tribes, especially of the extensive Mande or Mandingo stock. Such words as *Juba* and *Obi* are traced to this stock, and a method of counting in use among the negroes of Maryland about the beginning of the 19th century proved to be derived from the Mandingo numerals. In Brazil and other parts of South America the preponderance of importations was from the negroid stock south of the equator, whose dialects and physical traits are allied to those of the Kaffirs and Zulus of the east coast (Bantus). The slaves in all parts, however, being from mixed stocks, their descendants do not present any well-marked anthropologic peculiarities inside those of the race.

The disposition of the negro is usually pacific and cheerful. He is not easily depressed by poverty or thoughts of the future. Content that his immediate wants are provided for, he rarely prepares for a distant contingency. Eminently gregarious in his instincts, he is usually to be found in certain streets and quarters of the town exclusively occupied by members of his own race. His interest in the past is weak, and few or no reminiscences of his ancestral languages, traditions, superstitions, or usages have been retained. His religion is emotional, and exerts but a moderate influence on his morality. Frequently it is associated with superstitious beliefs and rites known as Voodoo or Obi mysteries. It is believed by some that these are relics of the fetichistic worships of equatorial Africa, but the connection has never been demonstrated; on the contrary, the tales of the sacrifice of children, of ritual cannibalism, and of obscene ceremonies alleged to prevail in Hayti, and to a less degree among the negroes of other parts of America, have been shown by W. W. Newell to rest on very doubtful authority, and, if they occur at all, are the actions of a very few superstitious fanatics. The word *Voodoo*, or, as usually pronounced in the United States, *Hoodoo*, is a Creole form of the French *Vaudois*, and is etymologically derived from the period of the persecution of the Vaudois or Waldenses, who were represented by their opponents as sorcerers and necromancers, whence the name *Vaudois* came to be synonymous with 'witch' or 'wizard.' By a similar Creole French corruption the word *Wanga*, which among the negroes of Louisiana and Hayti means a philter or charm, and as a verb, 'to bewitch,' is, in spite of its African physiognomy, the French *Ouguent*, an ointment or salve, such preparations being currently believed to possess magic powers. It is argued, therefore, that both the words and practices are of European origin. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that among the negroes both of the West Indies and the United States there is a widespread faith in charms, philters, and fetiches. In the latter country the employment of these means to cast an evil spell upon, or, as it is called, 'to cunjer' (to conjure), a person is familiar to every one at all acquainted with the folklore of the coloured people. The maleficent influence can be exerted by obtaining something belonging to the victim and doing some injury to it, or by securing a little of his blood, or by burying certain roots in the path where he is accustomed to walk, or by scattering brown paper before the door of his house, or in many other ways. In the West Indies an Obi bottle is often hidden in the house or goods of an enemy. It is filled with pins, rags, pebbles, small sticks, leaves of certain plants, &c. The result is often successful; for a negro who believes himself 'cunjer'd' will refuse food, and sink into the profoundest dejection, resulting occasionally in death. That a serpent or snake plays any prominent part in these Obi rites, as has often been stated, does not appear confirmed. Nor is it a prominent figure in the stories and folk-tales of the race in America. These fictitious narratives are very numerous, the negro being a tireless talker and *raconteur*. Many of them reveal a high stage of the art of story-telling, as the Georgia tales collected by J. C. Harris and Colonel C. C. Jones, and numerous others from the southern states by various writers. Many of them belong to the class of 'beast-fables,' similar to some which have been collected among the American Indians and the natives of the African continent, and such as were favourite staples of amusement in Europe during the middle ages. One of the principal figures is the rabbit (the 'brer rabbit' of the 'Uncle Remus' tales). He figures conspicuously not only in the southern United States, but in the West Indies and on the Amazon (Hartt), and as *tio conejo* ('uncle

rabbit') in the folklore of the Venezuelan negroes (Dr Ernst). This unimportant animal also plays a leading part in the mythology of various American-Indian nations, as the Algonquins and Mexicans (Aztecs); and it appears not unlikely that its prominence in negro-American folklore was a loan from this source. Along with story-telling, singing and music are favourite diversions of the coloured population. This tendency is a direct inheritance from their African ancestry, as throughout that continent the natives are passionately fond of these diversions. In Central America the negroes still employ the *marimba*, a native African instrument with wooden keys placed over jars or gourds, the keys being struck with a stick. In the United States the violin, the fife, and the guitar are used, but the favourite is the 'banjo,' an instrument of African derivation, modified from the guitars with grass strings still in use on the Guinea coast. With these simple means they produce music of pleasant though not artistic character. In individual instances (as Blind Tom, born in Georgia in 1849) members of the race have attained remarkable skill on the piano and organ, rendering the most difficult compositions with spirit. No negro composer, however, has attained celebrity. Their songs are numerous, many of them of a religious character, others turning on the incidents of daily life. They are generally defective in prosody and without merit, being often little more than words strung together to carry an air.

The negro is ambitious for education, but unwilling to make the necessary mental effort to obtain it. In the public schools of the United States, where they are on the same footing as the white children, their progress is about equal up to the age of puberty. But after that important physical change there supervenes a visible ascendency of the appetites and emotions over the intellect, and an increasing indisposition to mental labour. The consequence is that in the higher education they fall notably behind the whites, and it is a rare exception for one of them to undertake the studies requisite for a profession; and when one does, he is content with what is barely sufficient for its remunerative practice. The social position of the members of the race in some parts of South America is little different from that of the whites. This is also theoretically the case in the United States since the civil war; but the natural sense of inequality between the two races is making itself felt in the latter country, and they are probably now farther asunder in sympathies than they were at the close of the war, both in the northern and southern states. Many thoughtful and learned men see in the increasing coloured population a standing menace to the institutions and culture of their country, and the project has been seriously urged to deport the whole negro stock back to Africa, and prevent others from coming to the country.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE — APRIL, 1890

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE CONGO BASIN

BY ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

ILLUSTRATED AFTER SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.

WITH STANLEY.

CANE HANDCUFF.

THE heart of Africa is being rapidly depopulated in consequence of the enormous death-roll caused by the barbarous slave-trade. It is not merely the bondage which slavery implies that should appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world; it is the bloodshed, cruelty, and misery which it involves.

During my residence in Central Africa I was repeatedly traveling about in the villages along the Congo River and its almost unknown affluents, and in every new village I was confronted by fresh evidences of the horrible nature of this evil. I did not seek to witness the sufferings attendant upon this traffic in humanity, but cruelties of all kinds are so general that the mere passing visits which I paid brought me in constant contact with them.

It is not alone by the Arabs that slave-raiding is carried on throughout Central Africa. With respect to slavery in the Congo Free State, the western limit of the slave-raiding operations of the Arabs is the Aruwhimi River, just below Stanley Falls, but intertribal slavery exists from this point throughout the State to the Atlantic Ocean. During my six years' residence on the Congo River I saw but little of the Arabs, and therefore in this article I am detailing only my experiences bearing upon the subject of slavery among the natives

themselves.

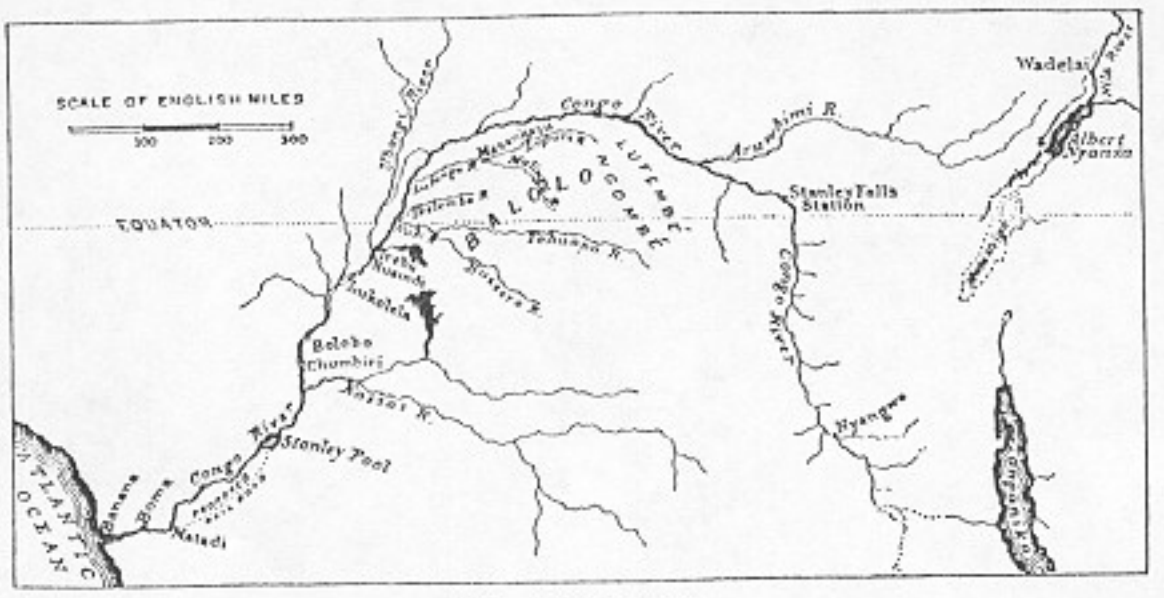
I first went to the Congo in 1883, and traveled without delay into the interior. Arriving at Stanley Pool, I received orders from my chief, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, to accompany him up river on his little boat the *En Avant.* Stanley at that time was engaged in establishing a few posts at important and strategic points along the upper river. Lukolela, eight hundred miles in the interior, was one decided upon, and I had the honor of being selected by him as chief of this post. As no white man had ever lived there before, I had a great deal of work in establishing myself. The position selected for our settlement was a dense forest, and until now it had been more familiar with the trumpeting of elephants and the cry of the leopard than with human beings. At first the natives rather objected to my remaining at all, and stated their objections to Stanley. Said they: "We have promised to allow you to put a white man here, but we have been talking the matter over, and we have concluded it would be better to put your white man somewhere else. We, the assembled chiefs, have held a council, and have come to the conclusion that it is not desirable to have such a terrible creature in the district." Stanley said: "Why, what is there in him that you object to? You have never seen him." (I had not yet landed, being at that time very sick and unable to leave the boat.) They said, "No, we have not seen him, but we have heard about him." Stanley then said, "What have you heard about him?" They replied: "He is half a lion, and half a buffalo; has one eye in the middle of his forehead, and is armed with sharp, jagged teeth; and is continually slaughtering and devouring human beings. Is this so?" Stanley answered them, "I did not know that he was such a terrible creature; but I will call him, and let you judge for yourselves." Upon my appearing this illusion was immediately dispelled, as, after suffering several days from an acute sickness, I really did not look very formidable or bloodthirsty.

Here I lived for twenty months, the only white man, so that I had every opportunity of studying native character and customs.

NATIVE LIFE.

In order to place before the reader a picture of savage life untouched by civilization, I could hardly do better than lightly sketch a typical village at Lukolela as I have intimately known it. The whole district contains about three thousand people, the land occupied by them extending along the bank for two miles, the villages being dotted through this distance in clusters of fifty or sixty houses. The houses are built on each side of one long street or in open squares. They are roofed with either palm leaves or grass, the walls being composed of split bamboo. Some of these dwellings contain two or three compartments, with only one entrance; while others are long structures, divided up into ten or twelve rooms, each with its own entrance from the outside. At the back of these dwellings are large plantations of banana trees; while above them tower the stately palm trees, covering street and hut with their friendly shade.

It is in the cool of the early morning that the greater part of the business of the village is transacted. Most of the women repair, soon after six, to their plantations, where they work until noon, a few of them remaining in the village to attend to culinary and other domestic matters. Large earthen pots, containing fish, banana, or manioc, are boiling over wood fires, around which cluster the young boys and girls and the few old men and women enjoying the heat until the warm rays of the morning sun appear. Meanwhile the fishermen gather up their traps, arm themselves, and paddle off to their fishing-grounds; the hunters take their spears or bows and arrows and start off to pick up tracks of their game; the village blacksmith starts his fire; the adze of the carpenter is heard busily at work; fishing and game nets are unrolled and damages examined; and the medicine man is busy gesticulating with his charms. As the sun rises the scene becomes more and more animated; the warmth of the fire is discarded, and every department of industry becomes full of life — the whole scene rendered cheerful by the happy faces and merry laughter of the little ones as they scamper here and there engaged in their games.



THE CONGO BASIN.

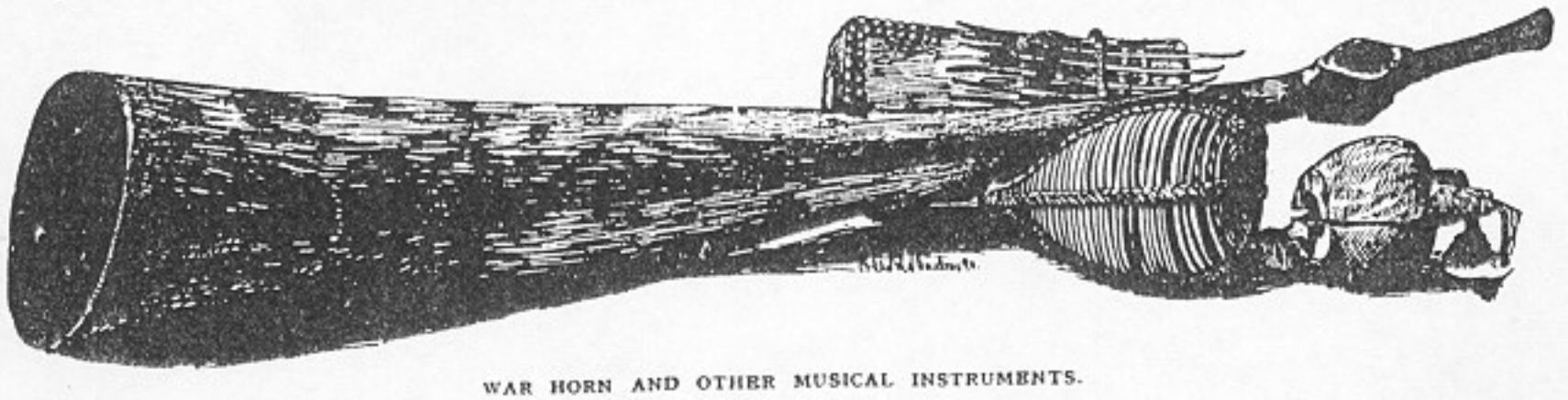
At noon the overpowering heat of the tropical sun compels a cessation of work, and a lazy quietude prevails everywhere. Then all the shady nooks of the village are filled with groups who either sleep, engage in conversation, or pass their time in hairdressing or in attending to some other toilet matter which native etiquette demands, such as shaving off eyebrows or pulling out eyelashes — an operation which is also extended to all hairs on the face except those on the chin, which are plaited in the form of a rat's tail. The closer the finger nails are cut, the more fashionable is it thought. At the finger ends the nails are cut down to the quick, and any one posing as either beau or belle always has some of the finger and toe nails pared entirely off.

The midday meal is now eaten, the whole village assuming an air of calmness, broken only by the occasional bursts of boisterous mirth from groups engaged in discussing the merits of the native wine.

All mankind have the same weakness in requiring at times drink stronger than water. Nature has provided the African with the juice of the palm tree, a most palatable beverage, resembling when fresh a very strong lemon soda, but intoxicating in its effects. It is obtained in the following way: the villagers in charge of this particular industry climb the tree, trim away some of the leaves, and then bore three or four holes, about half an inch in diameter, at the base of the frond, to the heart of the tree. From each of these holes will flow each day about half a pint of juice, a small gourd being first placed to receive it. The contents of these gourds are collected every morning. This beverage is called by the natives *malafu*, and is well known to all European travelers as palm wine.

Between three and four o'clock the village again resumes its air of activity, which is kept up until sundown. In this region, being close to the equator, the sun sets at six o'clock. All tools are put away, and work is suspended. The fires are again lighted, mats are brought out and spread about, and the principal meal of the day is eaten; after which the natives gather around the fire again and talk over the events of the day and the plans for the future. The young people repair to the open places and indulge in their native dances until midnight.

This dancing at night is a sight to be remembered. The performers arrange themselves in circles and dance in time to the beating of the drums, which is their only accompaniment, and occasionally break out into native songs. The surrounding tropical scenery stands outlined in bold relief, the nearer trees occasionally catching the lurid light of the fires, which also strikes on the gleaming bodies of the dancers, making a violent contrast of light and shade, the whole scene being



WAR HORN AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

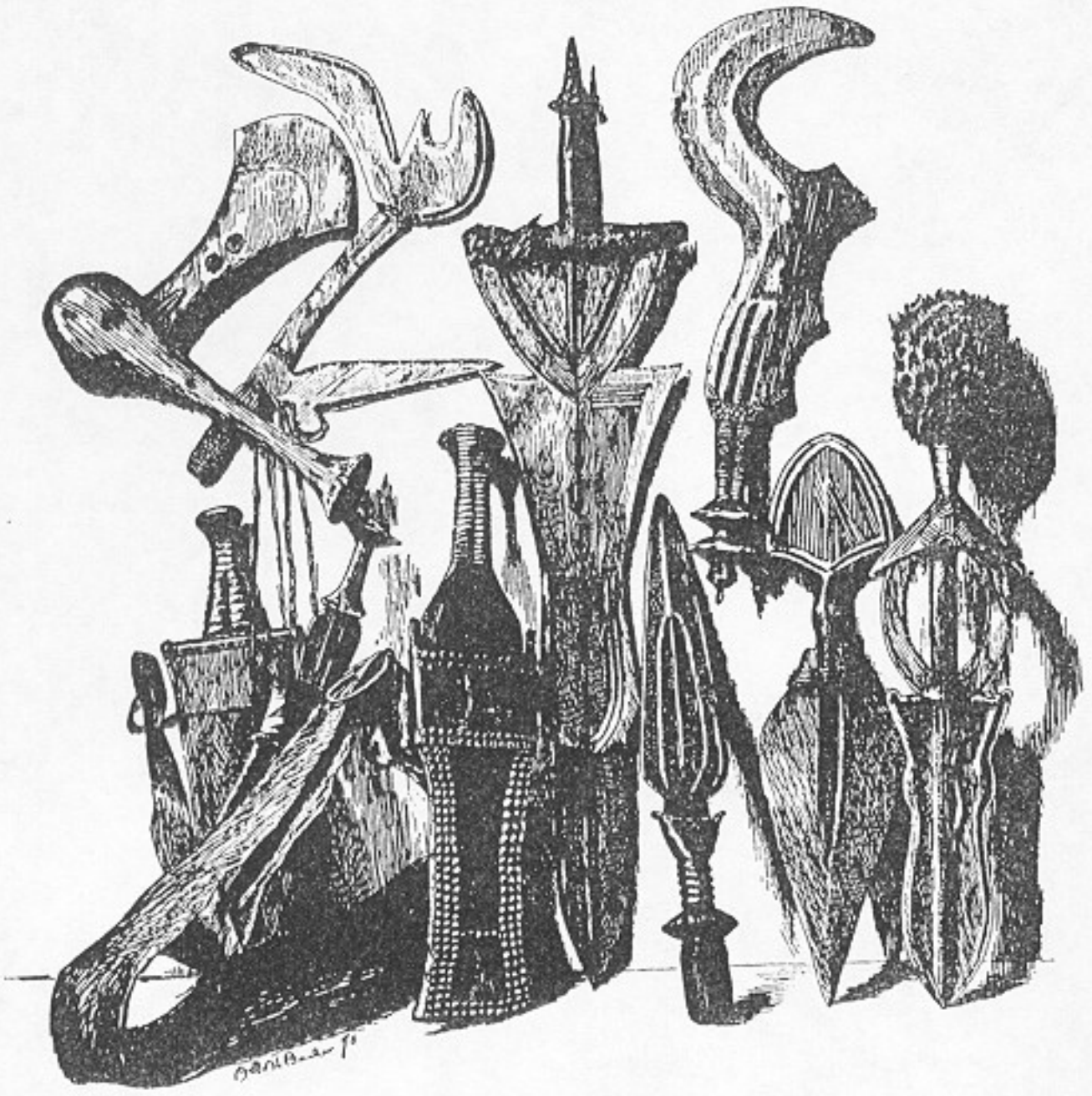
rendered impressive by the wild but harmonious music.

At midnight, when all the villagers have retired to their huts, stillness reigns, broken only at times by the weird call of a strange bird, the cry of a prowling leopard or some other wild animal, and the varied sounds of tropical insects.

THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY.

THIS is a fair picture of the life carried on from day to day in a hundred Congo villages, and but for the existence of slavery it would continue undisturbed from one year's end to another. It is the presence of the slave in the village that brutalizes the otherwise harmless and peaceful community. It is the baneful influence that gives one man the power of life and death over the wretch he has purchased that impels the savage instinct to spill in executions and ceremonies the life-blood of the man, woman, or child he has obtained—perhaps in exchange for a few brass rods or two or three yards of Manchester cloth. Here at Lukolela, for instance, I had hardly settled down in my encampment when I was introduced to one of those horrible scenes of bloodshed which take place frequently in all the villages along the Congo, and which will be enacted so long as the life of a slave is counted as naught, and the spilling of his blood of as little account as that of a goat or a fowl.

In this particular instance the mother of a chief having died, it was decided, as usual, to celebrate the event with an execution. At the earliest streak of dawn the slow, measured beat of a big drum announces to all what is to take place, and warns the poor slave who is to be the victim that his end is nigh. It is very evident that something unusual is about to happen, and that the day is to be given up to some ceremony. The natives gather in groups and begin studiously to arrange their toilets, don their gayest loin-cloths, and ornament their legs and arms with bright metal bangles, all the time indulging in wild gesticulations and savage laughter as they discuss the coming event. Having taken a hasty meal, they produce from their houses all available musical instruments. The drums are wildly beaten as groups of men, women, and children form themselves in circles and excitedly perform dances, consisting of violent contortions of the limbs, accompanied with savage singing and with repeated blasts of



CONGO KNIVES.

the war horns, each dancer trying to outdo his fellow in violence of movement and strength of lung.

About noon, from sheer exhaustion, combined with the heat of the sun, they are compelled to cease; when large jars of palm wine are produced, and a general bout of intoxication begins, increasing their excitement and showing up their savage nature in striking colors. The poor slave, who all this time has been lying in the corner of some hut, shackled hand and foot and closely watched, suffering the agony and suspense which this wild tumult suggests to him, is now carried to some prominent part of the village, there to be surrounded and to receive the jeers and scoffs of the drunken mob of savages. The executioner's assistants, having selected a suitable place for the ceremony, procure a block of wood about a foot square. The slave is then placed on this, in a sitting posture; his legs are stretched out straight in front of him; the body is strapped to a stake reaching up the back to the shoulders. On each side stakes are placed under the armpits as props, to which the arms are firmly bound; other lashings are made to posts driven into the ground near the ankles and knees.

A pole is now planted about ten feet in front of the victim, from the top of which is suspended, by a number of strings, a bamboo ring. The pole is bent over like a fishing-rod, and the ring fastened round the slave's neck, which is kept rigid and stiff by the tension. During this preparation the dances are resumed, now rendered savage and brutal in the extreme by the drunken condition of the people. One group of dancers surround the victim and indulge in drunken mimicry of the contortions of face which the pain caused by this cruel torture forces him to show. But he has no sympathy to expect from this merciless horde.

Presently in the distance approaches a company of two lines of young people, each holding a stem of the palm tree, so that an arch is formed between them, under which the executioner is escorted. The whole procession moves with a slow but dancing gait. Upon arriving near the doomed slave all dancing, singing, and drumming cease, and the

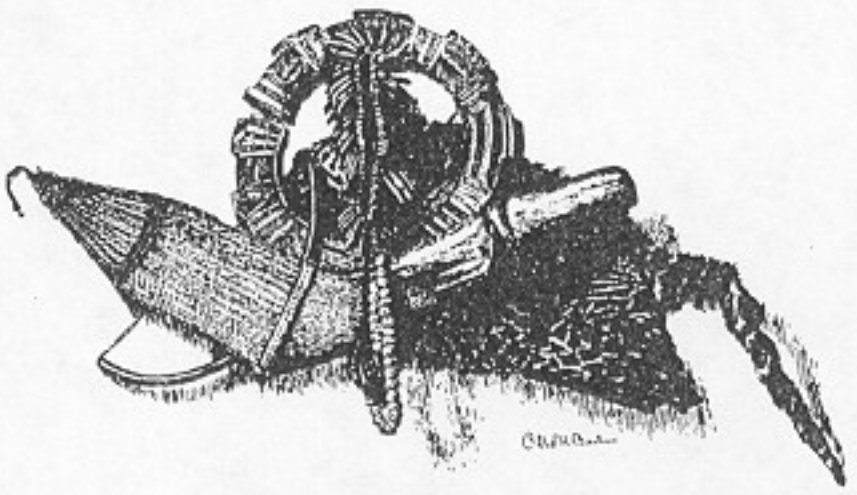
LOIN-CLOTH AND EXECUTIONER'S KNIFE AND HAT.

drunken mob take their places to witness the last act of the drama.

An unearthly silence succeeds. The executioner wears a cap composed of black cocks' feathers; his face and neck are blackened with charcoal, except the eyes, the lids of which are painted with white chalk. The hands and arms to the elbow, and feet and legs to the knee, are also blackened. His legs are adorned profusely with broad metal anklets, and around his waist are strung wild-cat skins. As he performs a wild dance around his victim, every now and then making a feint with his knife, a murmur of admiration arises from the assembled crowd. He then approaches and makes a thin chalk mark on the neck of the fated

man. After two or three passes of his knife, to get the right swing, he delivers the fatal blow, and with one stroke of his keen-edged weapon severs the head from the body.

The sight of blood brings to a climax the frenzy of the natives: some of them savagely puncture the quivering trunk with their spears, others hack at it with their knives, while the remainder engage in a ghastly struggle for the



NATIVE WEARING APPAREL.

possession of the head, which has been jerked into the air by the released tension of the sapling. As each man obtains the trophy, and is pursued by the drunken rabble, the hideous tumult becomes deafening; they smear one another's faces with blood, and fights always spring up as a result, when knives and spears are freely used. The reason for their anxiety to possess the head is this: the man who can retain that head against all comers until sundown will receive a present for his bravery from the head man of the village. It is by such means that they test the brave of the village, and they will say with admiration, speaking of a local hero, "He is a brave man; he has retained two heads until sundown."

When the taste for blood has been to a certain extent satisfied, they again resume their singing and dancing while another victim is prepared, when the same ghastly exhibition is repeated. Sometimes as many as twenty slaves will be slaughtered in one day. The dancing and general drunken uproar is continued until midnight, when once more absolute silence ensues, in utter contrast to the hideous tumult of the day.

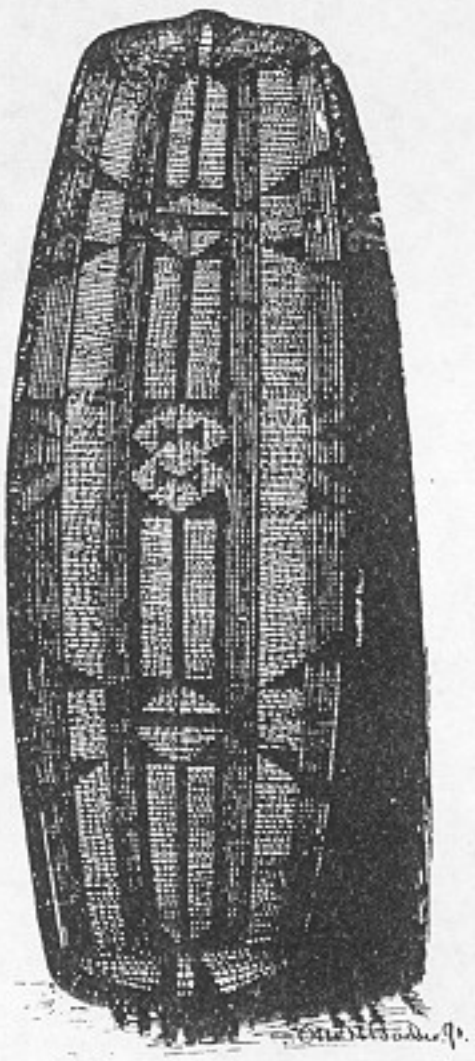
I had frequently heard the natives boast of the skill of their executioners, but I doubted their ability to decapitate a man with one blow of the soft metal knives they use. I imagined they would be compelled to hack the head from the body. When I witnessed this sickening spectacle I was alone, unarmed, and absolutely powerless to interfere. But the mute agony of this poor black martyr, who was to die for no crime, but simply because he was a slave,—whose every piteous movement was mocked by frenzied savages, and whose very death throes gave the signal for the unrestrained outburst of a hideous carnival of drunken savagery,—appealed so strongly to my sense of duty that I decided upon preventing by force any repetition of this scene. I made my resolution known to an assembly of the principal chiefs, and although several attempts were made, no actual executions took place during the remainder of my stay in this district.

A FEW words are necessary to define the position of the village chiefs as the most important factors in African savage life; especially as in one way or another they are intimately connected with the worst features of the slave system, and are responsible for nearly all the atrocities practiced on the slave.

The so-called chiefs are the head men of a village, and they rank according to the number of their warriors. The title of chieftain is not hereditary, but is gained by one member of a tribe proving his superiority to his fellows. The most influential chief in a village has necessarily the greatest number of fighting men, and these are principally slaves, as the allegiance of a free man can never be depended upon. A chief's idea of wealth is—slaves. Any kinds of money he may have he will convert into slaves upon the first opportunity. Polygamy is general throughout Central Africa, and a chief buys as many female slaves as he can afford, and will also marry free women—which is, after all, only another form of purchase.

MODES OF TORTURE.

ALL tribes I have known have an idea of immortality. They believe that death leads but to another life, to be continued under the same conditions as the life they are now leading; and a chief thinks that if when he enters into this new existence he is accompanied by a sufficient following of slaves he will be entitled to the same rank in the



NGOMBÉ SHIELD.

next world as he holds in this. From this belief emanates one of their most barbarous customs — the ceremony of human sacrifices upon the death of any one of importance. Upon the decease of a chief, a certain number of his slaves are selected to be sacrificed, that their spirits may accompany him to the next world. Should this chief possess thirty men and twenty women, seven or eight of the former and six or seven

LOLO MAN.

of the latter will suffer death. The men are decapitated, and the women are strangled. When a woman is to be sacrificed she is adorned with bright metal bangles, her toilet is carefully attended to, her hair is neatly plaited, and bright-colored cloths are wrapped around her. Her hands are then pinioned behind, and her neck is passed through a noose of cord; the long end of the cord is led over the branch of the nearest tree, and is drawn taut at a given signal; and while the body is swinging in mid-air its convulsive movements are imitated with savage gusto by the spectators. It often happens that a little child also becomes a victim to this horrible ceremony, by being placed in the grave alive, as a pillow for the dead chief. These executions are still perpetrated in all the villages of the Upper Congo.

But the life of the slave is not only forfeited at the death of the chief of the tribe in which fate has cast his lot. Let us suppose that the tribe he is owned by has been maintaining an internecine warfare with another tribe in the same district. For some reason it is deemed politic by the chief to bring the feud to an end, and a meeting is arranged with his rival. At the conclusion of the interview, in order that the treaty of peace may be solemnly ratified, blood must be spilled.

A slave is therefore selected, and the mode of torture preceding his death will vary in different districts. In the Ubangi River district the slave is suspended head downwards from the branch of a tree, and there left to die. But even more horrible is the fate of such a one at Chumbiri, Bolobo, or the large villages around Irebu, where the expiatory victim is actually buried alive with only the head left above the ground. All his bones have first been crushed or broken, and in speechless agony he waits for death. He is usually thus buried at the junction of two highways, or by the side of some well-trodden pathway leading from the village; and of all the numerous villagers who pass to and fro, not one, even if he felt a momentary pang of pity, would dare either to alleviate or to end his misery, for this is forbidden under the severest penalties.

HOW THE NATIVES ARE ENSLAVED.

THE varying fortunes of tribal warfare furnish the markets with slaves whose cicatrization marks show them to be members of widely differing families and distant villages. But there are some tribes, and these the most inoffensive and the most peaceful, whose weakness places them at all times at the mercy of their more powerful neighbors. Without exception the most persecuted race in the dominions of the Congo Free State are the Balolo tribes, inhabiting the country

through which the Malinga, Lupuri, Lulungu, and Ikelemba rivers flow. I may here mention that the prefix "Ba" in the language of these people implies the plural; for instance, Lolo would mean one Lolo—Ba-lolo signifying Lolo people. These people are naturally mild and inoffensive. Their small, unprotected villages are constantly attacked by the powerful roving tribes of the Lufembé and Ngombé. These two tribes are voracious cannibals. They surround the Lolo villages at night, and at the first signs of dawn pounce down upon the unsuspecting Balolo, killing all the men who resist and catching all the rest. They then select the stronger portion of their captives, and shackle them hand and foot to prevent their escape. The remainder they kill, distributing the flesh among themselves.

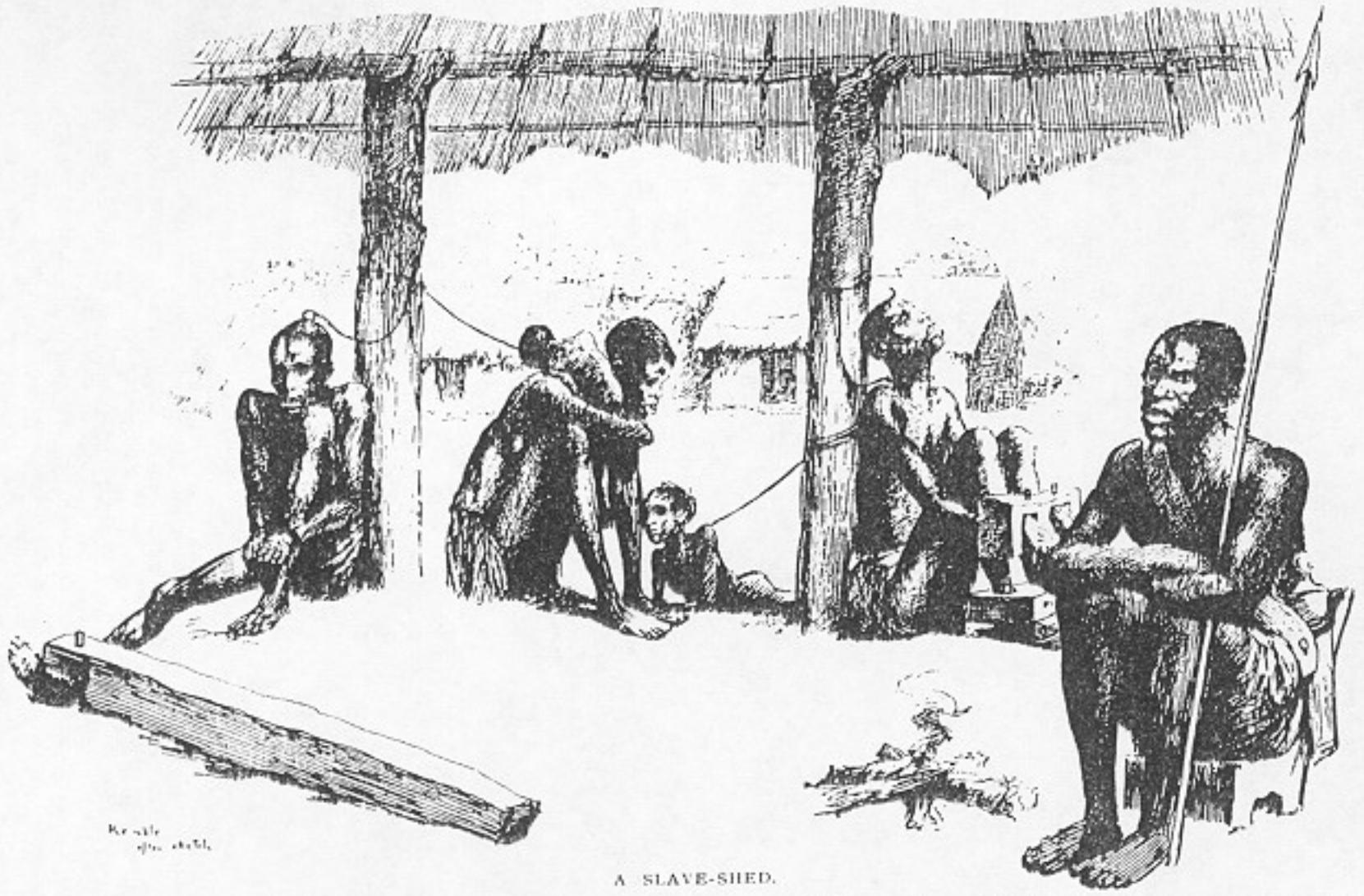
LOLO WOMAN.

A CAPTIVE.

As a rule, after such a raid they form a small encampment; they light their fires, seize all the bananas in the village, and gorge upon the human flesh. They then march over to one of the numerous slave-markets on the river, where they exchange the captives with the slave-traders of the Lulungu River for beads, cloth, brass wire, and other trinkets. The slave-traders pack the slaves into their canoes and take them down to the villages on the Lulungu River where the more important markets are held. Masankusu, situated at the junction of the Lupuri and Malinga tributaries, is by far the most important slave-trading center. The people of Masankusu buy their slaves from the Lufembé and Ngombé raiders, and sell them to the Lulungu natives and traders from down river. The slaves are exhibited for sale at Masankusu in long sheds, or rather under simple grass roofs supported on bare poles. It is heartrending to see the inmates of one of these slave-sheds. They are huddled together like so many animals.

IN THE SLAVE-SHED.

THE accompanying pictures, from sketches which I took at Masankusu, will give some idea of the suffering which is endured by captives in numberless slave-markets. They are hobbled with roughly hewn logs which chafe their limbs to open sores; sometimes a whole tree presses its weight on their bodies while their necks are penned into the natural prong formed by its branching limbs. Others sit from day to day with their legs and arms maintained in a fixed position by rudely constructed stocks, and each slave is secured to the roof-posts by a cord knotted to a cane ring which either encircles his neck or is intertwined with his woolly hair. Many die of pure starvation, as the owners give them barely enough food to exist upon, and even that they grudge them. These hungry creatures form indeed a truly pitiable sight. After suffering this captivity for a short time they become mere skeletons. All ages, of both sexes, are to be seen: mothers with their babes; young men and women; boys and girls; and even babies who cannot yet walk, and whose



A SLAVE-SHED.

mothers have died of starvation, or perhaps been killed by the Lufembé. One seldom sees either old men or old women; they are all killed in the raids: their marketable value being very small, no trouble is taken with them.

Witnessing groups of these poor, helpless wretches, with their emaciated forms and sunken eyes, their faces a very picture of sadness, it is not difficult to perceive the intense grief that they are inwardly suffering; but they know too well it is of no use to appeal for sympathy to their merciless masters, who have been accustomed from childhood to witness acts of cruelty and brutality, so that to satisfy their insatiable greed they will commit themselves, or permit to be committed, any atrocity, however great. Even the pitiable sight of one of these slave-sheds does not half represent the misery caused by this traffic—homes broken up, mothers separated from their babies, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. When last at Masankusu I saw a slave woman who had with her one child, whose starved little body she was clutching to her shrunken breast. I was attracted by her sad face, which betokened great suffering. I asked her the cause of it, and she told me in a low, sobbing voice the following tale:

"I was living with my husband and three children in an inland village, a few miles from here. My husband was a hunter. Ten days ago the Lufembe attacked our settlement; my husband defended himself, but was overpowered and speared to death with several of the other villagers. I was brought here with my three children, two of whom have already been purchased by the traders. I shall never see them any more. Perhaps they will kill them on the death of some chief, or perhaps kill them for food. My remaining child, you see, is ill, dying from starvation; they give us nothing to eat. I expect even this one will be taken from me to-day, as the chief, fearing lest it should die and become a total loss, has offered it for a very small price. As for myself," said she, "they will sell me to one of the neighboring tribes, to toil in the plantations, and when I become old and unfit for work I shall be killed."

There were certainly five hundred slaves exposed for sale in this one village alone. Large canoes were constantly arriving from down river, with merchandise of all kinds with which they purchased these slaves. A large trade is carried on between the Ubangi and Lulungu rivers. The people inhabiting the mouth of the Ubangi buy the Balolo slaves at Masankusu and the other markets. They then take them

up the Ubangi River and exchange them with the natives there for ivory. These natives buy their slaves solely for food. Having purchased slaves they feed them on ripe bananas, fish, and oil, and when they get them into good condition they kill them. Hundreds of the Balolo slaves are taken into the river and disposed of in this way each month. A great many other slaves are sold to the large villages on the Congo, to supply victims for the execution ceremonies.

Much life is lost in the capturing of slaves,

A LUFEMDÉ SLAVE-HUNTER.

and during their captivity many succumb to starvation. Of the remainder, numbers are sold to become victims to cannibalism and human sacrifice ceremonies. There are few indeed who are allowed to live and prosper.

CANNIBALISM.

CANNIBALISM exists among all the peoples on the Upper Congo east of 16° E. longitude, and is prevalent to an even greater extent among the people inhabiting the banks of the numerous affluents. During a two-months' voyage on the Ubangi River I was constantly brought into contact with cannibalism. The natives there pride themselves upon the number of skulls they possess, denoting the number of victims they have been able to obtain. I saw one native hut, around which was built a raised platform of clay a foot wide, on which were placed rows of human skulls, forming a ghastly picture, but one of which the chief was very proud, as he signified by the admiring way he drew my attention to the sight. Bunches of twenty and thirty skulls were hung about in prominent positions in the village. I asked one young chief, who was certainly not more than twenty-five years old, how many men he had eaten in his village, and he answered me thirty. He was greatly astonished at the horror I expressed at his answer. In one village again, as I had bought a tusk of ivory, the natives thought perhaps I might buy skulls, and several armfuls were brought down to my boat within a few minutes.

I found trading somewhat difficult on this river, as the standard of value on the Ubangi was human life — human flesh. I have been asked on several occasions to barter a man for a tusk of ivory, and I remember that at one village the natives urged me to leave one of my boat's crew in exchange for a goat. "Meat for meat," they said. I was repeatedly invited, too, to help them fight some of the neighboring tribes. They said, "You can take the ivory, and we will take the meat"—meaning, of course, the human beings who might be killed in the fight. The more unfriendly of them would frequently threaten that they would eat us, and I have no doubt they would have done so had we not been strong enough to take care of ourselves.

During my first visit to the upper waters of the Malinga River cannibalism was brought

to my notice in a ghastly manner. One night I heard a woman's piercing shriek, followed by a stifled, gurgling moan; then boisterous laughter, when all again became silent. In the morning I was horrified to see a native offering for sale to my men a piece of human flesh, the skin of which bore the tribal tattoo mark of the Balolo. I afterwards learned that the cry we had heard at night was from a female slave whose throat had been cut. I was absent from this village of Malinga for ten days. On my return I inquired if any further bloodshed had taken place, and was informed that five other women had been killed.

While in the Ruki River at the beginning of this year, I was furnished with another proof of the horrible fate of the slaves. At Esengé, a village near which I stopped to cut wood for my steamer, I heard ominous beating of drums and outbreaks of excited mirth. I was informed by one of the natives from the village that an execution was taking place. To my inquiry whether they were in the habit of eating human flesh, he replied, "We eat the body entirely." I further asked what they did with the head. "Eat it," he replied; "but first we put it in the fire to singe the hair off."

There is a small river situated between the Ruki and the Lulungu, called the Ikelemba. At its mouth it is not more than 140 yards wide. Its waters are navigable for 140 miles, and it flows through the land of the Balolo. In proportion to its size it supplies more slaves than any other river. By looking on the map it will be seen that the Ikelemba, Ruki, and Lulungu run parallel to one another. The large slave-raiding tribes inhabit the land between these rivers, and bring their slaves to the nearest market, whether on the Ikelemba, Ruki, or Lulungu.

LOCAL SLAVE-MARKETS.

THERE are clearings at intervals all along the banks of the Ikelemba, where on certain days are held small local markets for the exchange of slaves. As one travels up stream small settlements are passed more and more frequently, and fifty miles from the mouth all the country on the left side of the river is thickly populated. It is noticeable that the villages are all on the left side of the river, the opposite side being infested by marauding and roving tribes who would raid any settlement made on their banks. All the slaves from this river are Balolo, a tribe which is easily recognizable by the exaggerated tattoo marked on the forehead, side of the temples, and chin.

During my ten-days' visit to this river I met dozens of canoes belonging to the country at the mouth of the Ruki River and the Bakuté district, whose owners had come up and bought slaves, and were returning with their purchases. When traveling from place to place on the river the slaves are, for convenience, relieved of the weight of the heavy shackles. The traders always carry, hanging from the sheaths of their knives, light handcuffs, formed of cord and cane.

The slave when purchased is packed on the floor of the canoe in a crouching posture with his hands bound in front of him by means of these handcuffs. During the voyage he is carefully guarded by the crew of standing paddlers; and when the canoe is tied to the bank at night the further precaution is taken of changing the position in which the hands are bound and pinioning them behind his back, to prevent him from endeavoring to free himself by gnawing through the strands. To make any attempt at escape quite impossible, his wrist is bound to that of one of his sleeping masters, who would be aroused at his slightest movement.

In one canoe which I noticed particularly there were five traders, and their freight of miserable humanity consisted of thirteen emaciated Balolo slaves, men, women, and little children, all showing unmistakably by their sunken eyes and meager bodies the starvation and the cruelty to which they had been subjected. These slaves are taken down to the large villages at the mouth of the Ruki, where they are sold in exchange for ivory to the people in the Ruki or the Ubangi district, who buy them to supply some cannibal orgy. A few, however, are sold about the district, the men to be used as warriors, and the women as wives; but compared with the numbers who suffer from the persecution of the slave-raiders, few indeed ever live to attain a secure position of even the humblest kind in a village.

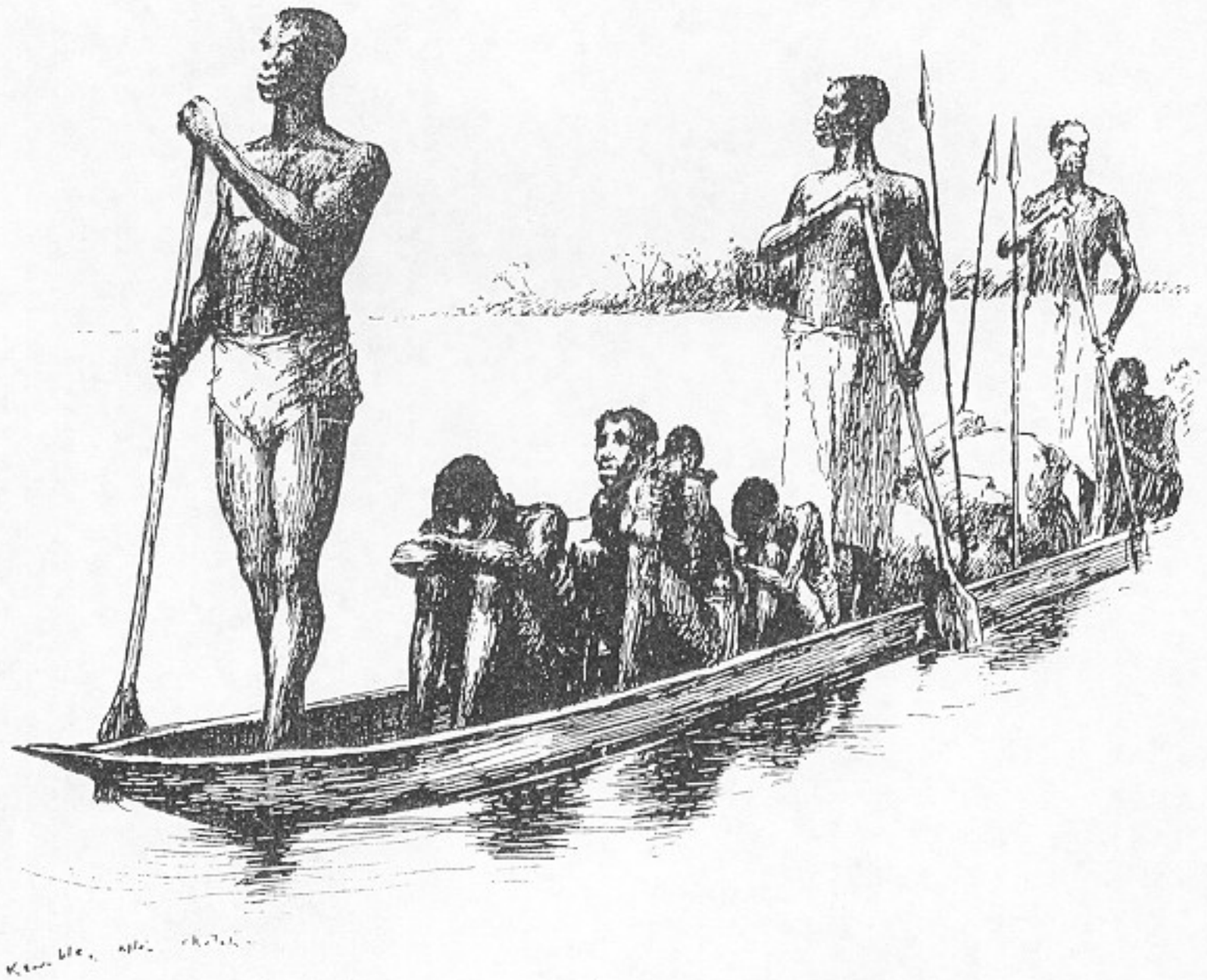
The wretched state of these Balolo has always saddened me, as intellectually they are a grade higher than the tribes surrounding them; and it is really owing to the gentler fiber

of their natures, and their peaceful, trusting disposition, that they easily fall a prey to the degraded and savage hordes in their district. They have artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity, and make exquisitely woven shields and curiously shaped and decorated spears and knives. They are exceedingly intelligent, faithful, and, when properly officered, brave.

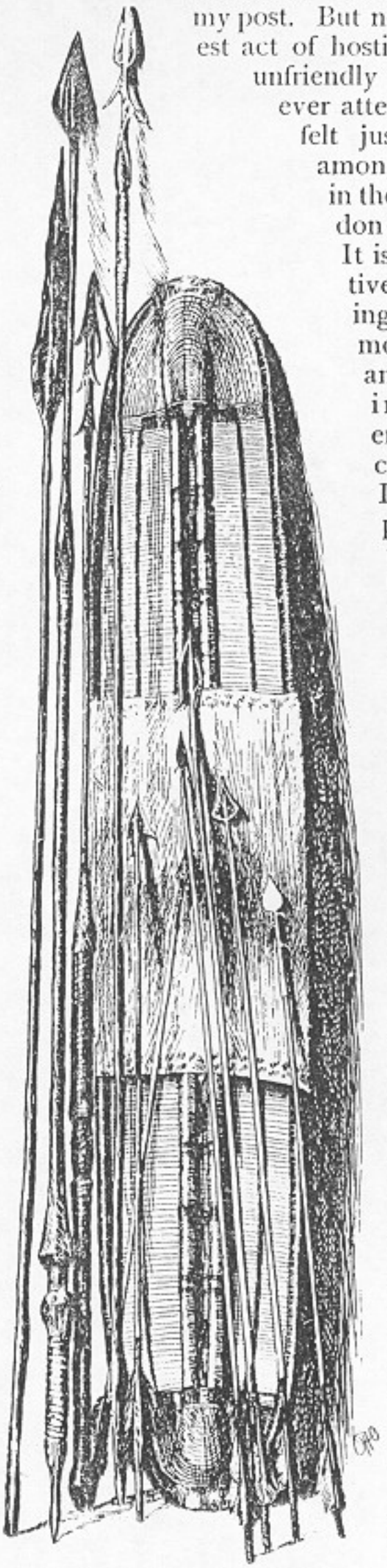
IN THE FAR INTERIOR.

FOR many months I traveled on the Upper Congo and its affluents and had on several occasions to defend myself against the hostility of the natives. My crew consisted of fifteen men, the greater part of whom were Balolo, and I was never deceived by them. When first I engaged them they came into my hands in the rough. They were savages, some of them cannibals; but they are of a very malleable nature, and with a policy of firmness and fair play I was able to convert them into devoted and faithful servants.

As evidence of what can be done by gaining the confidence of the natives, through a policy of firmness and fairness, I think I may safely quote my experience at the Equator Station. I remained there for nearly a year, with only one Zanzibari soldier; all the rest of my people were natives I had engaged from the neighboring villages. I was surrounded on all sides by powerful people, who, had they wished, could easily have



A SLAVER'S CANOE.



SPEARS, SHIELD, AND ARROWS.

overcome me and pillaged my post. But not the slightest act of hostility or of an unfriendly nature was ever attempted, and I felt just as secure among them as I do in the city of London or New York. It is true the natives had nothing to gain by molesting me, and they were intelligent enough to perceive that fact. In reality, my presence was, to a great extent, beneficial to their interests. I had cloth, beads, looking-glasses, spoons, cups, and trinkets, and these I exchanged with them; every now and then I would organize a little hunt after elephants or hippopotami; and as my part in the consumption of either of these animals was a very small one, most of the meat I gave away to the natives.

My life during my stay at the Equator Station was a pleasant one. The people were of a happy and gay disposition; all were friendly and talkative. They would sit for hours and listen most attentively to my tales of Europe, and their intelligent questions proved them to be possessed of keen understanding. There is no more attentive audience in the whole world than a group of African savages, if you can speak their language and make yourself understood. When I was tired of talking to them, I would ask them questions concerning their manners, customs, and traditions. As I was much impressed by their cruelty, I always made a point of expressing my abhorrence of it, and have even told them that one day I should strike a blow for the slave. My audience on such occasions consisted principally of slaves, and these poor wretches were always much gratified to hear my friendly opinions towards themselves. My arguments, I could see, often appealed strongly to the chiefs themselves, as I asked them: "Why do you kill these people? Do you think they have no feeling because they are slaves? How would you like to see your own child torn away from you and sold into slavery, to satisfy the cravings of cannibalism, or to be executed?" They even said, some of them, at the time, that they would not hold any more executions. These executions did take place, but in a secret manner, and all news of them was kept from my ears until some time afterwards, when I learned of them from my own men. But I would have been unable to prevent the carrying out of such a ceremony with the force I had at my disposal in a single Zanzibari soldier!

SOME BARBAROUS CUSTOMS.

I REMEMBER one execution which took place, the details of which I learned afterwards. It was to celebrate the death of a chief who had been drowned while on a trading expedition. As soon as the news of his death was brought to the village, several of his slaves were tied hand and foot and lashed down into the bottom of a canoe. The canoe was then towed out to the middle of the river at night; holes were bored in it, and it was allowed to sink with its human freight. When we are able to prohibit the terrible loss of life which the children of to-day are compelled constantly to witness, more humane feelings may develop themselves, and surrounded by healthy in-

fluences they will, unspoiled by at least open exhibitions of cruelty, grow into a far nobler generation.

Natives suffering at the hands of the slave traders have repeatedly asked me to help them. At Malinga, where human flesh was offered me for sale, the assembled chiefs voted me several tusks of ivory if I would live among them and defend them against the Lufembé, and enable them to resist the persecutions they were exposed to from the neighboring tribes, who were continually making raids into their districts, capturing their people. They said: "We are being starved to death. We can make no plantations, because when our women visit them they are caught, killed, and eaten by the crafty Lufembé, who are constantly prowling around and taking away any stragglers they may see." One old chief, Isekiaka, told me that already from time to time twelve of his women had been stolen from him, and several of his children. Indeed, so wretched is the condition of the people on the upper reaches of the Malinga that numbers of them have been driven by the Lufembé from their plantations on the mainland, and are actually compelled to live on the river in miserable huts, the floors of which are supported on piles. From these dwellings they suspend their nets, and as the river is full of fish, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their hauls. This has given rise to a curious state of things; for, as the Lufembé grow only manioc, and have more roots than are sufficient for the tribe, they are only too glad to exchange these for fish caught by their victims. And so when a market is held an armed truce is declared, and Lufembé and Malinga mingle together and barter, with their products held in one hand and a drawn knife ready in the other.

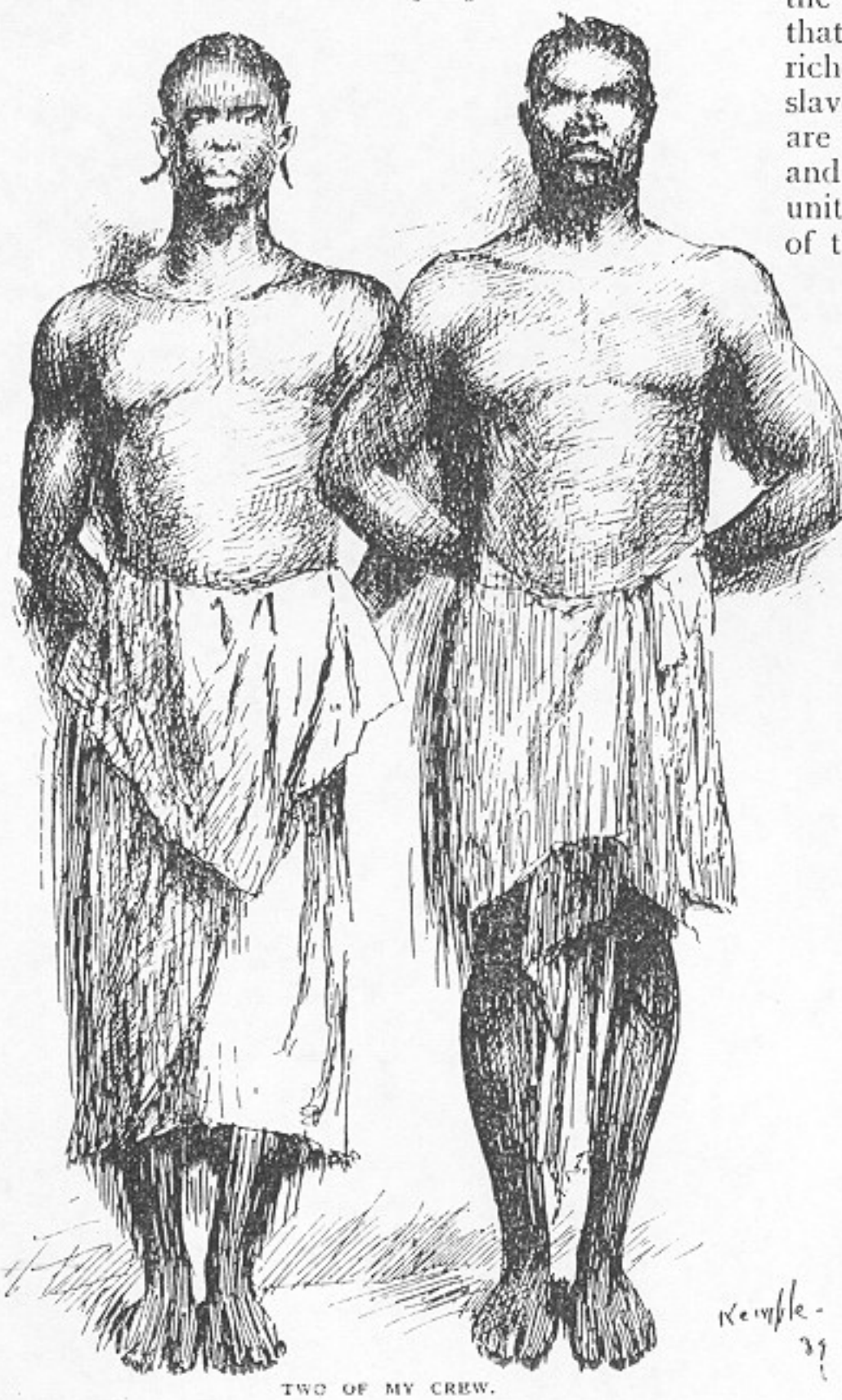
It can be readily imagined that the incessant persecution which the natives are suffering renders them cruel and remorseless. Throughout the regions of the Malinga they become so brutalized by hunger that they eat their own dead, and the appearance of one of their villages always denotes abject misery and starvation. I have repeatedly seen young children eating the root of the banana tree, vainly endeavoring to obtain some kind of nourishment from its succulence. That they are able to exist at all is a mystery. Every living object they are able to obtain is accepted as food; different kinds of flies, caterpillars, and crickets are all eaten by these people.

When one has lived for some time in Central Africa, one comes to understand the little impression that acts of the most atrocious and wanton cruelty make on the savage mind. Surrounded from childhood by scenes of bloodshed and torture, their holidays and great ceremonies marked by massacres of slaves, the mildest and most sensitive nature becomes brutalized and callous; and if this is so with the free, what must be the effect upon the slave, torn when a child from its mother, perhaps at the age of two years, and even in its infancy compelled to suffer privation. If indeed this child runs the gauntlet of cannibalism and execution ceremonies, it can hardly be expected that he will sympathize with any suffering.

The people on the lower part of the Upper Congo seldom practice slave-raiding. It is only when we come to the Bakuté district that we are brought much in contact with it. The large villages around Stanley Pool,—Chumbiri, Bolobo, Lukolela, Butunu, Ngombé, Busindi, Irebu,—Lake Mantumba, and the Ubangi River all rely principally upon the Balolo tribes for their slaves. All these villages except Stanley Pool are daily making human sacrifices, either in connection with the death of some chief or for some other ceremonial reason. Any kind of com-

SPEARS AND "DEVIL DODGER."

merce transacted in this part of Africa only increases the bloodshed, because the native's ambition is to get as many slaves as possible around him; and when he sells a tusk of ivory or any other article he devotes nearly all of the cloth, brass wire, and beads which he obtains in exchange to the purchase of fresh slaves. So that he is surrounded by numerous women and warriors during his lifetime, and has his importance signalized at his death by the execution of about half the number of his people.



TWO OF MY CREW.

SUPPRESSION OF SLAVERY.

I FREQUENTLY talked with these people, and explained to them the iniquity of slavery; but they argued: "We have a great deal of hard work in our trading expeditions to obtain these slaves; why should we leave them all behind us for others who have not worked? We have bought them, they are our slaves, and we have a right to do what we like with them."

The ceremony of execution, with its attendant brutality, ought to be, and can be, stopped. The bloodshed is even greater to-day than when Stanley first saw these people in 1877; the reason being, as I have before mentioned, that contact with white men has made them richer, and has enabled them to obtain more slaves. The great powers of the civilized world are now discussing the antislavery movement, and if such discussions should result in some united action directed towards the suppression of the trade in the interior, there are a few peculiar features which might be turned to advantage.

First, and most important, this traffic is not complicated by religious fanaticism of any kind.

Second. These people are disunited; every village of fifty or sixty houses is independent of its neighbor, and small family wars are continually taking place.

Third. There is nothing so convincing to the African savage as physical superiority.

Now all these points are in favor of the antislavery movement.

The absence of religious fanaticism, the disunited condition of the natives, and their acknowledgment of physical superiority ought to be taken advantage of, and always borne in mind when plans for the suppression of the slave-trade and its attendant barbarism are projected. In my opinion, it will be some years before the slave-trade carried on by the Arabs can be successfully grappled with, but there is no reason why any delay should occur in striking a blow at the inter-tribal trade.

The Congo Free State has

moved a step in the right direction by establishing near Stanley Falls an intrenched camp, with the object of forming a barrier to keep the Arabs, with their Manyema banditti, east of that position. Every country in the world should support the State to effect this object, as it will play a most important part in the history of Central Africa. When Stanley left Wadelai the Mahdists were already there. If these hordes join with those at Stanley Falls it will require most strenuous efforts to save the whole Congo Basin from their devastations. While we are still able to keep the Arabs east of the Falls, no time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of that point. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to the helpless slave. Although black, and a savage, still he is a human being. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid for forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror, from tortures that only the savage African can invent, and from a certain and violent death.

From Banana Point to Stanley Pool slavery does exist, but of such a mild character that when operations are actually begun Stanley Pool should be the starting-point. If half a dozen fast boats were placed on the river at Stanley Pool, each armed with twenty black soldiers, officered by two or three Europeans who had proved by their past services that they were capable of dealing with the question, and if such a force had the recognition of the civilized powers and was allowed to strike a blow at the evil, thousands of human lives would be saved.

These boats would be continually moving about the river, and those in command would begin by making a careful study of local politics. They would have to convince the natives of their determination to stop these diabolical ceremonies of bloodshed. The natives should be warned that any villages which in the future were guilty of carrying out such ceremonies would be most severely punished. Some of the better-disposed native chiefs would have to be bought over to the side of the white man. Spies should be engaged all over the district, so that a boat on arriving would immediately hear of any execution that was about to take place or that had taken place; and I would suggest that any village which still continued these acts of cruelty, after having been fairly and fully warned, should be attacked, and a severe example made of the principal offenders. A few such punishments would soon have a most salutary effect. These operations I should recommend to be carried on between Stanley Pool and the Falls. Posts should also be established in commanding positions to control the mouths of the slave-raiding rivers. Each point should be supplied with a boat such as I have recommended for the lower river. Other stations should be established in the center of the slave-raiding district. Slaves at the time in the markets might be redeemed and placed in some settlement, where they could be trained as soldiers or learn some useful craft. I have, whenever it was possible, purchased the redemption of slaves, and on the completion of such purchase have always taken the precaution to place in the freedman's hand a paper to the effect that he had been redeemed by me from slavery, and that the expedition I represented would make a specified payment per month while he remained in its service.

EFFECT OF LIBERATION.

It was curious to observe the different effects that the announcement of such a redemption had on slaves freed so unexpectedly. As a rule, the bewildered man would go from one to another of my boat's crew, asking all sorts of questions as to the meaning of the ceremony. What was to be his fate? Was he to be exchanged for ivory? or was he to be eaten? And it would take some time and patience to explain to him, after his first surprise was over, the full import of the paper I had placed in his possession. Others, more intelligent, would immediately understand the good fortune that had befallen them; and it was strange to see the startling change in the expression of their countenances, which a moment before betokened nothing but unresisting acquiescence in their miserable destiny, and to note their inert and weary bodies, which seemed at once to become erect and vigorous when released.

from the degrading fetters.

After having bought all the slaves which were exposed for sale, warning should be given that any attempt to purchase human beings for slavery would be the signal for war, and that the purchasers would be severely punished.

The most important part of the movement is to convince the slaves of our earnestness and sincerity. I feel confident that should operations be carried on in the way thus suggested most satisfactory results would ensue.

The reason for the native villages being disunited is, that there seldom exists a chief strong enough to form a combination. This weakness should be taken advantage of, and capable white men might, through their personal influence, unite the tribes under their leadership. Sooner or later the Arabs at Stanley Falls will have to be battled with. At present they remain there, not because the white men will not allow them to come lower down, but because they are in the center of such a rich field, and they know that by coming down the river they must rely entirely on their canoes, as roads in the interior are few and far between, owing to the swampy nature of the land. They would also have the populous and warlike districts of Upoto, Mqbeka, and Bangala to fight against, which would not be so easily overcome as the small scattered hamlets around Stanley Falls, which at present they are continually persecuting.

COPPER ANKLET.

All the natives on the Upper Congo, quite up to the limits at present reached by the Arabs, should be controlled as much as possible by Europeans. They should be combined together under Europeans, so that when the time arrives that the Arabs decide to move west they would be met at their frontiers by a barrier of well-armed and resolute natives.

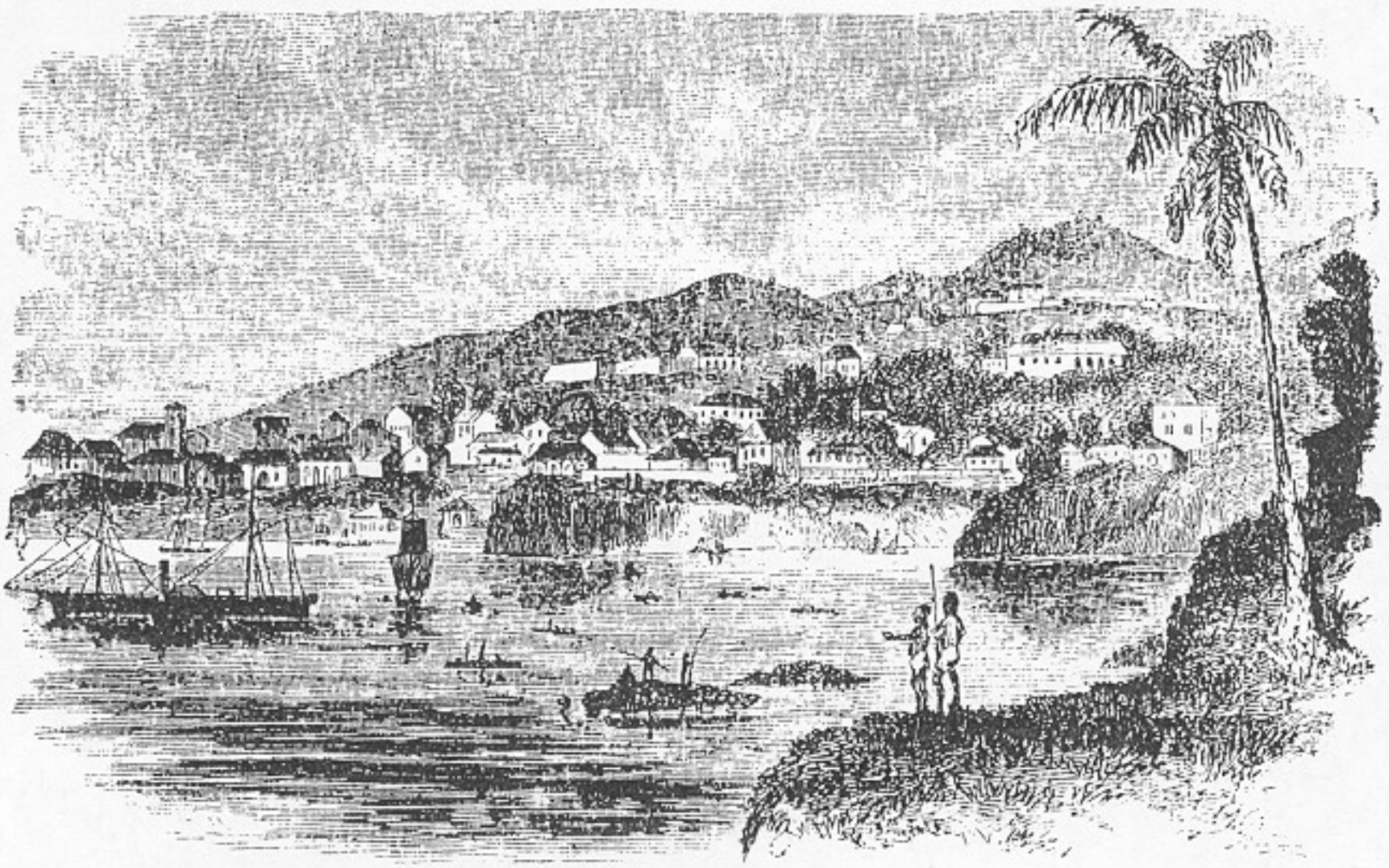
The slave-trade of to-day is almost entirely confined to Africa. The slaves are caught and disposed of in that continent, and the number of those who are shipped to Turkey and other parts are indeed few compared with the enormous traffic carried on in the interior. We have the authority of Stanley and Livingstone and other explorers concerning the iniquity existing in the eastern portion of Equatorial Africa.

In India we have an example of what determination and resolution can accomplish; as the inhuman ceremonies of the suttee, car of Juggernaut, infanticide, and the secret society of the Thugs have all been suppressed by the British Government. The opportunities for reaching the center of Africa are yearly improving. Since Stanley first exposed to the world's gaze, in 1877, the blood-stained history of the Dark Continent, rapid strides have been made in opening up that country. The work for Africa's welfare so determinedly pursued by Livingstone has been most nobly carried on by Stanley, and the rapid progress which is at present taking place is due entirely to Stanley's efforts. A great obstacle has always existed between the outside world and Central Africa, in the stretch of unnavigable water between Matadi and Stanley Pool. The railway now being constructed will overcome this difficulty.

E. J. Glave.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE — JULY, 1856

NEGROLAND AND THE NEGROES



SIERRA LEONE.

NEGROLAND AND THE NEGROES.*

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago—so Herodotus tells us—a company of Phœnician navigators sailed southward from the Red Sea on the eastern shore of Africa. Three years after, they passed the well-known landmarks of the Pillars of Hercules, on the opposite side of the continent, within a few days' easy sail from their starting-place. These mariners told how, as seed-time came, they had twice hauled their vessels upon the shore, planted a crop of grain, waited for it to grow and ripen, and then bearing it on board their hollow ships, had set off again on their adventurous voyage over unknown seas and along strange coasts. They related also that for a while they had seen the sun to the north of them. The Father of History was a man of large belief, but this report was too much for his credulity, and he repeats it under protest; for in all his far journeyings he had never beheld the sun except to the southward. These Phœnicians were, therefore, the first civilized men who had ever passed south of the equator, or who had seen the western slopes of the mountains that girdle the African shore.

More than two thousand years passed before the vail was again lifted, for the Carthaginian navigators never reached further south than Cape Mount, midway between Sierra Leone and Liberia. It was not till near the middle of the fifteenth century that the Portuguese made their way to the Ivory and Gold and Slave Coasts. Fifty years later Vasco de Gama rounded the Stormy Cape, misnamed of Good Hope, and for the second time completed the circumnavigation of Africa.

Neither the Catholic missionaries, who soon began their operations on a gigantic scale, nor the traders who flocked thither for gold and ivory and slaves, added greatly to the stock of knowl-

* *Western Africa: Its History, Present Condition, and Future Prospects.* By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson. Harper and Brothers.

edge respecting the people of Western Africa. It is to Protestant missionaries of our own country that we are mainly indebted for what we know of the natives of the Guinea Coast.

Mr. Wilson, from whose valuable work we propose to draw largely in this article, is probably better acquainted than any other man with the negroes of Western Africa. He has resided among them for almost a score of years. Once, in the earlier part of his missionary career, he chanced to fall among a cannibal tribe. They certainly had never heard of Sydney Smith, but manifested a particular desire to try the flavor of a bit of cold missionary. For seven years Mr. Wilson dwelt among the Krumen of Cape Palmas, and for a still longer time among the Mpongwes of the Gabun River, on the very line of the equator. He has thoroughly mastered the languages of these representatives of the two great negro races of Western Africa; has composed grammars and dictionaries of both languages, and has published books in them. He has either written or furnished the materials from which have been elaborated some of the most valuable contributions recently made to the sciences of ethnology and philology. A pamphlet on the Slave Trade, from his pen, fell under the notice of the English Government at a time when it was a matter of debate whether the British vessels should not be withdrawn from the Slave Coast; and as he has been informed by a letter from Lord Palmerston, this pamphlet decided the question in favor of the continuance of the effort to put a stop to the Slave Trade.

Whoever may sneer at the labors of missionaries, the philosopher and the scholar will not. They have added more than all other men to our knowledge of the uncivilized portions of the human family. Of these we have no hesitation in pronouncing the negro races of Western Africa to be the most worthy of attention. They are the ones who present most promise of a future career of civilization and Christianity. It is morally certain that a century hence there will not exist upon the face of the globe an individual of the copper-colored aborigines of North America, or of the brown races of Polynesia. Indications are not wanting that the Cingalese and Hindus will pass away before the conquering white races. We believe that the Chinese have had their youth and their manhood—such as it was—and that they are to go the way of the builders of Babylon and Nineveh, of Copan and Palenque.

The negroes, on the contrary, have shown that they can live face to face with the whites. In the West Indies they have multiplied in a condition in which the aborigines became extinct in two generations. We know how they have thriven, physically, intellectually, and morally among us. However much slaveholder and abolitionist may differ in theory and conclusion, they both insist upon the essential fact, that the colored race among us have made great advances, and are capable of and destined for still greater improvement. What the natives of the slave regions are at home, and what the country which they inhabit is, we may learn from the book of Mr. Wilson.

As we sail down the coast we pass the mouths of the great rivers Senegal and Gambia, winding through dense forests and thick jungles. Upon their banks grows the gigantic *baoba*, hugest of trees. The coast is under the control of the French and English, and is peopled by the Fulahs, Jalofs, and Mandingoes, the handsomest negroes of Africa, with tall elastic figures, woolly hair, and glossy black skins. The women, says one traveler, with a significant reservation, are as attractive as it is possible for black females to be. They are zealous Mohammedans, and are rapidly extending their faith among the tribes to the south.

At the flourishing settlements of Free-town and Monrovia we shall see a strange mingling of civilization and barbarism. The white man, rendered still paler by the wasting African fever, jostles the black emigrant from civilized countries, jauntily clad, and the sable denizen of the bush, with scarcely a rag to cover his nakedness. Free-town the chief settlement in the British colony of Sierra Leone, and Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, in spite of their unhealthy climate, may be fairly set down as successful experiments in African colonization. Monrovia, with its neat whitewashed dwellings and three or four churches presents an aspect not unlike that of American towns with a population of fifteen or eighteen hundred. Mr. Wilson makes the very sensible suggestion that the interests of both colonies would be materially advanced by the union of Sierra Leone and Liberia into one State. This new State would then have a very

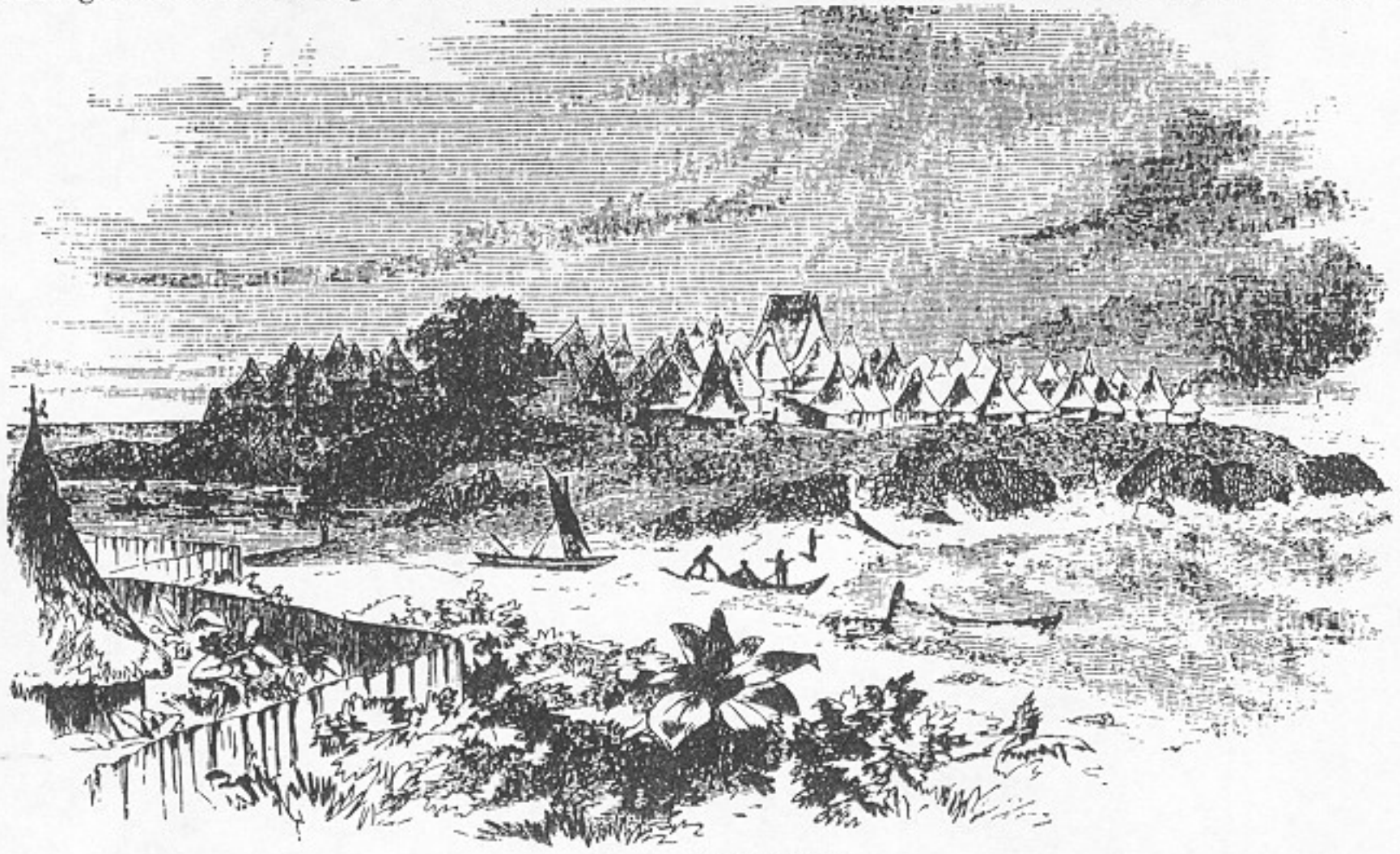
decided preponderance in power over all of the native kingdoms on the coast.

Leaving the settlements of Sierra Leone and Liberia, and the land of the Fulahs and Mandingoes, we pass down the coast to a country inhabited by negroes of another stock. This was once known as the "Grain Coast," not from its production of bread corn, but from the Malaguete Pepper, or "Guinea Grains," once its principal article of trade. It was formerly in great demand for giving flavor and potency to the ale and porter with which our transatlantic cousins comfort their thirsty souls. These "grains" have of late years been pronounced poisonous, and their consumption has fallen off. If we may credit Mr. Wilson, the poisonous quality belongs to a different fruit, which the natives were accustomed to mix with the genuine article, which has thus lost its reputation from being found in bad company. The country is very beautiful as we coast along. Here it spreads out into broad plains dotted over with groups of feathery palms; there it rises in wooded hills, or sinks in green valleys. The sharp conical roofs of native villages are beheld rising in every direction from among the foliage.

Long before our vessel has reached her anchorage we see a throng of tiny black objects approaching us from the shore; as they approach they take the form of canoes, in each of which three or four brawny blacks, seated upon their bent legs, are paddling with all their might to be the first to reach us. These are the Krumen, and theirs is the beautiful country before us. The crew of the foremost canoe has clambered the side of our vessel, followed at a brief interval by the others. Their object is not theft or piracy; they wish to dispose of their labor, for a very moderate compensation.

In many respects these Krumen are the most interesting race of men on the African continent. Of late years they have become the principal laborers on all foreign vessels trading to the coast of Western Africa; and hence, though they have never engaged in the Slave Trade, Johnny Kruman is well known in every settlement from Goree to Fernando Po; and now and then he makes his way as a sailor to foreign ports. As the chances are that he has picked up a "white" nickname, and a tolerable supply of very questionable English during his various cruises along-shore, he manages to make himself quite at home in New York or Liverpool or London.

If a Kruman were to write his autobiography, his first recollections would be of having his



KRU VILLAGE.

eyes thoroughly rubbed with red pepper, which is the African substitute for the use of the rod. As he grows older he is sent into the fields to scare the birds away from the rice-crop. When he approaches man's estate he is hired out to some captain, with whom he engages to remain as long as the vessel stays upon the coast;—this may be for two months or two years. The sailors now undertake his education. The first thing is to give him a "Christian" name in exchange for his native appellation. Paphruo, or Blaino, or Barrakuo, becomes transformed into "Snowball," or "Frying-Pan," or "Pea-Soup." One supercargo, whose favorite author was probably Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, named his four oarsmen respectively "Nix," "My-Dolly," "Pals," and "Fake-Away," so that in manning his boat, he was obliged to repeat the slang phrase of the London cracksman. The days of the week are also commonly used as names, the favorite of all being that borne by the faithful companion of our old friend Robinson Crusoe. A month's wages are paid in advance to the father or "head-man" by whom the young Kruman has been put on board; and the vessel sails away to complete her cargo on some other part of the coast. When she finally leaves, Friday ships on some other vessel, and it may be years before he finds his way back to his native village.

If by good fortune he returns to his family with a tolerable share of his accumulated wages, in the shape of cloths, guns, cutlasses, and the like, he at once becomes the lion of the village. The fatted calf is killed, guns are fired, and dances got up in his honor. He is a credit to his family, and must be furnished with a wife at once, as the first step toward taking his stand as a man of rank and respectability. Negotiations are set on foot for the purchase of a young girl; the price is agreed upon, and duly paid, and the bride is transferred to the charge of his friends. The first step has been taken, but more is to be done, for among the Krus, and in fact throughout all Africa, a man's position in society is measured by the number of his wives, quite as strictly as it is in civilized countries by the state of his bank account. He therefore sets off again, and in a few months returns with goods enough to buy another wife. In due course of time he becomes a head-man himself, and makes a profit upon the young adventurers whom he hires out. If he has good luck, by the time he is forty or fifty years old he has obtained a dozen or twenty wives, and is able to retire from business and lead the life of a gentleman of fortune and leisure. Very likely also he has inherited a number of wives by the death of a brother or uncle; for the wives of a deceased Kruman, like other property, fall to the share of some kinsman, thus keeping up the respectability of the family.

When a Kru gentleman retires from active business his domestic arrangements are wonderfully like those of our own respected fellow-citizens, Brigham Young and the other magnates of Utah. If he has any regard for "what is expected" by society, or any desire for a quiet life, he must provide a separate house for each of his wives. These he builds as close together as possible, and for the sake of privacy usually surrounds the whole with a palisade. Each hut consists of a circular wall, five or six feet in height, and from ten to thirty in diameter. Upon this is fitted a high conical roof of thatch, the eaves projecting several feet on every side. The floor is of clay, beaten hard, and sometimes paved with cocoa-nuts, which by constant friction shine like bronze globes. The fire is built upon the floor, the smoke, in default of a chimney, making its way as it best can through the thatch. Each house usually consists of but a single room, though among the upper ten one corner is sometimes partitioned off for a sleeping apartment. The furniture is of the simplest kind: a few pots, and bowls, and plates, a couple of mats for beds, wooden blocks for pillows, and a pine chest by way of wardrobe, make up the list. These, with the fondness for display innate in the African, are made, as far as possible, ornamental as well as useful. The tin washbowls and gay colored earthen plates procured from foreign vessels have holes punched in their edges, and are suspended from the walls in place of mirrors and pictures. The sleeping mats are neatly rolled up and put away, for to do the Kru matrons justice they are wonderfully clean-

ly and industrious, as well as good-humored. Higher qualities than these must be looked for in vain so long as the system of polygamy prevails.

His patriarchal establishment thus arranged, with a bevy of stout wives to attend to his wants and perform the hardest part of the labor, our Kru gentleman sets about enjoying his well-earned leisure. The cultivation and harvesting of his rice and cassava keeps him tolerably busy for three or four months in the year; the rest of the time he is a gentleman of means,

KRU HOUSES.

AFRICAN BELLE.

with just business enough in hand to give him pleasant employment. He gets up in the morning at such hour as he pleases, saunters about his establishment, plays a little with some of his many children, and when he has gained an appetite, drops in to breakfast with one of his wives.

The Kru *cuisine* is rather limited. Animal food is used sparingly—though in this department nothing comes amiss from a leopard to a wood-rat—and chiefly in the form of soup, so hotly peppered as to defy the palate of an East Indian. Cassava and rice are the principal articles of consumption. The Kru housewives are famous for their skill in boiling rice; and when the snowy contents of the pot are deposited into a clean wooden bowl,

and the fresh, fragrant palm-oil poured over it, a man might go farther for a breakfast and fare worse. It takes time for a European to become reconciled to their mode of eating, which consists in thrusting the hand into the dish, rolling rice and oil into a ball, and then, with mouth open and head thrown back, flinging the savory mass down the throat. Not only are knife and spoon dispensed with, but even teeth seem to be of little use, which is the more remarkable, because the Krumen pride themselves greatly upon the beauty of their "ivories," and show a praiseworthy neatness in cleansing them before and after every meal.

The demands of fashion in regard to clothing are easily satisfied. A gentleman is well dressed with a strip of cotton, a couple of yards long, around his waist; a still shorter piece suffices for the costume of a Kru lady. A hat, and a large square cloth thrown over the shoulder, are proofs of very decided wealth in the wearer; the addition of a European hat and a sailor's jacket constitutes a dandy. By way of ornament, the women wear as many brass and copper rings and armlets as they can procure; but for men a broad ivory ring, upon which some friendly sailor has carved the owner's name, is held to be in better taste. Tigers' teeth, strung together, are a favorite ornament; but the most *recherché* of all is a species of blue bead, brought from the Gold Coast.

Respectable and easy as the life of a retired Kru gentleman may be, it is more than doubtful whether his domestic happiness comes quite up to his expectations. Like many another man he finds that a large establishment involves a deal of trouble. In spite of their separate huts, jealousies will now and then arise among his wives, and quarrels among their broods of children. To settle all these would tax the wisdom of Sancho Panza, while to endure them would try to the utmost the patience of Job. Not unlikely the respectable husband of a score of wives may look back with regret to his sailor days, when he was "chaffed" by the crew, "hazed" by the mate, and liable to be knocked down by the captain.

Yet it is wonderful with what tenacity polygamy is clung to by every people among whom it prevails. The Kruman is quite sure that its advantages outweigh the disagreeable accompaniments. If a man had but one wife, he reasons, how could he get his breakfast when she happened to be sick or absent? If she should chance to be out of humor, as will sometimes happen to the best of women, how could he entertain his friends as a gentleman should? So, on the whole, he votes for polygamy. The women too, strange as it may seem, are equally in favor of it. No respectable Kru family will sell their daughter, and no girl of any pretensions would willingly be sold, to a man who was supposed to be so deficient in enterprise and ambition as to content himself with a single wife. She would scorn to be connected with so humble an establishment. As well might a young American hope to induce a Fifth Avenue belle to share with him the limited paradise of a single room in the fourth story of a third-rate boarding-house.

The government of the Kru people is a pure democracy. Every village, or group of villages, constitutes an independent community, which may number from a few hundreds of souls, up to ten or twelve thousand. In every village a large square "Palaver House" stands conspicuous in the midst of the circular huts. Here all public business is transacted. Every male adult is considered a member of the body politic, though the young men, or *Kedibo*, occupy a subordinate place. Next come the *Sedibo*, or soldiery, comprising the great body of middle-aged men. A man, before being enrolled in their ranks, must pay a fee; this is usually a cow. These form the effective strength of the community, and are not a little apt to be rapacious and overbearing. The old men, who have passed the period for active service, constitute the *Gnekbade*, or Senate. Their influence is very great; and, in ordinary cases, their decisions are law, though it sometimes happens that they are overruled by the Sedibo, yet always with a show of great respect for the elders. At the head of the Senate, in time of peace, is the *Bodio*, whose functions are mainly those of a high-priest. He takes charge of the national fetiches, and is entitled to certain choice bits from every animal that is killed for food. His house is a sanctuary, and no culprit who takes refuge there can be removed without his consent. He is held responsible for the general prosperity of the community. If the harvests happen to be unproductive, or the season unhealthy, if the fishing fails, or ships do not fre-

quent the coast, the blame is laid upon the Bodio; and in case the evil is prolonged, he is liable to be deposed. His official insignia—a huge iron ring worn around the ankle—is looked upon with as much reverence as is paid to the circlet placed upon the head of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, or the iron crown of the Hapsburgs, with its veritable nail from the true cross.

Public business is conducted with great gravity and decorum. The members of our Congress or of the English Parliament might learn some valuable lessons from a Kru "palaver." Every man brings his own stool, and takes his proper place in the assembly. The discussion is opened by some one appointed for the purpose. He advances into the centre of the circle, bearing a long staff in his hand. "*Bateo*—Listen," says he. "*Bate*—We are listening," respond the auditors. When he has concluded his speech, he places the staff in the hands of some one else who desires to speak. There is no dispute as to what "honorable gentleman" is entitled to the floor. That is settled by the possession of the staff. "Admirable specimens of oratory," says Mr. Wilson, "may be heard in these African assemblies. Their popular speakers show almost as much skill in the use of happy illustrations, striking analogies, pointed arguments, historical details, and biting irony as any orators in the world; and for ease and grace of manner they are unsurpassed." When all the younger members have spoken, the Senate give their opinion, and then the whole matter is decided by popular vote.

The Gnekbade performs likewise the office of the Roman Censor. When a man is suspected of growing too powerful and proud for the safety of the State, or, as they phrase it, "got too much sass," he is forthwith mulcted in a sum that reduces him to an equality with his fellow-citizens.

Passing the low Ivory Coast, where the long, unbroken swell of the ocean dashes furiously upon the sandbank which lines the shore, as we approach the equator we come to the region where the Slave Trade formerly had its chief seat. Almost every point and headland is crowned by a fort, erected by Europeans to protect this unholy traffic. Twenty-five of these are found within a space of two hundred miles. Since the trade in slaves has been almost wholly suppressed to the north of the equator, the greater portion of these forts have fallen into decay. Elmina, however, the first fortress erected by the Portuguese, now in the hands of the Dutch, is still kept in good repair, and strongly garrisoned. Cape Coast Castle, the residence of the British Governor of the Cape Colony, is a still more imposing fortress. Its walls inclose several acres of ground, and are mounted with more than a hundred guns. In the centre is the tall castle, the residence of the Governor. It has a garrison of natives and blacks from the West Indies, under the command of English officers. Here, a few years since, the brilliant and lamented "L. E. L." closed her earthly career. Whether by a sudden paroxysm of a disease to which she had long been subject; or by an accidental over-dose of prussic acid, taken as a remedy; or by voluntary suicide from weariness and despondency, no man knows with certainty. Her remains lie in the court-yard of the castle, the parade-ground of the garrison. A small marble tablet, with a Latin inscription, inserted in the wall opposite, commemorates her genius and her untimely fate. Her true monument, under another sky, is built of words and thoughts, not of marble or granite.

The two military despotisms of Ashanti and Dehomi furnish the only striking exceptions to the democratic communities of that portion of Western Africa lying north of the equator.

Ashanti, with its tributaries, contains some four or five millions of inhabitants. Its government is one of the most thorough despotisms in the world. The king is absolute master of the lives of every one of his subjects, and he maintains a system of espionage in his dominions which would do credit to the ingenuity of Fouché or Orloff. When a noble is summoned to the royal presence, he feels that he goes in peril of his life. He may be called to receive high honor or severe punishment. He may be about to gain some distinguished mark of favor, or to hear that his blood is required to water the grave of some member of the royal family. In either case he has nothing to do but to submit. Though the king is the heir to all the property of his subjects, he usually allows the family of a deceased person to retain all the gold which may have been wrought into ornaments. It has hence grown into a custom with the rich men to

put as much of their wealth as possible into this shape. Once in the course of his life every man is allowed to make a grand display of his wealth in the streets of Kumasi, the capital. He arrays himself, his wives, and servants, in their richest robes and most splendid ornaments, and parades through the city. The amount of gold thus displayed is sometimes almost fabulous; for Ashanti is one of the richest auriferous regions in the world. The soil is every where impregnated with gold, even in the streets of Kumasi. With such abundant sources of income, the King of Ashanti is probably by far the richest man in Africa.

Here as elsewhere a man's importance is estimated by the number of his wives. The King is prohibited from exceeding the number of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three. It is not known whether he is obliged to keep up the full complement. During the working season they are dispersed through the country, engaged in agricultural labor with their own royal hands. For the remainder of the year they are collected in Kumasi, occupying two long streets, where they are kept in strict seclusion. It is a capital crime for any man to look upon them. Sometimes they are paraded through the streets, preceded by a company of boys to warn the people to hide themselves. Those who have not time to get out of the way fling themselves down with their faces to the ground, where they lie till the procession is out of sight. Now and then, upon some extraordinary occasion, this strict rule is relaxed, and the galaxy of sable beauty may be beheld without its costing the life of the spectator. When the British Embassy was received, the King appeared in public surrounded by three hundred of his favorite wives. He was seated upon a throne encased in massive gold, his royal person enfolded in rich silken garments, with neck, arms, ankles, fingers, and toes covered with golden rings; while all his attendants were furnished with golden arms and implements of every description, brought forth from the royal treasury.

But the despotism of Ashanti pales before the still darker and more bloody absolutism of Dehomi. The King is regarded by his subjects as a demi-god. It is a grave offense to imagine that he eats or drinks or sleeps, like ordinary mortals. His meals are taken in the utmost privacy, and the wretch who should chance to see him thus engaged would be put to death on the spot. Upon certain great occasions he so far lays aside his divinity as to condescend to drink in public; but even then a curtain is interposed between him and his subjects, who prostrate themselves in adoration while he is supposed to be imbibing; and when the operation is over they rend the very heavens with their acclamations.

He is absolute proprietor of the country and every person and thing in it. The females especially are his peculiar property. No man can have a wife except by his permission. They are either sold or given as rewards for distinguished valor. The sale takes place but once a year. The price is fixed at a uniform sum, and the buyer has no privilege of choice. He must content himself with such one as his Majesty pleases to assign.

One of the most singular institutions of Dehomi is the famous body of Amazons, which constitute the *élite* of the army. Their number at present is about 5000, armed with muskets and all the weapons of African warfare. A few years ago, when the English embassy was residing in Dehomi, the king made, for their amusement, frequent displays of this favorite band. They performed all sorts of sham-fights, in order to show off their strength and dexterity. These strong-minded and strong-armed Amazons become more masculine than the men themselves, and when one wishes to reproach another for weakness or cowardice, she can find no more emphatic epithet than to say, "You are a man!" Their superior prowess has been quite recently displayed in a remarkable manner in connection with one of the most singular episodes of African history.

Between Dehomi and the River Niger lies a country known on the maps as Yoruba. Many years ago it was a powerful state, under the rule of a single sovereign. This was at length broken up into a multitude of petty governments, and became the favorite hunting ground of the slave-traders. Some forty years since the remnants of a few feeble tribes sought refuge in a famous cavern about seventy-five miles from the sea-shore. Here they secreted themselves, living upon roots and berries, and such food as they could find growing wild about their lurking-place. Other fugitives flocked to them, until the fragments of more than a hundred

tribes were gathered in this place. They called their settlement Abeokuta, or "Understone," in memory of the cavern which had given them shelter. About fifteen years ago a number of liberated slaves from Sierra Leone came on a trading expedition to this part of the coast, from which some of them had been originally stolen. They carried back with them tidings of the settlement of Abeokuta; and a large body of civilized and Christianized freedmen from Sierra Leone at once determined to rejoin their countrymen. Between the years 1839 and 1842 these emigrants numbered five hundred. This infusion brought new life to the community, and in 1853 its inhabitants numbered more than a hundred thousand. Missionaries were sent out to them, and their efforts met with a degree of success without precedent in Africa. Abeokuta assumed the aspect of a civilized and Christianized community. About three years ago the King of Dehomi resolved to extirpate the new community, and marched against it at the head of a large army, including his female invincibles. It happened that an American missionary, Mr. Bowen, who had served as a soldier in our late war with Mexico, was at Abeokuta. He saw that other weapons than preaching must be employed against the savage invaders, and set about training the people for the contest. The Dehomans were beaten back after a desperate struggle, and their king himself was saved from capture only by the bravery with which his regiments of Amazons defended his person.

TOKO—A GABUN CHIEF.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE — FEBRUARY, 1890

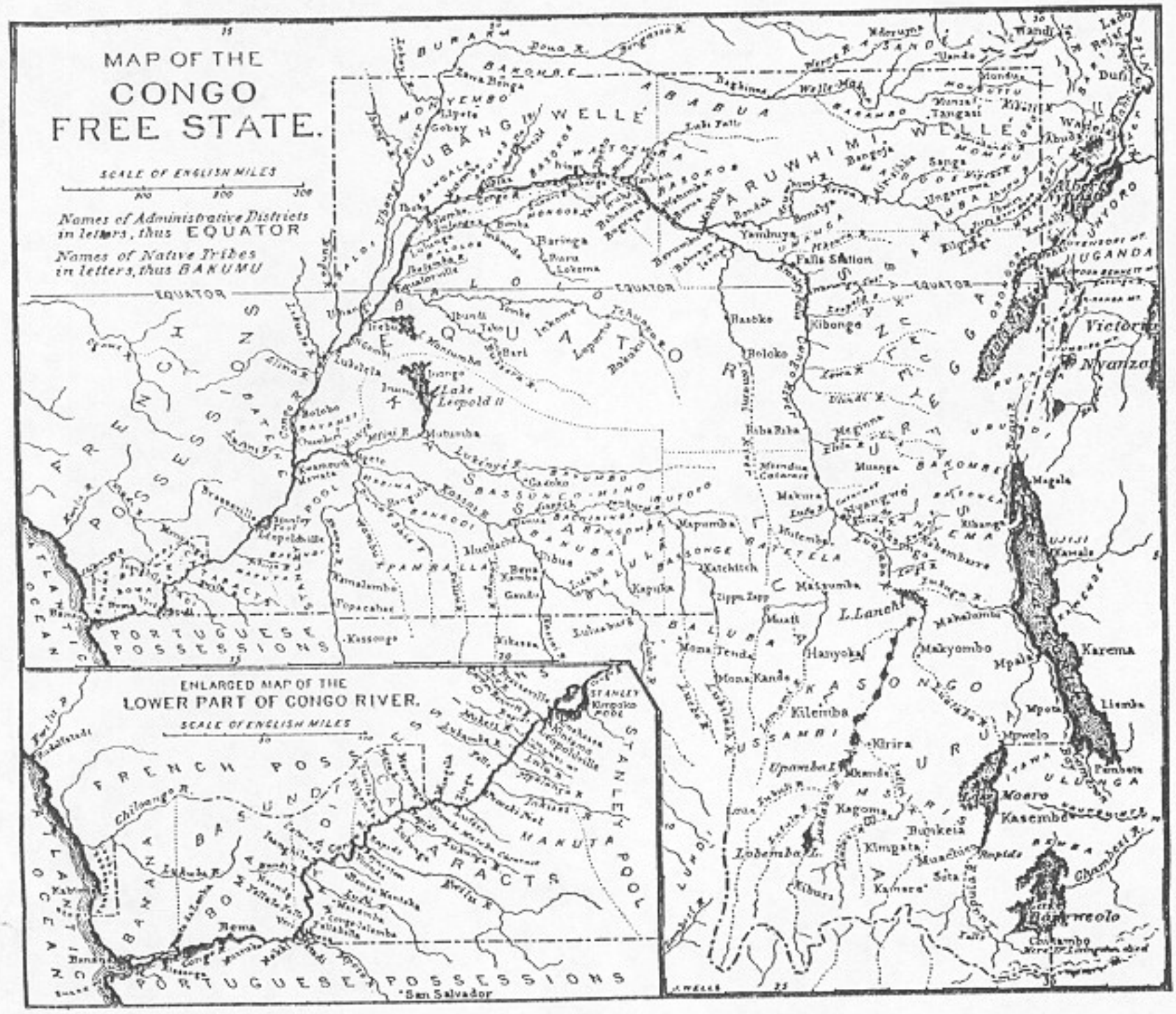
THE REALM OF THE CONGO

By the Commissioner of the United States —

W. P. Tisdale

Banana possesses a motley population of about six hundred negroes; some are native slaves, some Kabindas and Loangos, while not a few are from the Krumanos of Sierra Leone and lower Liberia.

When we came into Pallaballa we learned that the king — who was absent at the time — had instructed his son not to allow any white men to stop in the place before his return. He had gone to pay tribute to the king of San Salvador, from whom he had received a letter. I saw the letter, which was written in Portuguese, undoubtedly by a Jesuit priest. The king's son said we could not stop in the village. I was annoyed to think that I could not stay in the place overnight, so I called my interpreter, and told him to say to the king's son that I would be glad if he would allow me to stay there; and if he did so, without molesting me, I would give him a handsome present in the morning. He said no, I could not stop there; we would have to go on. But we were



very tired, there was no water outside of the village, and we decided to stay whether or no. In most of the villages near the river where whites have appeared, the kings, as a rule, set apart a little hut which they give to traders who happen to come into the village, allow them to sleep at night in the hut, and then take something in the way of presents from them in the morning. I informed the king's son that if they allowed us to stop I would give them presents in the morning, but if they made us trouble we would burn their village. We were permitted to "turn in" without molestation, but about one or two o'clock in the morning the chief of Pallaballa himself put in an appearance. He had made the trip from San Salvador, some seventy-five miles or more, in three or four days; but he had been drinking with kings on the way, and was very drunk. He wanted to drive us out of the place. But he was very easy to handle; a little trade gin soon put him to sleep, and we were not molested. In the morning we got ready to start, when Pallaballa and all his ministers put in an appearance and wanted their presents. I gave Pallaballa some handkerchief stuff, a red cotton umbrella, a bottle of gin, and a string of beads. Then I gave all his ministers a drink of gin, and they were very happy.

The chief began to tell me what a good friend he was to the white people, and he wanted to show me a treaty which he had made with Stanley when he passed through the country the last time. He went into his old hut and brought out the king's box. He had it tied round and round with strips from the bark of the palm tree. The old fellow opened the box and handed me the treaty—as he supposed. I found it to be a letter written in the Portuguese language, purporting to come from the king of San Salvador. This letter went on to compliment Pallaballa, and wish him every success in the world, and suggested to him that he should keep the white men out of his country; and after advising him what to do, it wished him well, and hoped he would not forget to send three or four bottles of gin. I said: "Old man, you have made a mistake. This is not the Stanley treaty; this is from Salvador." The old fellow was very much excited, and grabbed the document away from me. He then handed me another document, which was a treaty that he had signed with Stanley a long time ago, and bore date of Stanley's last passage through the country. After I had satisfied myself that the old man was friendly to us, I asked him to tell me why he was opposed to the white men stopping in his town overnight. He said: "I will tell you. We have not had any rain up here for a long time." And he went on to tell me that the palm tree would not yield *malafu*,—a fermented drink,—the ground nuts were not growing, and they were afraid of a famine, and he knew that the white men down the river at the camp had kept the rain back, and he believed that if he punished the white men as they came along the rain would come.

At the same time it was preferable to keep away from villages, because the Houssamen whom I had were very much feared by the people, as they were great thieves, and invariably got us into trouble at every town we went to. When I came to Congolalemba, however, the king, who was a very pleasant fellow, seemed to receive me very cordially, and asked for a palaver, or council. The king and his ministers took seats on the ground. He said I was welcome to stay in his place. But while we were talking I noticed a great activity among his men, and I told my interpreter to go to some of the people and find out what was the matter. He came back and told me they were going down to fight Pallaballa. Before going to war in those countries they give notice that they will attack the next day. They never make an attack unawares. They were going to march that night and attack Pallaballa the next morning. I asked the king why he was going to fight Pallaballa, and he said the sap had run dry in the palm trees, and the ground nuts would not grow, and Pallaballa had kept the rain back.

Congolalemba began his march on Pallaballa, but during the night there came one of the most violent storms they had ever had in the country. The warriors passed the entire night in the rain, and when daylight came they did not want to fight. They made up their minds that Pallaballa, knowing they were coming, had relented, and so they went on to Pallaballa's village, got drunk, and had a glorious time for several days.

The women do the work of garden making and marketing, while the men roam listlessly

about, with no apparent object in view.

There is nothing about the natives of the Congo region to convince me that they have ever lived in a better condition than they do to-day. They are as low as the lowest. They have no intelligence. They have no written language. I have seen in the lower region of Africa a chimpanzee with more intelligence than any negro I ever saw on the Congo. I saw one chimpanzee that had fallen into a trap and was brought down to the Dutch station at Banana. They called him Leonidas. As he grew they became strongly attached to him, and detailed a slave boy to take care of him and instruct him. They made a little hut for him, and gave him a bunk much like a steerage berth in a steamship, and Leonidas would go in there and go to bed like a little man. He would sit at table and take his food like a native. I have seen him drink gin, smack his lips and slap his hand down as though he enjoyed it. He would give the boys a slap in the face if they annoyed him; and I noticed that the negroes esteemed him very highly.

As I went up on the beach, I found a white man named Stanhope; he wanted to know where we came from, who we were, and all about us. I told him that I was the American commissioner to Congo. He said, "You have come to a fine place. I am surrounded by five or six hundred men. My house was blown down by a hurricane a few nights ago." He had no shelter, no food, and the negroes were as thick as possible in the valley below him, and they were occasionally firing upon him, and had promised him a massacre during the night. Captain Sāulez was with me. He was an African fighter, a man of good judgment, with a great deal of nerve; he at once took command of the forces. I walked with him out on the brow of the hill; we looked through our glass and saw the position of the natives. They were going about in the grass and closing in. We asked Mr. Stanhope what occasioned all this trouble, and he told us it was a matter of trade between the tribes over the river. But we found afterwards that the immediate cause was his having flogged the son of the king, who had stolen from him or committed some other offense. He gave him a hundred lashes and let him go home to his father.

We made a little reconnaissance down the valley, and made fires to deceive them as to the number of our men. Finally in the night we held a palaver. I sent them presents, such as I had, and gave them a piece of paper with which they could go to a station several days' march away and draw what they wanted of beads, cloth, and brass rods. In that way I probably saved the life of Mr. Stanhope and his little band. I stopped that night with him, and the next morning started at the break of day, running many fierce rapids, and arrived safely at the station of Isanghila, from which place I marched through the Bundi valley, a country filled with serpents and all sorts of poisonous insects, and, after four days and a half, reached Vivi.

On the Congo there are no beasts of burden, there existing merely a manual transport, the porters being the natives of the Bakongo tribe, inhabiting the cataract regions. In physique these men are slight and only poorly developed; but the fact of their carrying on their head from sixty to one hundred pounds' weight twenty miles a day for sometimes six consecutive days, their only food being each day a little manioc root, an ear or two of maize, or a handful of peanuts, pronounces them at once as men of singularly sound stamina. Small boys of eight and nine years old are frequently met carrying loads of twenty-five pounds' weight.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE — MARCH, 1873

AUNT EVE INTERVIEWED

By Frank B. Mayer

AUNT EVE was a superannuated negress, whose daily perambulations brought her to the kitchens of many families in Baltimore whose sires she had known in their childhood, and whom she had long outlived. The recipient of unconsidered trifles, she acknowledged these favors by the performance of small services, which rendered her welcome to the domestics of the households, among whom she was a historical oracle. As a link between the past and the present, let her speak for herself as she sits sipping her morning coffee by the fireside:

"Your sarvant, Sir. How's you and your wife, and all de children, maaster? I hopes you're all well. Bless de Lord! I'm broke, sonny—poor as a snake; pick up a bone here to-day and dere to-morrow.

"Near as I can come, I'm a hundred and four year old. I was born and bred 'fore Washington's war here in Baltimore, near Henshaw's church, in Sharp Street. My ole maaster's been dead fifty year, but I can 'member very well, for all dat. Ole maaster's father was English captain; ole mistuss's father was sea-captain too. My own father was a Guinea man. Lordeer was my father's name, but maaster changed it to Nero when he bought him.

AUNT EVE.

"Ye see, Guinea's a big place. Niggers dere allers a-fightin'. Dey ketch one another, and sells 'em to de ships for guns and powder, beads, check and calico, and red flannel — de French great for red flannel —and dat's de reason so many's come in dis country. Dey used to come in ship-loads, like de Irish do now, till ole Tyson* — he was a Quaker, mind ye, and did a heap for de colored people—till he said dere should never no more come here. Dat was after de Resolutionary war. When he died all de niggers went to de burial. Ole mistuss said he was de niggers' god.

"In Guinea—'spects it's like Californy is

* Nathan Tyson, an eminent philanthropist and early abolitionist.

now—dey digs gold all day, and when dey finds a big lump—so de Guinea niggers told me—dey go home and kill a chicken or a goat, and puts de blood on de lump of gold. Dat's deir way of giving God thanks. Den dey makes rings and bracelets of it. Maaster bought ten head—some from Mandingo, some from Soso; Father Jack and Sampson come from Missmygwongea—dat's another place. Paragratter, Vando, and Goombo was Gonah women.

"My own father was Guinea man. I'm good breed, caise I'm de royal blood; teil you for why—grandfather was de king's son; he come from de Wombo country; dat's what dey called it. It was a Gonah man taught me dis Guinea talk:

'Wullah, wullah, wuttoongah,
Se bungah looyah,
Coozen mooten lemba,
Hooden mat'na singa.'

I don't know what it means, but ef I'd kep in de sperit of it den I might 'e learnt. Worst of it is, I never could learn to read. Ye see, I was young, and so foolish! Dere was a lady wrote to ole maaster to know if she might teach me to read, but he sent word to know if she wanted to teach his niggers to run away. I might 'e learnt unbeknowens to him, but I was so young and foolish like.

"I don't 'member much of de Resolutionary war, but I knowed when it was. I was small den, but I had a good head. I toted wood and water, and warmed de chile's vittels."

The town of Baltimore was laid off by the county surveyor January 12, 1730. In 1752 there were twenty-five houses, four of which were of brick, nearly all having "hipped" roofs. The present population is 300,000.

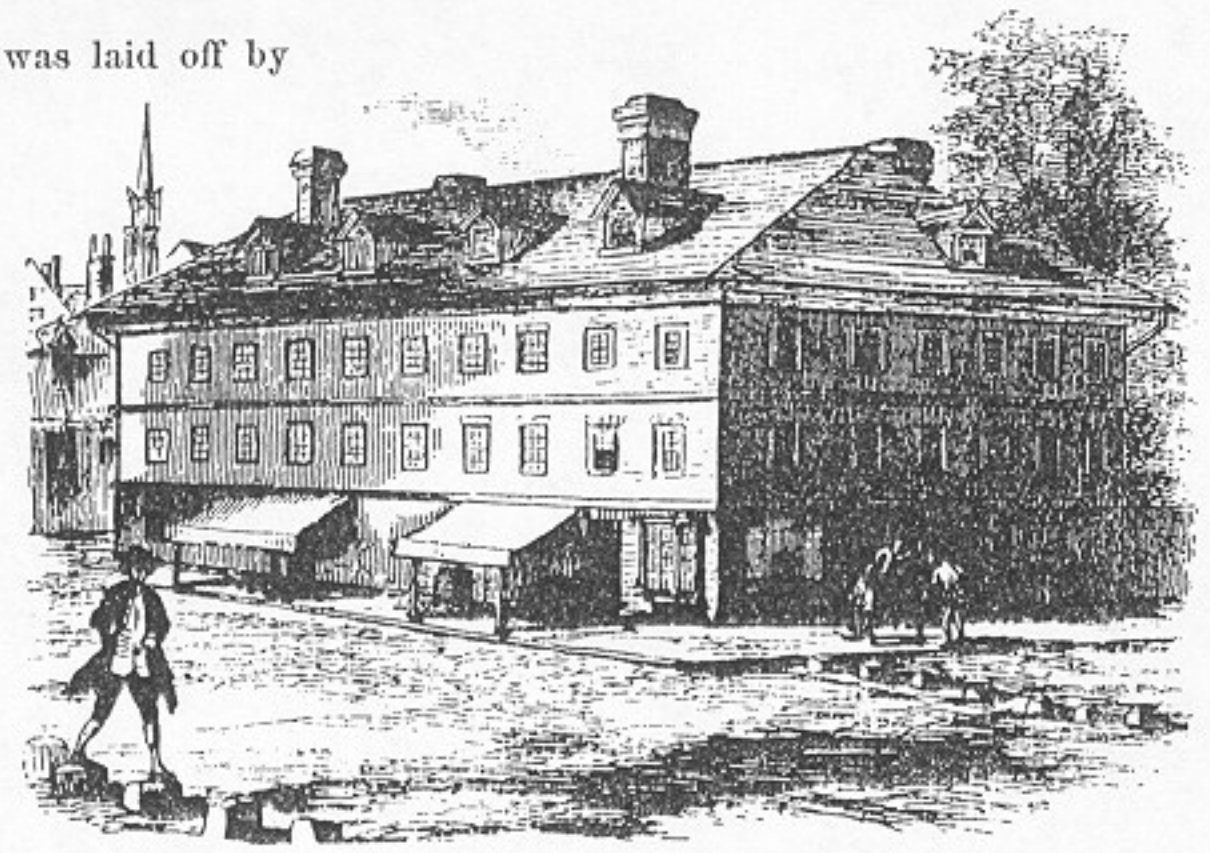
"Baltimore was very open place den; streets was nothin' but mud and mire; ladies always wore clogs. Most all de houses was frame, Dutch roofs, hipped roofs; some was brick, but no touch to what it is now! Market Street was all mud an' mire. De quality lived in Gay Street. Dere was old Congress Hall, where dey had balls and dancin'. I b'lieve it's standin' yet, if dey hain't torn it down. I could show ye where it was, in Liberty Street, though I ain't got but one eye now."

Congress assembled in Baltimore on the 26th December, 1776, and occupied Mr. Jacob Fite's house, being then the farthest west, and one of the largest in the town, and was a long time called "Congress Hall." None of the streets of "Baltimore Town," except here and there on the side ways, were paved until 1782.

"Dey don't have no fairs now, as dey used to. All dere by Congress Hall every Thursday in October, when de races was, dey was sellin' cakes and liquor, and eatin' and drinkin'; dey couldn't get dem all cleared off 'fore Sunday mornin'. De racecourse was in de ole fields near dere, so thick of houses now I can't tell ye 'xactly where it is.

"Ye didn't see wagons and carts, as ye do now. Every Friday night all de country people come in with deir butter and radishes and greens, and so forth—cayed dem all a-horseback—twenty, thirty pounds o' butter in de boxes, slung across de horse's back. Dey used to cay dem dis way till it got so bad with robbin' de women and takin' all dey had. Ridgely's women was

"IT WAS GREAT TIMES IN TOWN WHEN DE COURT SET."



"TOTED WOOD AND WATER."

robbed; and dey took horses and butter and every thing as dey was comin' down to market. Dey never ketched de robbers! Arter dat dey had wagons and carts.

"It was great times in town when de court set. Maaster was great man 'bout de court; he was County Justiss; he always wore a scarlet vest, sometimes scarlet cassimere coat too, and had a tall cane.

"And den when de ships come in from England, dere was great rejoicin' and feastin' over it. Dey brought de elegantest English goods. Town's monsus full o' goods now, maaster! Ef de British was to come dey'd ruin many a one, but dey wouldn't ruin me, for I ain't got any! De ships brought a great many English sarvants to be sold here: six-year, seven-year sarvants. But when dey worked deir time out dey had to go free, and ye was obleeged to give 'em a gun, a good suit of clothes, and a mattock."

Besides negroes, there was another species of servant in the colony of Maryland, of whom frequent mention is made, and who in time became a large portion of the population. White emigrants, who were unable to bear the expenses of a voyage to the New World, or to maintain themselves upon their arrival, bound themselves to serve for a limited number of years any one who would advance them the necessary funds. In time this grew to a considerable trade. The indentures were made to the captain of the ship, or some other person, and upon their arrival in the colony their unexpired time was sold to the highest bidder, to whom their indentures were then transferred. In the early ages of the colony they were called *indented apprentices;* afterward the general term of *redemptioners* was applied to them. These, upon the expiration of their term of service, became useful citizens, and enjoyed the same franchises as their more fortunate masters.

"Ye know, the laws must 'a been good for somethin' *then!* Never had sich laws sence old Sam Chase and lawyer M'Mechin and Martin. Dey daasent strike a gentleman's sarvant den but dey had to go to de court and answer for it! If ye was right, dey'd see ye righted! Since dey took de beggars up, and druv de gentlemen off de streets, de laws ain't been worth a chaw tobacker! Now dese shoe-makers and bridle-makers has de upper hand — it's jest played de old boy and Tom Walker.

"Den dere was allers somethin' lively in town. De Indians dey was a straight, proper people — a very neat, genteel people; dey come in every fall from de back places with buckskin, moccasins, baskets, and so forth, and tomahawks and scalpin'-knives too. Dey used to be all over dis settlement once. Many a time I've been hoein' corn, and I find arrow-heads and stone pots; dey fit with one and dey cooked in t'other. Now dey're all gone: I hope de Lord 'll take care of me!

"Dere was a fine den on tea. Once mistuss seen a man comin', and she took de caddy off de table and hid it under her gown tail. Den dere was a man used to come along every now and den and take a list of all de silver and every thing of de nigger kind; ye paid so much for it—if ye let him see it."

If the tea-party at Boston has been thought worthy of renown, the tea-burning at Annapolis, open and undisguised, should not be forgotten.

In August, 1774, the brigantine *Mary and Jane*, Captain George Chapman, master, arrived in St. Mary's River with several packages of tea on board consigned to merchants in Georgetown and Bladensburg. The Com-

mittee of Safety of Charles County immediately summoned the master and consignees before them. The explanations and submission of these gentlemen were declared satisfactory; and as the duty had not been paid, they were discharged on the pledge that the teas should not be landed, but should be sent back in the brig to London.

On the 14th October the brig *Peggy Stewart* arrived in Annapolis, having in its cargo a few packages of tea. The duty was paid by Mr. Antony Stewart, the owner of the vessel. This submission to the oppressive enactment of Parliament called forth the deepest feeling. A public meeting was held; the owner of the vessel and the consignees in the most humble manner apologized for their offense, and consented to the burning of the tea. But the people were determined to exact a more signal vindication of their rights. The easy compliance of Mr. Stewart with the act had aroused their anger, and threats were poured out against his vessel and himself. Mr. Stewart, to soothe the violence of the people, and to make amends for his fault, offered to destroy the vessel with his own hand. The proposition was accepted; and while the people gathered in crowds upon the shore to witness its consummation, Mr. Stewart, accompanied by the consignees, went on board the brig, ran her aground on Windmill Point, and set fire to her in presence of the multitude. So obnoxious had tea become that wherever it was discovered its owners were forced to destroy it. Two months later the people of Frederick, having met at Hagerstown, compelled one John Parks to walk bare-headed, holding lighted torches in his hands, and set fire to a chest of tea which he had delivered up, and "which was consumed amidst the acclamations of a numerous body of people."

"GENTLEMEN DRESSED ELEGANT TOO."

"When de tea and sugar and salt was throwed overboard, maaster said dere would be war. So we moved to Green Spring Valley, to ole Maaster Robert's place. Mistuss wanted to go furder, to Fredericktown, but maaster wouldn't. Warn't dat a stylish place though? I worked twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. Things was cayed up de country — some things never got back. When we got dere dey had no other house but dat one room in de old tiny house, 'hind de parlor now, kivered with oak shingles, and so forth. So maaster got a house from Dr. Walker, and put ole Mother Grace and Phebe and us to stay dere till de new house was built. I picked wool, and de ole woman spun. Me and another gal fotched all de water dat made de mortar for dat house. I've been through a good deal of hardship, but never got no beatin' about work; only when I was mischeevous and saasy, and dat was for want of puttin' to other practices. I had to be at somethin'!

"Once Uncle Tom told me ef I got some black rags and things, and fixed 'em on like wings, I could fly like a turkey-buzzard. I tried it, and I had a sweet fall, mind I tell ye! 'Nother time I clum up on de roof to 'tend to dryin' some water-million seed, and maaster like to have 'tended to me, only I talked him out of it. He said he wasn't goin' to let me teach de chil'n to break deir necks, and told me to come down and let him whip me.

"'Lor, maaster!' sez I, 'I gwine up here to comb my head, and den I'll clean de knives and keep myself neat and tidy, and not let de meat get burnt;' and I talked to him

most as long as I been talking to ye here—but I didn't come down! De carpenters was workin' dere, and dey began to laugh, and den he laughed, and went into de house, and when I was sure he was gone I come down, and kep' out of his way. Den I used to get de scissors, and go into de garret and cut holes in de gowns; and once—den, ye mind, de saddles was all fringed—I cut all de fringes off de saddles. I was young, wild, and wicked! I didn't know no better! Mistuss told mother to whip me for dat. She did whip me, 'deed she did, heap harder dan mistuss! Mistuss never let any body tetch me but her and mother. Miss Betsy, she was housekeeper—a very tough woman, a rale yaller-jacket, I'll tell ye—she never let *her* tetch me!

"Great times den among de quality! Dressin' ain't quite so touchy now as it was den: silk, satin, brocade, lutestring, polaneese—yes! long polaneese and short polaneese and cassatees. O Lor', chile, dey did dress beautiful! De elegantest, beautifulest things come from England. Mistuss, when she took de dresses out de chist, dey stood up stiff as a table, or a piece of plank stuff. Great ostrian feathers, some red and some blue, and all colors; de ladies wore dem in deir rolls. Rolls—cushions dey was, with deir hair combed over dem—slick and powdered; den de ostrian feathers atop o' dat, and rows of beads acrost 'em, goin' through de rooms like little air castles! Ladies, and gentlemen too, powdered. De ladies wore long sacques and hoops—sich full dresses, flounced and tapered off; side hoops and round hoops, and high-heeled shoes, and sich little heels! Dey come from de ole countries—from England. Mistuss had great trunkful fotched home. Good calicoes for common, and *chinches*, and silk and fur cloaks for winter.

"Gentlemen dressed elegant too. Beautiful silver-set buckles, glass and stone in 'em; goolden on de coats and waistcoats, flowered like ladies' dresses; and three-cocked hats, bound round with gold-lace; and long boots or gaiters when dey was a-horseback. Dey wore wigs, long wigs with queues, and short wigs without 'em. Tom C—— wore a long wig. Deir coats was mostly blue, black, and drab, and nankeen for summer. Tell ye, chile, dey was fine! I was so took up with dem many a time I couldn't eat my vittels. Mother licked me often for not comin' to my dinner!

"People lived high—first chop! Grand dinner-parties dey raly had; danced till day in dat ole room dere. What! yah! yah! Hear de silks come rattlin' through de rooms dere like a passell of ole dry leaves. Dance till day! All dem people's dead and gone now!

"Dere was Captain L——, as pretty a dancer as need to be of mankind! He's taken many a drink of water out of de bucket on my head when he was haulin' in his wheat to mill. He used to drive de team hisself. He's dead now, ye know. And ole Stephen Shamydine! Sure God makes every body, but I do think he was de homeliest white man I ever saw. With his hairy bear-skin cap and rigimentals and sword. It's God's truth! And when his house was done, dey sent him a present of a big brass knocker fur de front-door, de elegantest knocker ever ye see; dat's for why dey named dat place Pomona, arter de imidge on de knocker, so dey tells me. Tom C——, as good a man as ever stepped de land, he lived with Dr. H——, little man, but like a piece of fire; elegant doctor, but as cross a man as ever drawed de bref of life; as impident a piece of goods as ever I see for a little man! And Major Howard! He went to de war arter, and got wounded. Ladies was very sorry for it, for he was de very apple of deir eye. I heard dem talk of it. He was at our house many a time. And Crack-brained Davy T——, a coarse-lookin' fellow, a hot-blood, fox-huntin', racin', sportin' character. It was so his mother nicknamed all dem chil'en—Crack-brained Davy, Gentleman Mordecai, Blackguard John, Extravagant Joshua, Miser Tom; and de girls was Whip-poor-will Betty and Butterfly Rachel. Mordecai was a pale, thin, blue-lookin' man, and Tom was as beautiful a dancer as could be, he was. You seen his pictur', with de murroon velvet and gilt buttons, and de sea compass in his hand? And Sam W——, he could beat any body dere a-makin' a bow, though he did dress in homespun. Den dere was Cornelius H——, the *surveeor*. He was a Methodist, but he was a very good man to his people; he didn't dance neither jigs, nor reels, nor court-lil-yows, nor minuets, nor fisher's hornpipes, nor nothin'! He was raly good to his people, and used to pay for any harm dey did, rather than whip dem. But L——'s was a whippin' house, G——'s was a whippin' house, K——'s was a whippin'

house—whippin' and cuttin' every Monday mornin' all over de neighborhood. Some had got deir maaster's horse and gone 'way out to Elk Ridge to a nigger dance; some for one thing, some for another, but ginerally whip anyhow! Den dere was ole K——, a fox-huntin', racin' character. Didn't you never read his history on de tombstone at de church? I don't know from A to Izzard, but dey tells me dat somebody's wrote it so as it reads he was a darned rascal.

"Dat fox-huntin' made gay old times. Be up at two o'clock in de mornin': sich runnin', racin', ridin'! Maaster kep' deir company, but he didn't keep hounds. We niggers had our time too. Every Saturday night we had leave to go dance at de quarter, or at de barn in warm weather, and at Christmas and Whitsuntide and Easter we had a great frolic, we had. Sich dancin'! My Lord! plenty to eat and drink—meat, cabbage, turnips! Same thing at de huskin' matches—till dey got to fightin' and stobbin.'

"Nathan Cromwell's Pepin and Philpot's Jack and Worthington's Mingo was de greatest fiddlers of de county. Dey used to go 'way down to 'Noppolis" (Annapolis). "Our Starling was a great fiddler. Mistuss let him go any where he choosed—never took no money from him—till one time he went to Baltimore to learn play *Hail Columby*, and he didn't come back for twenty years—den he staid. Blind Johnny and Club-foot Davy was white men and great fiddlers for de quality; colored people ketched a great deal from 'em. De great tunes den was *Bob and Joan*, *Dusty Miller*, *Jack ma Green*, and so on. Den dere was card-playin' and black-gamblin', and horse-racin' twice a year in Gist's fields.

'If ye will bet thousands, my gentlemen all,
I will bet millions on de famous skew-ball.
Spare us a venture on de courses of all,
I'm sure of winning on de famous skew-ball.'

Dat was a song dey used to sing. I can't sing now; I's got no teeth.

'I was drunk last night,
I was a little hoddy—
Oh, plantation gals,
Can't ye look at a body!
Hi dompty, dompty,
Hi dompty, dompt!'

My! don't talk! Didn't we jump in dem

days!

'Where did ye come from?
I come from Virginny.
Who's in de long-boat?
Simon and Cæsar.'

Dem was de songs—sing and dance 'em too. Den dere was a great song of dem days my young missus used to sing:

'Dere's na luck about de house,
Dere's na luck at all;
Dis is de time to mind yer work,
While—'

Let's see—

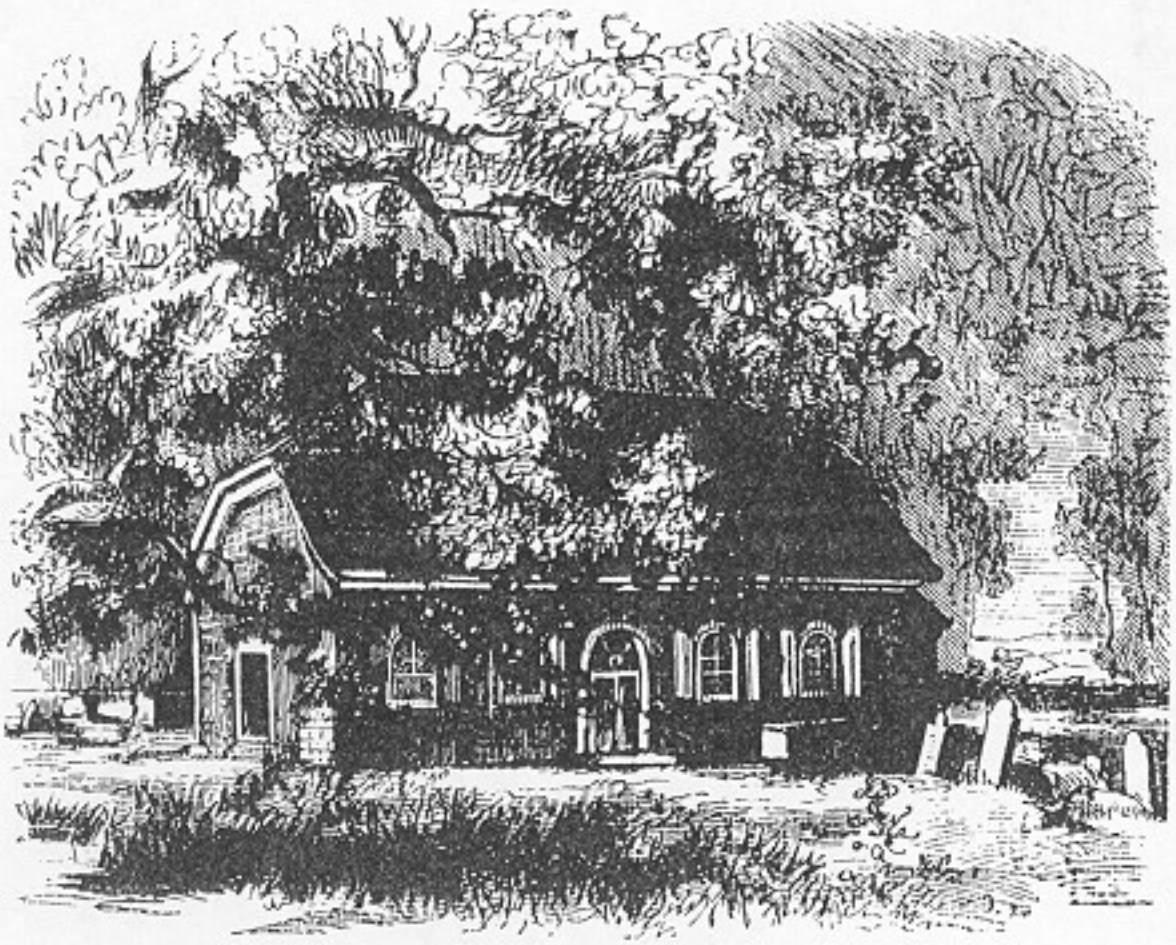
'Dere's little pleasure in our house
While our goodman's awa.'

I can't 'xactly 'member it. Enoch Story used to sing it. He was de music-maaster, a little man, a furriner. He come up from town and used to teach mistuss's daughter to play de spinnet. No more spinnets now! Dey was made like a piano, with ivory teeth. I tell ye, I 'member it!"

The spinnet, or spinet, was a musical instrument of the harpsichord kind, but differing in shape and power; formerly much in use, though now entirely superseded by the piano-forte. The tone was comparatively weak, but pleasing, and as the instrument was small in dimensions and cheap in price, it answered the purpose of those who did not find it convenient to purchase a harpsichord.

"For women of quality dere was Miss Betsy X——; she had a tongue equal to any lawyer; a clinking tongue! and Miss Hannah W——, a sickly woman; she died o' consumption; and Nelly R——, Nick O——'s wife; and Hannah J——; she was a big, stout lady, with a brown skin; and Betsy R——; she was a good fortune; and Polly W——, Passon W——'s daughter. Ole John Tilly, who come from Jamaica or some furrin parts, courted her; she had headpiece enough, but her Maaster above called for her, and she went home.

"Maaster's daughter, Miss Becky, was as pretty a woman as ever de sun shined on; counted de beautifulest woman in dem days for fair skin, pretty teeth. A genteel-made woman, of beautiful behavior—nuff to charm de heart of a stone! When she was married missus let me creep into de room, de back parlor dere. De gentlemen thought she was an angel from heaven, in a white satin dress, and white ostrian feathers in her rolls—feathers so tall she had to leave her shoes off till she come down stairs—and buckles with stones in her shoes! So busy, lookin' and cryin' together, nobody seed me; women a-cryin', and gentlemen tickled at it. It was de dreadfulest rainy night ever ye see. Passon Chase was fotched from town—a very handsome man; had some fringy thing on when he married dem; 'twas about seven or eight o'clock, by candle-light, in de old back parlor dere. De groom was in light clothes, and de groomsmen and all saluted de bride down de stairs.



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

Den dey went to dancin'; supped before de dance, and den handin' round between de dancin'. And at de supper dere was every thing

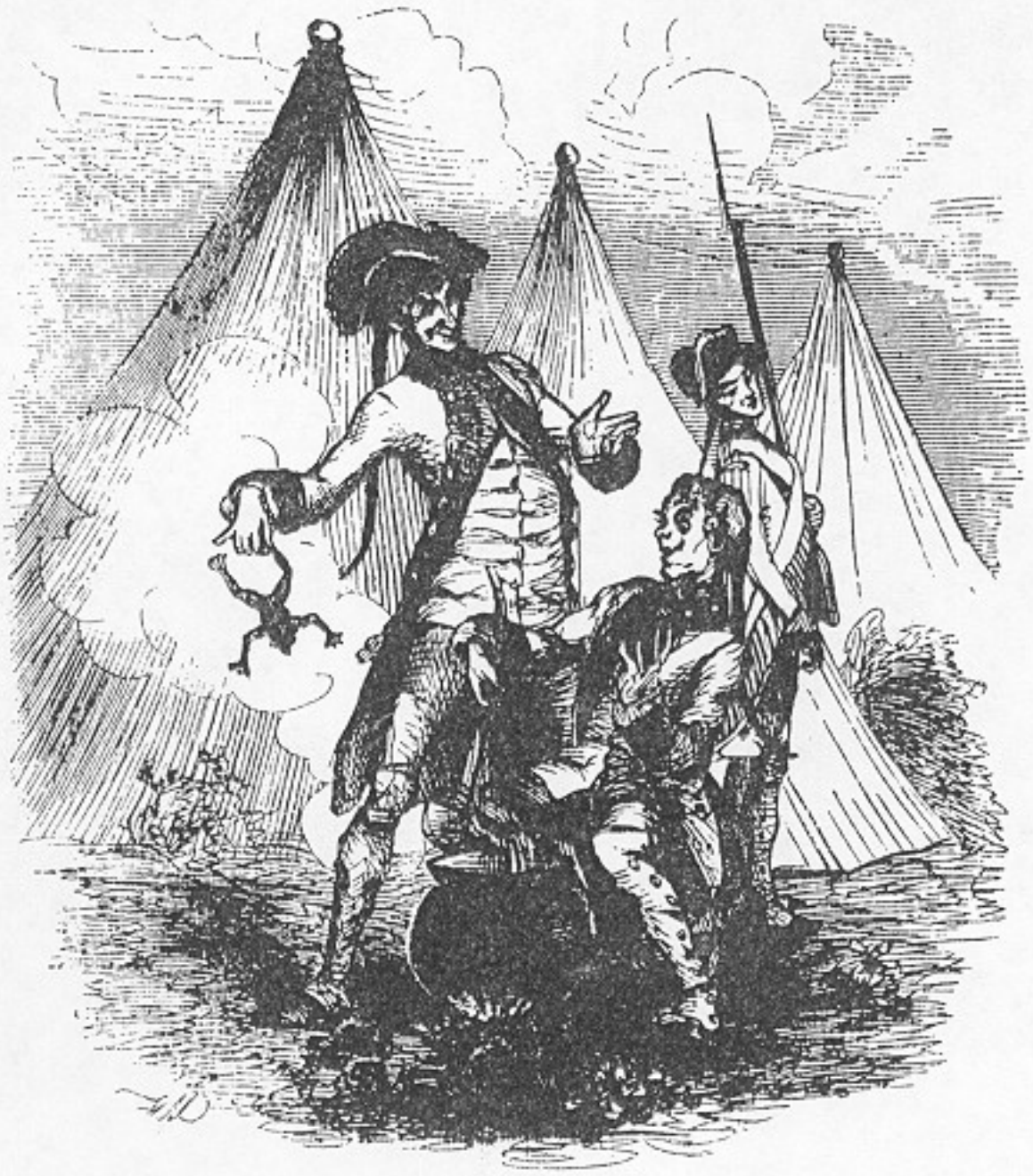
ye could desire—roast pig, chicken, turkey, ham, cherry-tarts, apple-tarts—screamin' time dey had, mind I tell ye! Oho! ha, ha! 'deed dey did dance dat night! dreadfulest rainy night ever I see! Stormy weddin', I tell ye. Afterward it took three weeks to get round de visitin', dinin', and dancin'.

"Captain L—— was dere; Captain L——'s mother—no, she wasn't dere; she'd gone home to glory: a little bit of a Scotchwoman, de least woman I ever see; she wanted to be carried home to Ireland to be buried—a pretty piece of business! She was buried somewhere in town here 'mong de Presbyterians.

"Den dere was Betsy B—— was dere, and her brother; both had red heads. She had some misfortin; dey fit a jewill about it, and she went away to England. And Dr. H—— and Mistuss H——; she was as de Lord made her, but she was a very homely woman; Wylet H——, a jolly big woman, brown skin, monsus big; and Becky Plowman, she was raly a mere pictur', a very jolly-made lady, nice round-made lady, not so very tall. Most all dese people are buried in Garrison Forest church-yard.

"Every one of dem Y——s buried deir husbands. So much of dis eatin', drinkin', and feastin'! And when all's gone dese people turns round and says ye're so extravagant and wasteful. Dey be de very first people to talk! Ye may stand to it while ye live, but de chil'en come to want. Can't measure de snake till he's dead. Niggers and every thing else must go. Seen many a plantation lost so. Be neighborly, kind, and all dat; go to church; mind what I say, but mind what I do!

"A Sunday dey all went to Garrison Forest church, St. Thomas's, de great church of de county. Dey came from all around—Soldier's Delight, Chestnut Ridge, Randallstown. Most people come a-horseback. Ladies were good riders den; dey wore gypsy hats tied under de chin. De road was full of people, mostly a-horseback, some in coaches and chaises. Tom C——'s father, de passon, he come from England—de biggest, fattest man ever I hear tell of. Took two or three men to lift him into de pulpit, till at de last he broke de axle-tree of de carriage, and he couldn't go no more. Why, dey took de fat out of him by de pound, Dr. H—— did (monsus skillful man, Dr. H——!), and dey presarved it in liquor, and I b'lieve dey got it kep' to dis day!



THE FRENCH CAMP.

"When de war come dat day, understand I tell ye—dere was a cannon (I's axed about dat cannon many a time) up at Captain L——'s store. I s'pec's it was advertised, but when dat cannon was fired, next day ye'd see de malishy, dey called dem, a-marchin' down from Pennsylvany

and about and de Lord knows whar, all kivered with dust, and dressed in brown linen huntin'-shirts, pleated and fringed, mostly farmers. Dere was enough to go. Dey cayed canteens and knapsacks, and dey had great hairy high caps—yes, dey had; s'pec's dey was bear-skin—and dey wore leggins. De officers was dressed in rigimentals, blue and red, with hairy caps, and a valise and canteen buckled behind deir saddles. Some wore linsey-woolsey gray bear-skin cloth. Dey used to sing,

'My cold feet! my cold hands!
My belly aches, but my pluck stands!'

"Never seed so many men, 'cept when de French army was here—as beautiful a sight as ever I see, so bloody-minded! De place was black with people when dey had deir review here. Dey come into town on a Sunday, and ye had to open yer house to take de head men in; de outskuffins went into tents in de fields. When de townspeople heerd dey was comin' dey thought it was de British, and sich runnin' and ridin' all day and night to get de wagons and horses to cay de goods out of de town! Dey liked Baltimore wonderful, de French did, and dey made a song dat dey would make New France of dis place. But deir was some of dem was very vulgar. Dey was de devil dat brought in dis eatin' of terrapins and frogs and snakes here. De Lord sent enough here, without eatin' sich devilment as dat! Dey riz de market with deir cookin' and eatin'. It was dem fotched in, too, dis callin' trowsers *pantaloons*, and stocks dey called *cravats*.

"In de time of de war dere was constant ridin' with papers, back and for'ard, night and day. See a gentleman ride up to de door, give de papers to maaster, and ride off; never get off de horse, never 'light!

'Now I'm a-comin' with all de week's news,
Some lies, and some true.'

Dat's what old John White used to sing when he come and used to chase us all over de place. When I hears him I runs under de platform, he after me, here, dere, every where. He was a monsus big man. Oh, my Lord! And mistuss—she was monsus big woman—used to most bust laughin'! Sich runnin' and hollerin' to try and skere us chil'en! Christmas he brought de Bell snickle. Once he asked me for a drink of water, and while he was drinkin' I pitched de bucketful all over him. Didn't I put den!

"Mistuss and Miss Betsy and old Sally B—— (she was a widow woman) and 'Good Liddy'—she was a good crittur dat mistuss raised—dey helped to make huntin'-shirts for de army, and we sarvants was all kept busy a-sewin' and knittin' and spinnin'. Sence, bringin' in dem factories broke de spinnin'-wheels. We made one hundred shirts for Lafayette's army. Every thing went for de war. Dey used to go into yer fields and press de fattest cattle, and yer wagon, when dey wrote on it it was for de army, and yer load of hay too! Dey cayed all along. De soldiers looked like de ruffi'ns ye see on de streets. Dey used to take a man from his plow in de field, wife and chil'en a-cryin', de soldiers a-cussin' de women, and marchin' off de husband before 'em. Stephen Shamydine and Maaster David Poe used to press. Captain L—— and Major Howard went, and even Tom C—— had to go. Nuff had to go; heap of cryin' about it! Maaster gave a man a lot of money to go his *substitute*, dey called it: man never come back, and never was heard of no more!

"Well, dere was dis everlastin' flyin' of papers until dey 'claim peace; and we was glad enough when it come. And soon arter dat old maaster died wid de gout. He was dat cross nobody could come near him 'cept me and another boy. Maaster was 'dustrious man, and used to stand up to de huskin' pile like any one of us.

"I lived twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. When ole mistuss died she left me to go clear for myself—Aunt Liddy, cook Liddy, Henry, me, and Carlos; left all my chil'en free 'cept two—I had fifteen chil'en, but don't ye see I look gamesome yet? De last was born time of Ross's war. We were up at Green Spring den; hear de guns roarin' at Fort M'Henry, mistuss and young mistuss a-frettin' and cryin'. Soon arter mistuss took sick and died.

"I staid a year and two or three months arter I was free, caise I knowed nothin' of hirin'. But now I'd got de string off my neck, I thought it was time for me to leave to do somethin' for myself, so I comes down to Baltimore once, all unbeknowens to my mistuss; and caise I didn't go to tell her she was mad, and said she didn't care if I staid or no. Dat 'fronted me, and I says

to myself, I'll change my name to 'Peter' and put out; so I called myself 'Peter Put-out.' Eve was my name.

"When mistuss heard I was raly goin', she comes out of de house, and says she, 'Eve, yer maaster says he'll build ye a house if ye'll stay.' But it was too late. I'd asked him before, and he wouldn't, so now I was bound to go. I was so choked up and so full, I couldn't say nothin'; it was like life and death was partin'. Home is the best place, be it ever so homely. I was faithful to 'em. I was allers ready, never was afraid to work. I'd go out any hour of de night, when I heerd de rain and de storm, and take de lantern and go 'way down to de milk-house all by myself, and take de milk out and put de pans under de big oak-tree, and fotch rocks to put on 'em; water a-risin', and de great black water-snakes a-lyin' dere glisterin' in de dark; sometimes I had to take a horse to go to 'em, de water riz so high often.

"Mistuss cried after I went away: hasty and passionable, but clever woman. Never been dere but once or twice sence.

"Lamps was lit when I got to town, and next day I hired myself to a man named Jimmy French, 'way up de country. I went one Saturday and staid till Thursday. He said he never seed any body do as much work as I did; but dere was no black people dere, and it was monsus lonesome—no body to speak to—and I didn't like it. So when I heerd dere was to be a launch in Baltimore I told him I was goin' down to

WASHINGTON AND HIS SERVANT.

see it, and I raly did mean to go back; but as I was gwine along a man let me ride in his cart, and arter I'd rid a while I see so many blue rocks and high grass, says I, 'Here is rocks and here is grass; must be great many snakes about here.' Says he, 'We throws 'em out twenty foot long with our scythes in de spring.' 'My God!' says I, 'I never come out here no more!' and I've never been dere no more from dat day to dis. When I got to town I forgot all about de launch, a-thinkin' of de snakes and de wildernesses. But I called myself Peter, and I soon got work. Washin' and cookin', cleanin' and scourin', dat was my trade. Nice woman took me and gave me four dollars a month, every Christmas five dollars. I worked hard, and I put all de money I saved in de bank, till I got my chil'en all free—Ben and his wife and child, and my daughter Fanny. I gave seventy dollars for Ben and Fanny, and one hundred and fifty dollars for wife and child. My husband Bill, if he'd 'a had pluck, might 'a bought Ben for twenty dollars before he left de (Garrison) Forest, but he was married to de whisky-bottle. Sonny, you got very pretty foot, mighty pretty features. I'm a poor old crittur, but I must talk lively to keep my sperits up. If I jest had somethin' to buy my tobacky.

"Yes, Sir, I did see Washington once walkin' with his black sarvant. He was a good-lookin' man in black clothes. Can't hold up to him in dis day. He protected de land and made it all stanch. Dat's his imidge on his ormament dere."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE — JUNE, 1864

THE POOR WHITES OF THE SOUTH

PROFESSOR CAIRNES, of Dublin, in his very valuable and generally accurate work on the "Slave Power," says:

> "In the Southern States no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities, these people make up a class at once degraded and dangerous; and constantly reinforced, as they are, by all that is idle, worthless, and lawless among the population of the neighboring States, form an inexhaustible preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition....Such are the 'mean whites' or 'white trash'....This class comprises, as I have said, five millions of human beings—about seven-tenths of the whole white population of the South."

This opinion of Professor Cairnes is no doubt shared by a large portion of the people of the Northern States and of England. But it is a great error. Having read of, or seen, the wretched specimens of humanity who loiter about the railway stations, or hover around the large plantations on the great Southern thoroughfares, they have inferred that they represent "seven-tenths of the whole white population" of the South! The idea is preposterous, for, if it were true, one half of the Southern people would be paupers, while no community could support that proportion of non-producers. But it is not true. The great mass of "poor whites" are superior (and I say this with due deliberation, and after sixteen years' acquaintance with them) to any other class of uncultivated men, save our Northern farmers, on the globe.

The eight millions of Southern whites may be divided into three general classes:

First, *The ruling class*, which includes the planters, and the higher grades of professional men, and numbers about one million. Second, *The middle* or *laboring class*, which includes the small traders, mechanics, farmers, and farm and other laborers, and numbers about six and a half millions; and, third, *The mean white class*, which includes all who are appropriately called "poor trash," who glean a sorry subsistence from hunting, fishing, and poaching on the grounds of the planters. This class numbers about half a million, and to it only does Professor Cairnes's description apply.

The two latter classes are of very marked and decidedly opposite characteristics. One labors; is industrious, hardy, enterprising; a law-abiding and useful citizen: the other does not labor; is thieving, vicious, law-breaking, and of "no sort of account" to his family or to society.

The mean whites do combine "the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities." Their houses are often the pole wigwams of the Indian, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with merely a hole at the top to let the smoke out and the rain in; but generally they are small huts of rough logs, through the

crevices of which the wind in winter whistles a most melancholy tune. The one room of these huts is floored with nothing but the ground—hardened with mauls, and hollowed at the centre, as if to hold the rain that comes in at the roof—and it is furnished with a few rickety chairs, a pine log—hewn smooth on the upper side, and made to serve as a sofa—a cracked skillet, a dirty frying-pan, an old-fashioned rifle, two or three sleepy dogs, and a baker's dozen of half-clad children, with skins and hair colored like a tallow-candle dipped in tobacco-juice. In one corner there may be a mud oven, half crumbled back to its original earth, and in the others, two or three low beds, with corn-shuck mattresses and tattered furnishings. The character of the inmates is suited to their surroundings. They are given to whisky-drinking, snuff-dipping, clay-eating, and all manner of social vices.

The costume of these people is of the most meagre and mean description. The women go with bare heads and feet, and their only garment is a coarse cottonade gown, falling straight from the neck to just below the knees. The men wear slouched hats, and linsey trowsers, and hunting shirts, so begrimed with filth, and so torn and patched in a thousand places, that scarcely a vestige of the original material is left visible to the naked eye. Many of them—owing, no doubt, to their custom of intermarrying—are deformed and apparently idiotic, and they all have stunted, ague-distorted frames, dull, heavy eyes, saffron-hued skins, small, bullet-shaped heads, and coarse, wiry hair, which looks like oakum shreds bound into mops and dyed with lampblack.

They answer, in their general characteristics, to the "scum" of our Northern cities, and to the vile denizens of the back slums of London and other large European towns; but it may be questioned whether there is any where a class of whites quite so degraded and so utterly useless as they are. Every where but in the Slave States the poor man labors, produces something toward the support of himself and of others, but the "mean white" of the South does not know how to labor; he produces nothing; he is a fungous growth on the body of society, absorbing the life and strength of the other parts.

As I have said, the laboring poor whites are a very different people. They comprise fully three-fourths of the free population of the South. The census shows that on the first of June, 1860, there were in the fourteen Slave States, exclusive of Delaware, 1,359,655 white males engaged in agricultural and other outdoor employments. Of this number, 901,102 are classed as "farmers"—men who till their own land: 230,146 are classed as "farm-laborers"—men who till the land of others: and 228,407 are classed as "laborers"—men engaged in outdoor work other than the tillage of land. The "farmers" are not to be confounded with the planters—men who work large tracts of land and large bodies of slaves, but do not work themselves—for the census takes distinct account of the latter. *They* number only 85,558, but—such has been the working of the peculiar institution—they own nearly three-fourths of the negroes and landed property of the South. These one million three hundred and odd thousand laboring white men represent a population of about six millions; and if we add to them the four hundred thousand represented by the planters, and the one million represented by men in trade, manufactures, and the professions, there can hardly remain, in a total population of less than eight millions, "five millions of human being who eke out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder." Half a million—the number I have stated—is vastly nearer the truth.

Little is known at the North of this large farming population, for the reason that they live remote from the great thoroughfares, and have been seldom seen by travelers. They are settled generally in the "up-country" and "backwoods," and there lead industrious and plodding lives. From them have sprung such men as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Alexander H. Stephens, Andrew Johnson, Parson Brownlow, President Lincoln, and nearly all the representative men of the Slave States. In fact they are the bone and sinew of the South, the strength of its armies, the men who are now so patiently fighting and enduring in the cause of Secession; and they will be, when the Union is restored, the ruling class, the real political South of the future.

To illustrate the habits and characteristics of the farmer class of "poor whites"—(this name is a misnomer, for a man can hardly be called "poor" who owns his own house and farm, and enjoys all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life)—I will introduce to the reader one of its representative men, whom I met at his home in Tennessee, about thirteen years ago, and again encountered at Murfreesboro, in the month of May, 1863; and I will let him "speak for himself," in his vernacular dialect, as I may thereby give a more correct idea of the peculiarities of his class than by a more general descrip-

tion.

Late in November, 1850, while journeying on horseback from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to Louisville, Kentucky, I was overtaken by a storm one day, just at nightfall, and forced to ask shelter at a small farm-house near the little town of Richmond, in Bedford County, Tennessee. The house stood in a small clearing a short distance from the highway, and was one story high, of hewn logs nicely chinked and whitewashed, with a projecting roof, a broad, open piazza, and an enormous brick chimney-stack protruding at either gable. As I rode up to it the farmer came out to meet me. He was dressed in homespun, and had a wiry, athletic frame; a dark, sun-browned complexion; an open, manly face; and a frank, cordial manner that won my confidence in a moment. He bade me "good evenin'" as I approached him, and returning his salutation, I asked him for shelter for myself and horse.

"Sartin, Stranger," he replied; "I nuver turned away one o' God's images yit, ef they wus a Yankee—an' some o' them is dreffful pore likenesses, ye mought bet a pile on thet."

"Why do you think I am a Yankee?" I asked, smiling.

"I sees it all over ye. But come, alight; ye's welcome ter all I hes, an' ef ye kin spin a yarn or tell a lie ony bigger'n I kin, I'll 'low a Yankee ar smarter'n a Tennesseean—an' I nuver know'd one as war yit."

Dismounting, I requested him to give my horse some oats, remarking that I made free with him, because I expected to pay for what I had.

"Pay!" he exclaimed; "nuver ye tork uv pay, Stranger, 'tween two sich men as ye an' me is, or ye'll make me fight another duel. It's agin my principles, but I fit one onst, an' it mought be *ye* wouldn't loike ter hev me fit another."

"Not with me, I assure you. I'd take free quarters with you for a month rather than fight a duel."

"Yer a sensible man; fur I shud, fur shore, sarve ye jest as I done Clingman—thet famous North Car'lina chap. P'raps ye nuver yered how I fit him?"

"No, I never did."

"Wall, I'll tell ye on it. But yere, Jake" (to a stout, cheerful negro, who just then appeared at the corner of the house)—"yere, Jake, tuck the gen'leman's nag, rub him down, an guv him some oats, an' mind, doan't ye guv no parson's measure wuth the oats."

"Nuver you far, Massa. Jake'll gub it ter 'im chock-heapin'—loike you gub's ebery ting, Massa," rejoined the negro, bounding nimbly into the saddle, and riding off to the barn-yard.

The farmer then turned and led the way into the house. At the door of the sitting-room we were met by his wife—a comely, dark-eyed woman of about thirty, neatly clad in a calico gown, and a spotless lace cap perching cozily on the back of her head.

"Sally," said my host, as we entered the room, "yere'r a stranger; so tuck him in; guv him fritters an' apple-jack fur supper, fur he'm a Yankee, an' thar's no tellin' but ye mought save the kentry ef ye made him fall in love wuth ye."

The good woman laughed, gave me a cordial greeting, asked me to a seat by the fire, and went about preparing supper. As I seated myself with her husband by the broad hearth-stone I glanced around the apartment. It occupied one half of the building, and had a most cozy and comfortable appearance. On the floor was a tidy rag carpet, and the plastered walls were covered with a modest paper, and ornamented with a half dozen neatly-framed engravings. A gilded looking-glass, festooned with sprigs of evergreen, hung between the front windows, and opposite to it stood a huge piece of mahogany, half a side-board, half a bureau, which in its day had graced some statelier mansion. A dozen rustic arm-chairs, covered with untanned deer-skin, a small stand in the corner piled high with such books as the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Doddridge's Expositor," and a large pine table, on which my hostess was arranging the tea-things, completed the furniture of the room. A little boy of five and a little girl of seven were helping the good-wife set the tea-table, and through an open door at the rear I saw an older child, with her mother's dark-brown hair and her father's expressive features, busily frying the fritters over the kitchen fire.

After asking me where I "come from," where I "mought be mosyin' ter," and other similar questions, my host said:

"So ye nuver yered how I fit Clingman—thet big Whig chap over thar ter North Car'lina?"

"No," I replied, "I never did, but I would like to, for I know Clingman."

"Wall, ye sees, it war jest afore the last 'lection, when ye put in ole Zack fur President. The Whigs they had a big barbacue down ter Richmond, an' Clingman an' a hull lot uv 'em went inter speechifying ter kill. Wall, in the coorse uv Clingman's speech he said thet Cass, our canderdate, wus a nigger-trader down thar ter Newbern way, an' wus in jail fur passin'

counterfit money, an' ef we 'lected him, we'd hev ter bail him out ter 'naugerate him. Now, I couldn't stand thet, no how, so I telled Clingman he lied loike blazes. Wall, he stopped short ter onst, an' axed me fur my redress."

"*Address*," said his wife, pausing in her work, and looking pleasantly at me.

"Thet's so, Sally," replied the farmer. "Stranger, Sally hes all the larnin' uv the fambly. She's a quality 'ooman—she is! Wall, I guv Clingman my name, an' whar I hung out, an', shore 'nuff, jest arter dark, a feller rid up yere wuth a challunge, all writ out in Clingman's own hand—an' ye knows he's a right smart scholard, an' a durned clever feller ter boot, ef he ar a Whig. I couldn't read the thing—I hain't got no furder nur prent yit—so I guv it ter Sally. Sally she screeched out when she seed whot it war 'bout, but I telled har ter stand up, an' die loike a man, an' so she sot down, an' 'cepted the challunge. Now, ye knows, the challunged 'un allers hes the chise o' weapons, so I said I'd hev swords, mounted."

"Then you are familiar with sword practice?" I remarked.

"Furmilye wuth it! I nuver seed more'n one sword in all my borned days, an' thet war so durned rusty a ox-team couldn't dror it. It hung over dad's front door when I war a young 'un. Dad said he fit wuth it ter Cowpens, but I know'd he didn't, 'case he couldn't ha' been more'n two y'ar old at thet writin'.

"Wall, I said swords, mounted, at sun-up the next mornin', over agin my r'ar pinery. Now, I hes a dreffful smart ox-brute thet I'se a raised up fur my privat' ridin'. The brute he doan't loike a spur, an' when ye puts one inter 'im, he'll pitch, head-foremose, inter the fust thing he comes ter, be it man or beast. Wall, in the mornin' I tuck out the cow-horn (ye'd think Gabriel war a soundin' the last trump when I blows it), cut a right smart stick fur a sword, put it inter a yaller bag thet lucked loike a scabbard, got out the ox-brute, tied a red rag ter his horns, put on him my wife's best kiverlet—Sally hed it agin we got morried; it hes more colors nur Joseph's coat, but red an' yaller dominates. Wall, I put on the kiverlet fur a saddle, an' moseyed off ter the dueling ground.

"Clingman, he war thar, wuth two seconds, a doctor, an' a hull 'pothecary store uv cuttin' instruments, all waitin' an' ready ter make mince-meat uv my carcass. Soon as he seed how I war 'coutered, he up an' 'jected ter fightin', but I counted out the terms uv the duel—swords, mounted—an' I telled him ef he didn't stand an' fight loike a man I'd post him all over the State o' North Car'lina fur a coward. Wall, finarly he 'cluded ter do it. So, we tuck our stands, the seconds they guv the word, Clingman he put spurs inter his hoss, an' I put spurs inter mine, an', Stranger, ye'd better b'lieve when my ox moseyed down onter his mar, wuth horn a blowin', an' kiverlet a flyin', the mar she piked out quicker'n a whirlygust chasin' a streak o' lightnin', an' she nuver helt up till she got clean inter North Car'lina. I'se allers telled Sally sense thet thet kiverlet ar the flag I means ter live under, ter sleep under, an' ter die under."*

When I had somewhat recovered from the immoderate fit of laughter which expressed my appreciation of the farmer's story, his comely wife said to me:

"Fotch up yer cheer, Stranger. We hain't nothin' 'cept common doin's, but we's 'nuff o' them."

And there was "'nuff o' them." The table was loaded down with bacon, venison, wild-fowl, hominy, corn-pone, fritters, tea, cider, and apple-jack, all heaped upon it in promiscuous confusion. I had ridden far, and eaten nothing since the morning, but I might have relished the viands had my appetite been much daintier than it was.

A desultory conversation followed till the close of the meal. When it was over, again seating myself with the farmer before the blazing light-wood fire, while his wife and elder daughter went about clearing away the tea-things, I said to him:

"Now I want to ask you how you live, what you raise, how many negroes you have—all about yourself, for I've already fallen in love with you and your wife."

"Fall'n in love wuth *me!* ha! ha!" echoed the farmer. "Stranger, *I* nuver fell in love wuth nary man 'cept Sally, but I fell inter it so deep wuth she thet I'se willin' all creation shud love har jest loike I does—an' they wud, ef they only know'd har so wall as me."

"I have no doubt of it. Does she do all her own housework?"

"Uvery thing—she an' the little gal. She woan't hev no lazy nigger wimmin round. They make more wuck nur they does."

"Do yer wife wuck, Stranger?" asked the lady. "They say wimmin all wucks ter the North."

"Nearly all do—except my wife. *She* don't, because I have none. But I intend to have one. I shall probably wait till your husband breaks

* Subsequent inquiry satisfied me that the farmer's account of this singular duel was substantially true.

his neck, and then pop the question to you."

"Wall, I reckon I'd hev ye, fur I'se sort o' tuck ter ye. 'Pears loike ye Northern gentlemen hain't stuck up, an' doan't 'count tharselfs no better nur wuckin' folk, like the 'ristocracts does round yere."

"The heart, not the wealth or the intellect, Madam, makes the true aristocracy," I replied, gravely.

"Thet's whot our parson sez; an' in heaven, he sez, them as gits the highest hes hearts jest loike little childerin'—thet loves uvery thing, an' uvery body, an' hain't no larnin' at all. Ef thet's so, Bible'll be one on the biggest on 'em, fur he's got nigh ter no larnin'—he kin only jest make out ter spell—an' his heart ar big 'nuff ter holt all o' creation."

"Doan't ye say thet, Sally," said the farmer looking at his wife with a tender light in his eyes, and a beautiful smile on his rough features: "The Lord moughtn't be uv yer 'pinion."

"Yas, He ar, fur He knows ye jest loike I does."

The farmer made no reply, and a short silence followed. I broke it by saying:

"Come, Bible, if that is your name, answer my questions—tell me all about yourself."

"Thet hain't my name, Stranger, though it'r whot I goes by. Ye sees my name ar Smith, an' dad chrisund me Jehoshaphat*—ter 'stinguish me frum the t'other Smiths, but, somehow, it got shortened ter Bible, an' it'r been Bible unter this day. I wuck'd 'long uv dad till I war twenty-one, for the ole 'un he said he'd a fotched me up when I war a young 'un, an' he war bound ter git his pay out o' me agin I war grow'd, an' he done it.

"Wall, the day I war uv age dad axed me out ter the barn, an' totin' out a mule-brute as hed been in the fambly uver sense Adam warn't no higher'n lettle Sally, he sez ter me, sez he: 'Thar, Bible, thar's my last wull an' testamunt; tuck it, an' gwo an' seek yer fortun'.' I hadn't nary chise, so I tuck the mule-brute an' moseyed out ter seek my fortun'. I squatted down right squar onter this dead'nin', hired my nig Jake (I owns him now), an' me, an' Jake, an' the mule-brute went ter wuck loike blazes—all but the mule-brute—he war too tarnal lazy ter wuck; he war so lazy I hed ter git my ox ter holp him dror his last breath. Wall, Jake an' me added acre ter acre, an' mule-brute ter mule-brute, as the Scriptur' sez, till finarly I got ter be right wall forehanded. Then, one day, I sez ter Jake: 'Jake,' sez I, 'ye's got a wife, an' ye knows whot durmestic furlicity is—ter be shore ye hes ter keep it seven mile away; but whot's thet when I guvs ye Saturday arternoons an' Sundays all ter yerself. Now *I* hain't nary furlicity at all. Whot shill I do?'

"'Git a wife, Massa,' sez Jake; 'git a wife, Massa. Saddle de mar, Massa, an' gwo out on a 'splorin' expedition. Jake'll luck arter de fixin's while you'm away.'

"Now thet nig ar allers right; he's got a head longer'n the moral law; so I saddled the mar an' sallied out arter Sally. I hed ter scour nigh 'bout all o' creation, an' it tuck me four hull months ter do it, but—I found har. Soon as I sot eyes on har I know'd it war she, an' I telled har so; but she say, 'Ye must ax Par.' (Sally hes book-breedin', ye sees, so she sez *par* instead o' *dad*, which ar' the nat'ral way.) Wall, I axed 'par;' he's one on yer quality folk, been ter Congress, an' only missed bein' Guv'ner by —not gittin' the nomurnation. I axed him, an' he shuck his head; but I guv him jest a week ter think on it, an' moseyed out ter git ready agin the weddin'. I know'd he'd come round, an' he done it. So I sez ter Sally: 'Sally,' sez I, 'we'll be morried ter-morrer.'

"'Ter-morrer!' screeched Sally, holtin' up har hands an' openin' har eyes; 'why, I hain't a ready I hain't no cloes!'

"'Cloes!' sez I; 'nuver mind yer cloes; I doan't morry ye fur them.'

"So Sally she consented, an' I piked out fur a parson. Now thar warn't none nigher'n over a branch, an' it so happin'd it rained loike blazes thet night, an' toted off all the bridges; so when the parson an' me got down ter the run jest arter noon the next day—we wus ter a been morried at 'levin—thar warn't no way o' crossin'; but thar war Sally, on the t'other side uv the run, in har sun-bunnet an' a big umbrell', onpatiently waitin' fur us. Thar warn't no other how, so I sez ter the parson: 'Parson,' sez I, 'say over the Prayer-book—Sally's got the hull uv it by heart agin this time—we'll be morried ter onst right yere.' So the parson he said over the Prayer-book, Sally she made the 'sponses—all 'bout the 'beyin' an' so on—an' we's been man an' wife uver sense; an' Stranger, I doan't keer whar the t'other 'ooman ar', thar hain't nary one livin' quite up ter Sally."

"An' does ye b'lieve thet story, Stranger?" asked Sally, who, having finished clearing away the tea-things, had, with the older daughter and the younger children, taken a seat near me in the chimney-corner.

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* His name according to the army rolls is WILLIAM J. SMITH.

"I can't say that I do. Not altogether," I replied.

"I'm glad on it; fur we wus morried in a house, loike Christun people—we wus."

"Is Jake your only slave?" I asked the farmer after a while.

"Yas," he'r my only 'un, but he's as good as ony two ye uver know'd on. Ye sees, I raises nigh on ter no craps 'cept mule-brutes an' horned critters, an' them, ye knows, browse in the woods, and doan't make much wuck."

If space allowed I would tell the reader more of this farmer's family; how every thing about the house and outbuildings was the model of neatness; how the comely housewife strove, with grace and cheerfulness, to do honor to a stranger guest; how tidily she kept her handsome brood, all clad in homespun of her own weaving, and her own making; how the younger children climbed their father's knee, pulled his beard, and laughed at his stories, as if they had never heard them before; how nimbly the elder daughter sprang to do her mother's bidding, how she fetched the apples from the loft, and the apple-jack from the pantry, and, between times, helped to lull the sleepy little ones to sleep, or to keep them, wakeful, out of mischief; how when we parted for the night, Sally read a chapter from the big Bible, and then, all kneeling down, made such a prayer as the Good All-Father loves to hear; how when I bade them "good-by" in the morning all had to kiss me, from the mother to the youngest; and how Bible, giving me a parting grasp of the hand, said as I mounted to ride away,

"Come out an' settle yere, Stranger; we'll send ye ter Congress—the man as hes cheek enuff ter kiss a man's wife afore his vury face kin git ony office in this part o' the kentry!"

For nearly thirteen years I saw nothing of my Tennessee friend; but one day, last spring, as I alighted from the cars at Murfreesboro, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a strangely familiar voice accosted me with,

"I know'd it wus ye. I know'd ye the minnit I sot eyes on ye."

Turning on the speaker I saw a spare, squarely-built, loose-jointed man, above six feet high, with a strongly-marked face, a long, grizzly beard, and silvery black hair hanging loosely over his shoulders like a woman's. He wore an officer's undress coat, and the boots of the cavalry service, but the rest of his costume was of the common "butternut" homespun. Taking his extended hand, and trying hard to recall his features, I said to him:

"I know your voice, but I don't remember your face."

"Doan't remember me! me, Bible—Bible Smith! Why I'd a know'd *ye* ef yer face hed been blacker'n yer Whig principles."

The name brought him to my remembrance. Again grasping his hand, and shaking it this time with a right good-will, I exclaimed:

"I'm delighted to see you, Bible; and to see you *here*—true to the old flag."

"Ye mought hev know'd thet."

He accompanied me to my lodgings, and there, seated on the piazza after dinner, told me the story of his life since we parted. As it illustrates traits of character which are common to all of his class, I will give it, in part, to the reader.

The world had gone well with him till the breaking out of the rebellion. That event found him the owner of fifteen likely negroes, a fine plantation of nine hundred and thirty acres, and a comfortable framed dwelling and outbuildings. His elder daughter had married a young farmer of the district, and his younger—little Sally, whom I remembered as a rosy-cheeked, meek-eyed wee thing of only seven years—had grown up a woman.

In the spring of 1861, when there were no Union troops south of the Ohio, and the secession fever was raging furiously all over his county, he organized one hundred and six of his neighbors into a company of Home Guards, and was elected their captain. They were pledged to resist all attacks on the person or property of any of their number, and met frequently in the woods in the vicinity of their homes. This organization secured Bible safety and free expression of opinion till long after Tennessee went out of the Union. In fact, he felt so secure that, in 1862—a year after the State seceded—under the protection of his band of Home Guards he inaugurated and carried through a celebration of the Fourth of July at Richmond, Tennessee, under the very guns of a rebel regiment then forming in the town.

An act of so much temerity naturally attracted the attention of the Confederate authorities, and not long afterward he was roused from his bed one morning before daybreak by three hundred armed men, who told him that he was a prisoner, and that all his property was confiscated to the Government. They at once enforced the "confiscation act;" "and this," he said, taking from his wallet a piece of soiled paper, "ar' whot I hed ter 'tribute ter the dingnation consarn. It'r Sally's own handwrite, an' I knows ye loikes har, so, ye kin hev it, fur it'll

nuver be uv no manner uv account ter me."

The schedule is now before me, and I copy it *verbatim:* "14 men and wimmin" [Jake eluded the soldiers and escaped to the woods], "1600 barrils corn, 130 sheeps, 700 bushls wheat, 440 barley, 100 rye, 27 mules, 5 cow-brutes, 105 head hogs, 17 horses and mars, and all they cud tote beside."

"Wall, they tied me, hand an' fut," he continued; "an' toted me off ter the Military Commission sittin' ter Chattanooga. I know'd whot thet meant—a short prayer, a long rope, an' a break-down danced on the top o' nothin'. Better men nur me hed gone thet way ter the Kingdom—sevin on 'em wuthin a month—but I detarmined I wouldn't go ef I could holp it; not thet I 'jected ter the journey, only ter goin' afore uv Sally. Ye sees, I hedn't been nigh so good a man as I'd orter be, an' I reckoned Sally—who, ye knows, ar the best 'ooman thet uver lived—I reckoned she, ef she got thar a leetle afore o' me, could sort o' put in a good word wuth the Lord, an' git Him ter shot His eyes ter a heap o' my doin's; an' sides, I know'd I should feel a mighty strange loike up thar without har. Wall, I detarmined not ter go, so thet night, as we war camped out on the ground, I slid the coil, stole a nag, an' moseyed off. Howsumuver, I hedn't got more'n a hun'red rods 'fore the durned Secesh yered me, an' the bullets fell round me thicker'n tar in January. They hit the hoss, winged me a trifle, an' in less nur ten minnits, hed me tighter'n uver. They swore a streak uv blue brimstun', an' said they'd string me up ter onst, but I telled 'em they wouldn't, 'case I know'd I war a gwine ter live ter holp do thet ar' same turn fur Jeff Davis. Wall, I s'pose my impudence hed suthin' ter do wuth it, fur they didn't hang me—ye mought know thet, fur, ye sees, I hes a good neck fur stretchin' yit.

"Wall, we got ter Chattanooga jest arter noon. The Commission they hed too many on hand thet day ter 'tend ter my case, an' the jail wus chock-heapin', so they put me inter a tent under guard uv a hull Georgy regiment. Wall, *I* didn't know whot ter do, but thinkin' the Lord did, I kneeled down an' prayed right smart. I telled Him I hedn't no face ter meet Him afore I'd a done suthin' fur the kentry, an' thet Sally's heart would be clean broke ef I went afore har, but, howsumuver, I said, He know'd best, an' ef it war His will, I hed jest nothin' ter say agin it. Thet's all I said, but I said it over an' over, a heap o' times, an' it war right dark when I got off uv my knees. The Lord yered me, thet's sartin, 'case I hedn't more'n got up fore a dirty gray-back, drunker'n a member uv Congress, staggered inter the tent. I reckon he thort he war ter home, fur he drapped down onter the ground an' went ter sleep wuthout so much as axin' ef I wus willin'.

"Then it come inter my head, all ter onst, whot ter do. Ye sees, the critters hed tied me hand an' fut an' teddered me wuth a coil ter one o' the tent-stakes, so I couldn't move only jest so fur; but the Lord He made the drunken feller lop down jest inside uv reachin'. Wall, when I war shore he war dead asleep, I rolled over thar, drawed out the bowie-knife in his belt wuth my teeth an' sawed off my wristlets in no time. Ye kin reckon it didn't take long ter undo the 'tother coils, an' ter 'propriate his weapons, tie 'im hand an' fut loike I war, strip off his coat, put mine onter 'im, swap hats, an' pull the one I guv him down onter his eyes loike as ef he nuver wanted ter see the sun agin. When I'd a done thet, I stopped ter breathe, an' luckin' up I seed a light a comin'. I 'spicioned it war ter 'xamine arter me, so I slunk down inter a crack o' the tent jest aside the door. They wus a leftenant an' three privits makin' the rounds, an' the light showed me nigh onter a army uv sentinels all about thar. Thet warn't no way encouragin', but sez I ter myself: 'Bible,' sez I, 'be cool an' outdacious an' ye'll git out o' this yit;' so when the leftenant luck'd in, an' sayin', 'All right,' put out agin, I riz up an' jined the fellers as wus a follerin' on him. I kept in the shadder, an' they, s'posin' I war one on 'em, tuck no kind uv notice uv me. We'd luck'd arter three or four pore prisoners loike I war, when I thort I'd better be a moseyin', so I drapped ahind an' arter a while dodged out beyont the second line o' pickets. I'd got nigh onter a patch uv woods half a mile off, when all ter onst a feller sprung up from a clump uv bushes, yelled 'Halt!' an' pinted his musket stret at me. I mought hev eended 'im, but I reckoned others wus nigh, an' sides, I nuver takes humin life ef I kin holp it; so I sez ter 'im: 'Why, Lord bless me, cumrad', I didn't seed ye.' 'I s'pose ye didn't. Whot is ye doin' yere?' sez he. 'Only pursuin' a jug o' blue ruin I'se out thar hid under a log,' sez I. Ye knows it'r agin rule ter tote it inside, but a feller must licker.' 'Wall, licker up ter-morrer,' sez he. 'We's got 'ticklar orders ter let no 'un out ter-night.' 'Blast the orders,' sez I. 'Ye'd loike a swig yerself.' 'Wall, I would,' sez he. 'Wull ye go snacks?' 'Yas,' sez I; 'an' guv ye chock-heapin' measure, fur I *must* hev some o' thet afore mornin'.' Thet brung him, an' I piked off for the ruin. (It warn't

thar, ye knows—I nuver totch the dingnation stuff.) Ye'd better b'lieve the grass didn't grow under my feet when onst I got inter the woods. I plumbed my coorse by the stars an' made ten right smart miles in no time.

"I'd got ter be right wall tuckered out by thet time. So I put fur a piece uv timber, lay down under a tree, an' went ter sleep. I must hev slept mighty sound till 'long 'bout mornin', when I woke up. Then I luck'd all round an' seed nuthin', but I *yered*—not a mile off—the hounds a bayin' away loike a young thundergust. I luck'd at the 'volver I'd stole from the soger, seed it war all right, an' then clumb a tree. 'Bout so quick as it takes ter tell it the hounds—two 'mazin' fine critters, wuth a hun'red an' fifty apiece—wus on me. I run my eye 'long the pistol-barr'l an' let drive. It tuck jest two shots ter kill 'em. I know'd the Secesh wus a follerin' the dogs, so ye'd better b'lieve I made purty tall racin' time till I got ter the eend uv the timber.

"Jest at night I run agin some darkeys, who guv me suthin ter eat, an' nothin' more happin'd 'fore the next night, when I come in sight o' home. I got ter the edge uv the woods, on the hill jest ahind uv my barn, 'bout a hour by sun; but I darn't go down, fur, ye knows, the house stood in a clarin', an' some uv the varmunts mought be a watchin' fur me. I lay thar till it war thick dark, an' then I crept ter the r'ar door. I listened; an' whot d'ye s'pose I yered? Sally a prayin'—an' prayin' fur *me*, so 'arnest an' so tender loike, thet I sot down on the doorstep an' cried loike a child—I did.

"She telled the Lord how much I war to har; how she'd a loved me uver sense she'd a fust seed me; how 'fore har father, or mother, or even the chillen, she loved me; how she'd tried ter make me love Him; how she know'd thet, way down in my heart, I did love Him, though I didn't say so, 'case men doan't speak out 'bout sech things loike wimmin does. An' she telled Him how she hed tried ter do His will; tried ter be one on His raal chillen; an' she telled Him He hed promised not ter lay onter His chillen no more'n they could b'ar, an' *she* couldn't b'ar ter hev me hung up as ef I war a traitor: thet she could part wuth me if it war best; thet she could see me die, an' not weep a tear, ef I could only die loike a man, wuth a musket in my hand, a doin' suthin' for my kentry. Then she prayed Him ter send me back ter har fur jest one day, so she mought ax me once more ter love Him—an' she know'd I would love Him ef she axed me agin—an' she said ef He'd only do thet, she'd—much as she loved me—she'd send me away, an' guv me all up ter Him an' the kentry fur uver!

"I couldn't stand no more, so I opened the door, drapped onter my knees, tuck har inter my arms, lay my head on har shoulder, an' sobbed out: 'The Lord hes yered ye, Sally! I wull love Him! I wull be worthy of sech love as ye's guv'n me, Sally!'"

He paused for a moment, and covered his face with his hands. When he spoke again there was a softness and tenderness in his tone that I never heard in the voice of but one other man.

"Sense thet minnit this yerth hes been another yerth ter me; an' though I'se lost uvery thin', though I hes no home, though night arter night I sleeps out in the cold an' the wet, a scoutin', though my wife an' chillen is scattered, though nigh uvery day I'se in danger uv the gallus, though I'se been roped ter a tree ter die loike a dog, though a thousand bullets hes yelled death in my yeres, though I'se seed my only boy shot down afore my vury eyes, an' I not able ter speak ter him, ter guv him a mossel uv comfort, or ter yere his last word, I'se hed suthin allers yere (laying his hand on his heart) thet hes helt me up, an' made me luck death in the face as ef I loved it. An' ef ye hain't got thet, no matter whot else ye's got, no matter whot money, or larnin', or friends, ye's pore—porer nur I ar!"

I made no reply, and after a short silence he resumed his story.

"Jake—thet war my boy—ye remember him, ye hed him on yer knee—he war eighteen an' a man grow'd then: wall, Jake an' me made up our minds ter pike fur the Union lines ter onst. Sally war all night a cookin' fur us, an' we a gittin' the arms an' fixin's a ready—we hed lots o' them b'longin' ter the Guards, hid away in a panel uv the wall—an' the next day, meanin' ter start jest arter sunset, we laid down fur some sleepin'. Nigh onter dark, Black Jake, who war a watchin', come rushin' inter the house, sayin' the Secesh was a comin'. Thar wus only twenty on 'em, he said, an' one wus drunk an' didn't count fur nuthin', so we detarmined ter meet 'em. We tuck our stands nigh the door, each on us men—Black Jake, the boy, an' me—wuth a Derringer in his pocket, two 'volvers in his belt, an' a bowie-knife in the breast uv his waiscoat, an' the wimmin wuth a 'volver in each hand, an' waited fur 'em. Half a dozen on 'em went round ter the r'ar, an' the rest come at the front door, yellin' out:

"'We doan't want ter 'sturb ye, Miss Smith, but we reckons yer husban' are yere, an' we must sarch the house. We hes orders ter take him.'

"I opened the door stret off, an' steppin'

down onter the piazzer—Black Jake an' the boy ter my back, an' the wimmin' ter the winder—I sez ter 'em,

"'Wall, I'se yere. Take me ef ye kin!'

"They was fourteen on 'em, uvery man wuth a musket, but they darn't lift a leg! They wus cowards. It'r nuthin' but a good cause thet guvs a man courage—makes him luck death in the face as ef he loved it.

"Wall, they begun ter parley. 'We doan't want ter shed no blood,' said the leftenant; 'but we's orders ter take ye, Mister Smith, an' ye'd better go wuth us, peaceable loike.'

"'I sha'n't go wuth ye peaceable loike, nur no other how,' sez I; 'fur ye's a pack o' howlin' thieves an' traitors as no decent man 'ud be seed in company uv. Ye disgraces the green yerth ye walks on, an' ef ye doan't git off uv my sheer uv it, in less nur no time, I'll send ye—though it'r agin my principles ter take humin life—whar ye'll git yer desarts, sartin.'

"Then the leftenant he begun ter parley agin, but I pinted my 'volver at him, an' telled him he'd better be a moseyin' sudden. Sayin' he'd 'port ter his cunnel, he done it.

"We know'd a hun'red on 'em 'ud be thar in no time, so, soon as they was out o' sight, the boy an' me, leavin' Black Jake ter luck arter the wimmin, struck a stret line fur the timber. We hedn't got more'n four mile—ter the top uv the tall summit ter the r'ar uv Richmond—afore, luckin' back, we seed my house an' barns all a blazin'! The Heaven defyin' villuns hed come back—shot Jake down in cold blood, druv my wife an' darter out o' doors, an' burnt all I hed ter the ground! We seed the fire, but not knowin' whot else hed happin'd, an' not bein' able ter do nothin,' we piked on inter the woods.

"We traviled all thet night through the timber, an' jest at sundown uv the next day come ter a clarin'. We wus mighty tired, but 'twouldn't do ter sleep thar, fur the trees wus nigh a rod asunder; so we luck'd round, an' on t'other side uv the road, not half a mile off, seed 'bout a acre uv laurel bush—ye knows whot them is, some on 'em so thick a dog karn't git through 'em. Jake war tireder nur I war, an' he said ter me, 'Dad,' sez he, 'let us git under kiver ter onst. I feels loike I couldn't stand up no longer.' It wus fool-hardy loike, fur the sun warn't clar down, but I couldn't b'ar ter see the boy so, an', agin my judgment, we went down the road ter the laurels. We lay thar till mornin', an' slep' so sound thet I reckon ef forty yerthquakes hed shuck the yerth they wouldn't hev woked us. Soon as sun-up Jake riz an' went ter the edge uv the thicket ter rekonnoitter. He hedn't stood thar five minnits—right in plain sight, an' not more'n two hun'red rods frum me—afore I yered a shot, an' seed the pore boy throw up his arms an' fall ter the ground. In less nur no time fifty Secesh wus on him. I war springin' up ter go ter him, when suthin' tuck me by the shoulder, helt me back, an' said ter me, 'Ye karn't do nothin' fur him. Leave 'im ter the Lord. Save yerself fur the kentry.' It went agin natur', but it 'peared the Lord's voice, so I crouched down agin 'mong the bushes. I nuver know'd whot it war thet saved me till nigh a y'ar arterwuds. Then I tuck thet leftenant pris'ner—I could hev shot him, but I guv him his life ter repent in, an' he done it: he's a decent man now, b'longin' ter Cunnel Johnson's rigiment. Wall, I tuck him, an' he said ter me, 'I wus aside uv thet pore boy when he war dyin'. He turned his eyes onter me jest as he war goin', an' he said, "Ye karn't kotch him! He's out o' the bush! Ha! ha!"' He said thet, and died. Ter save me, died wuth a lie on his lips! Does ye b'lieve the Lord laid thet agin him?"

"No, no! I am sure not. It was a noble action."

"It 'pears so ter me, but it war loike the boy. He war allers furgettin' himself, an' thinkin' uv other folk. He war all—all the pride uv my life—him an' Sally—but it pleased the Lord ter tuck him afore me—but only fur a time—only fur a time—'fore long I shill hev him agin—agin—up thar—up thar!"

His emotion choked his utterance for a while. When he resumed, he said,

"At the eend uv a furtni't, trav'lin' by night an' sleepin' by day, an' livin' on the darkeys when my fixin's guv out, I got inter the Union lines 'bove Nashville."

"And what became of your wife and daughter?" I asked.

"Lettle Sally went ter har sister. My wife walked eighty mile ter har father's. He's one on yer quality folk, an' a durned old Seeesh, but he's got humin natur' in him, an' Sally's safe thar. I'se seed har twice ter his house. The old 'un he's know'd ont't, but he hain't nuver said a word."

Bible's intimate knowledge of the country, and acquaintance with the loyal men of the district, induced General Rosecrans to make him a scout, and he has performed more actual service to the Union cause than a regiment of men in the ranks. Hiding in the woods, or secreting himself in the houses of his friends by day, he sallies forth by night, and, penetrating far into the rebel lines, frequently gathers informa-

tion of great importance to our army. Often days without food, sleeping out in the cold and the rain, hunted down with blood-hounds, betrayed by pretended friends, waylaid by whole regiments, the mark for a thousand rifles, and with the gallows ever before him, he goes on in his perilous work with a single-hearted devotion to his country, and an earnest, child-like reliance on God, that would do honor to the best names in history. His scouting adventures would fill a volume, and read more like a romance of the Middle Ages than a matter-of-fact history of the present time. I will narrate but one, mostly in his own words.

On one occasion, when about five miles outside of our lines, he came, late at night, upon a party of officers making merry at the house of a wealthy Secessionist. Riding coolly up to the mounted orderly on guard before the doorway, he pinioned his arms, thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, and led him quietly out of hearing. Then bidding him dismount, and tying him to a tree, he interrogated his prisoner, and learned that the party consisted of nine officers; that their arms were piled in the hall, and that only one of them, a surgeon, had a revolver.

Fastening his horse in "the timber," and creeping up to the house, he then reconnoitred the kitchen premises. The old man—a stout, stalwart negro of about fifty—sat dozing in the corner, and his wife, a young mulatto woman, was cooking wild-fowl over the fire. Opening the door, and placing his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, Bible beckoned to the woman. She came to him, and, looking her full in the eye for a moment, he said to her; "I kin trust ye. Wud ye an' yer old 'un loike ter git out o' the claws uv these durned Secesh?"

"Yas, yas, Massa," she replied, "we wud. We's Union! We'd loike ter git 'way, Massa!"

Then awakening her husband, Bible said to him: "Uncle, wud ye risk yer life fur yer freedom?"

"Ef dar's a chance, Massa, a right smart chance. Dis dark'y tinks a heap ob his life, he does, Massa. It 'm 'bout all hem got, but I loikes a chance, Massa, a right smart chance."

Bible soon convinced the negro that he would have a "right smart chance," and he consented to make the hazardous strike for his freedom. Entering the house, he returned in a few moments to the scout, confirming the sentinel's report: the weapons were reposing quietly in the hall, near the doorway, and the officers, very much the worse for liquor, were carousing with his master in the dining-room. Selecting two of the best horses, from the stables, Bible directed the yellow woman to lead them into the road, and to bring his own from where it was fastened in the woods. Then, with his sooty ally, he entered the mansion. Removing the arms from the hall, he walked boldly into the dining-room.

"Gentlemen," he said, pointing his pistols—one in each hand—at the rebel officers, "ye is my pris'ners. Surrender yer shootin' irons, or ye's dade men."

"Who are you?" exclaimed one of them, as they all sprang to their feet.

"Cunnel Smith, uv the Fust Tennessee Nigger Regiment—one old black man an' a yaller 'ooman," coolly replied the scout.

"Go to ——," shouted the surgeon, quickly drawing his revolver, and discharging it directly at Bible's face. The ball grazed the scout's head, cut off a lock of hair just above his ear, and lodged in the wall at his back. The report was still sounding through the apartment when the surgeon uttered a wild cry, sprang a few feet into the air, and fell lifeless to the floor! The negro had shot him.

"Come, gentlemen, none o' thet," said Bible, as coolly as if nothing had happened, "guv me the shootin' iron, and surrender."

Without more hesitation the colonel handed the scout the fallen man's pistol, and then, they all, followed by the scout and the negro, marched quietly out of the front door. The mulatto woman, holding the horses, was standing in the highway.

"Hitch the nags, my purty gal," said the scout, "an' git a coil. An' ye, gentlemen, sot down, an' say nothin'—'cept it mought be yer prayers; but them, I reckon, ye hain't larned yit."

The negress soon returned with the rope, and while Bible and her husband covered them with their revolvers, she tied the arms of the prisoners. When this was done, the scout affixed a long rope to the waist of the officer on either flank of the column, and, taking one in his own hand, and giving the other to the negro, cried out:

"Sogers uv the Fust Tennessee! Mount!"

The regiment bounded into the saddle, and in that plight—the planter and the eight captive officers marching on before, the self-appointed "cunnel" and his chief officer bringing up the rear, and the rest of his command—the yellow woman—*a-straddle* of a horse between them, they entered the Union lines.

I could fill this article with Bible's scouting adventures, but it is my purpose to say only enough of him to give an idea of his character.

If I have outlined that distinctly the reader has perceived that he is brave, simple-hearted, outspoken, hospitable, enterprising, industrious, loyal to liberty, earnest in his convictions—though ignorantly confounding names with things—a good husband and father, with a talent for bragging, and that quiet humor which flavors character as Worcester sauce flavors a good dinner. In all these particulars he is a representative of his class; and his stories and conversation illustrate that disposition to magnify every thing—even himself—and that intensity of nature which leads the Southerner to do nothing by halves; to throw his whole soul into every thing he undertakes; to be, like Jeremiah's figs, "if good, very good; if bad, not fit to feed the pigs."

At the outset of Bible's career he had but one slave—poor Jake, who was "faithful unto death"—and the farmers of his class seldom own more than one, and generally they have none at all. In rare instances, however, the more industrious acquire five or ten; but whether they have many or few they work side by side with them in the fields, and treat them very much as the Northern farmer treats his hired workmen.

Before the war the traveler in the interior of North Carolina would have heard the axe of master and man falling with alternate strokes in the depths of the evergreen forest, or he would have seen the two "camped out" together in the same tent or pine-pole cabin, drinking from the same gourd—the darkey always after his master—eating from the same rude table, and sharing the same bed—the cabin floor—in common. So, too, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Middle and Upper Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, he would have seen the white and the black plowing side by side, or, bared to the waist, swinging the old-fashioned scythe, in good-natured rivalry as to which could cut the broadest swath of yellow wheat or waving timothy, or tote the biggest bundle of corn to the evening husking-bee. And when the evening had come he would have found them gathered in the old log-barn, husking, and singing, and shouting, and dancing in company, to the tune of "Ole Virginny," or "Rose, Rose, de coal brack Rose," played by "old Uncle Ned," who "had no wool on de top ob his head," but whose skinny fingers, with handy blow, *could* rap the music out of "de ole banjo."

Bible had got "no furder nur prent yit," and fully one half of his class never get so far as that, though the more wealthy, like the father of Sally, sometimes give their children what might be called "a fair common-school education."

The reason of this is, there are no schools for the common people at the South. In a village, ten or twenty miles distant, there may be a pretentious "Female College," or "Institute of Learning for Young Men," where "a little Latin and less Greek" is dispensed to the young idea at the rate of four or five hundred dollars per annum, but these prices place their "stores of knowledge" far above the reach of the hard-toiling farmer. Only in Tennessee, so far as I know, are there any free schools, and the scanty State allowance which formerly supported them was dealt out with a most parsimonious hand. How much light those institutions gave the people may be guessed at from the fact that any one was qualified to instruct in them who could "read, write, and do sums in addition."

But the fact that a large proportion of the Southern farmers have no "book-larnin'" is no evidence against their intelligence. At the North if a man has not been to school he knows nothing. The South is more like Greece and Rome, where one might be really *educated* and yet not know how to read and write. Reading and writing at the South is considered something like playing on the piano at the North—an accomplishment rather than a necessary. The men of this class, of the better order, however (as in the case of Bible Smith and the father of Thomas Jefferson), almost always marry above them, so that not unfrequently the wife reads while the husband can not; of course the children have the advantage of the mother's education, and, therefore, the class is constantly rising. They have also a sort of innate faculty for culture and gentlemanliness, and this makes a little "book-breedin'" go a long ways.

But as the Southern farmer can not read, he is forced to derive his knowledge of current events and political affairs from his wealthier neighbor who can read, and who is sure to be a slave-owner. At a political barbecue, or a court-day gathering, he may hear, once or twice in the year, the two sides of every national question but the, to him, all-important one of slavery. If that subject is at all touched upon on such occasions, it is shown to be of divine origin—dating back to the time when Ham first cast a black shadow across his looking-glass, and only to end when the skins of his descendants no longer wear mourning for their forefather's sin. Thus instructed, is it strange the Southern farmer deems slavery altogether lovelier than freedom? What does he know of real freedom? What does he know of what it has done for the poor man at the North? Nothing. He never saw a Northern man in all his life, ex-

cept, it may be, a Yankee peddler. If the Southern workingman knew what freedom is; if he knew how it has built a free school at every Northern cross-road; how the Northern laborer is comparatively rich, while *he* is wretchedly poor; how the Northern farmer has a comfortable house for himself and outbuildings for his cattle, while *he* lodges in a mud-chinked hovel, and stables his cows in the woods; how the Northern farmer is respected and honored *because* he labors, while *he* is looked down upon and despised for doing the same thing; if he knew all this, would he not crush slavery and end the rebellion in a day? He would. And slavery will not be effectually crushed, or the rebellion ended, until he *does* know it. We may overrun the South, we may make its fields a desolation, and its cities heaps of ruin, but until we reach the reason and the hearts of these men, we shall stand ever on the crater of a volcano, whose red-hot lava may at any hour again burst forth and deluge the land with blood and fire!

But how—while every able-bodied Southern man is in the army—can we reach these people? By fighting them with a sword in one hand and a Union newspaper in the other—by giving them ideas as well as bullets. By scattering loyal publications broadcast over the conquered districts, and by starting a free press wherever we hold a foot of Southern soil. If the men are away in the army, the women will be at home, and will read these things, and that will be enough. If we convert *them*, the country is saved. Woman, in this century, is every where that "power behind the throne" which is mightier than the throne itself, and the Southern women have been, and are, the mainspring of this rebellion. Every dollar thus planted in the South would spring up a man, in tattered hat and ragged butternuts, it might be, but still a man, hardy, earnest, brave—who for what he thought was right would march straight up to the cannon's mouth, and meet death "as if he loved it."

I have failed of my purpose in writing this article if I have not shown that the great body of "poor Southern whites" are an honest, industrious, enterprising, brave, and liberty-loving people, who need only to know the true issues of this contest to become the firm friends and supporters of the Union. Henceforth they must be the real South. We must enlighten and elevate them. Only in that way can we uproot the despotic power of the aristocracy, and plant in the South a loyal element which will make it one with the North in interest and in feeling. Only in that way can we secure lasting peace, and freedom, and Union, to our distracted country.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF LOUISIANA

By Nathan Willey

ONLY a few years elapsed after the settlement of Louisiana in 1699 by the French, before slave labor was introduced to aid in developing its resources and sustaining the colonists. For a century and a half since that period has the contest between freedom and slavery been waged there, and always under circumstances favorable to the latter. In many of the English colonies along the Atlantic coast loud and repeated remonstrances, until the era of the Revolution, were made to the mother country against the introduction of this element among the population; but in the early history of Louisiana we find that no systematic opposition was made to the use of slaves, or apprehension of future evils by their presence. The early governors welcomed slavery as the only means of causing prosperity to visit their country, and the whole moral and political influence of the people was in favor of its general adoption as a part of the political economy of the country. The monarchs of France regarded slavery as a proper element of industry in their colonies, and as long as their revenues were increased by the slave-trade they saw nothing but humanity and civilization in its practice.

The early history of this State blends the sober realities of truth with the poetry and romance of the Middle Ages. The chivalry of France and Spain watched over the birth of Louisiana. Kings and statesmen fostered its early growth, and the treasures of Louis XIV. were liberally expended to make it a success. Every thing which wealth, power, or influence could do was employed to make this colony one of the most favored in the New World. More than three hundred years ago its mighty forests, its endless swamps, and majestic rivers were

crossed by De Soto, who, returning after a fruitless search for gold, when worn out by toil and disappointment, was buried beneath the turbid waves of the "Father of Waters," which he was the first to discover. A century and a half later other adventurous spirits attempted to explore and settle this country. Long before the English had made any explorations beyond the Atlantic coast and fringed the ocean with their settlements the French Jesuits had penetrated to Lake Superior, and, descending southward from the Great Lakes, had mapped out the country from the Falls of Saint Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. Among these missionaries and adventurers are names which history will never pass over in silence. Nearly a hundred and ninety-three years ago Father Marquette and Joliet were the first explorers of the Mississippi. Seven years later Robert Cavalier de la Salle and Chevalier de Tonti descended this river to its mouth, and lived to tell of its grandeur in the gay salons of Paris. Following these heralds of a new empire came Iberville, Bienville, and Father Anastase, the founders of the first permanent settlement in the State, and the spring of the last year of the seventeenth century saw their first rude cabins erected on the bay of Biloxi.

But prosperity avoided the little colony at Biloxi. The settlers were accustomed to the bracing atmosphere of Canada and the milder breezes of France, and could hardly endure the burning heat of the sun and pestilential vapors of this semi-tropical clime. Sickness and death invaded their ranks, and their ignorance of the diseases peculiar to this climate carried many of them to a premature grave.

As early as the year 1708 the colony favored the introduction of slave labor. It had already been introduced into the West Indies from Africa, and it was very naturally supposed that it was essential to the prosperity of the country. Indians were first taken and compelled to work for the colonists, but they were soon found to be unprofitable, for they could not be confined to their masters' plantations. The same practice had already been tried in Massachusetts and Connecticut with a similar want of success. In order to supply the great demand for labor, Bienville, the Governor of the colony, wrote to the French Government proposing to exchange Indians for negroes with the West India Islands, but his request met with an unfavorable reception. When the entire control of the colony passed into the hands of Anthony Crozat, in the year 1712, slavery was already introduced, and he was authorized to perpetuate it by sending a ship once a year to Africa for negroes to be employed by the inhabitants as slaves. From this time, when slavery was first legally established in the colony, until the Proclamation of Emancipation—one hundred and fifty years—has the system of slave labor been tried with every facility for rendering it successful. It commenced when the colony numbered only about three or four hundred inhabitants; it has ever since been fostered by Legislative enactments and judicial decisions; it has struck its roots deep into the social system, and is it strange that it should be difficult to eradicate?

From Crozat the colony passed into the hands of the Company of the Indies, whose act of incorporation required that the demand for labor should be supplied with three thousand negroes. In all succeeding administrations slave labor seemed to be regarded as essential to the success of the colony, and until the last few years it has been the fixed policy of the people to make such laws as would protect it and render it perpetual.

The "Black Code," first established by Bienville, has ever been the model for all legislation on this subject. When the colony was first taken possession of by the Crown of Spain, in the year 1769, the laws of the Black Code were retained with such modifications as the *Siete Partidas* made on the subject of slavery. This system of laws, first completed in the year 1263, has ever since been the Blackstone of Spain and her colonies. Although founded on the Roman civil law, it is the most complete and well digested system of laws on the Continent of Europe, and is still the authority in the countries of America settled by the Spaniards. In this system of law the subject of slavery is well defined, and the regulations are evidently based on the code of Justinian. The old Spaniards seemed to have no scruples about the justice of this institution; their long wars with the swarthy Moors, and their proximity to the African coast, conspired to make them look upon this subject with complacency and lend it their sanction.

The early settlers of Louisiana were mostly descendants of the "Latin races." With the exception of a few Germans who settled in the parishes of St. John the Baptist and St. James, and who have now lost all trace of their former language and nationality, this State, up to the beginning of the present century, was settled wholly by people from countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In nearly every city the peoples of France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal are represented. They brought with them their customs, language, and their religion which

they have carefully preserved. In one half of New Orleans one finds little to remind him that he is in America. He hears a foreign language in the streets, the shops, and the cafés. He finds hundreds of people not able to speak the English language, and who have never regarded themselves as Americans although natives of the United States. In most of the schools the text-books and all the exercises are in the French language, and English is taught as a separate branch. When he enters the courts of justice, he finds the civil law to be the basis of all judicial proceedings, the *Code Napoleon* and the *Partidas* are oftener quoted than the commentaries of Blackstone and Kent, and often the examination of the witnesses and the pleadings of the counsel are in a foreign tongue.

This peculiar state of society in New Orleans has not been without its influence on the free colored population, who have become an element which will well repay examination. While the statute laws of Louisiana have been very severe against the marriage of whites with people of color, the social customs have tolerated it in a great degree. Since the first introduction of negroes into the colony a mixed race has existed there. The cohabitation of colored persons with whites is not allowed to have any legal effect; but the Catholic church recognizes unions of this kind, and binds the husband to support and provide for his offspring. This, however, does not prevent him from entering upon other marital relations.

Among the French and Spanish settlers and their descendants, the *condition* of the colored people, rather than their *color* as a badge of slavery, has been the subject of popular prejudice. They looked upon a slave and his descendants as an inferior class, simply because they were in a degrading condition of servitude, and not because they bore a darker skin. In the North and in States settled by the English the prejudice is one of color rather than condition. Here the colored man is tabooed, no matter what his antecedents may have been; the emancipated slave, just free from his master, is as much honored and respected as he who can trace his lineage through several generations of freedmen. The slightest admixture of African blood is fatal, not only to his social standing, but even, as a general thing, to his respectability; and this interpretation of the social laws is the one usually adhered to by the "American" population of the State.

After the revolution in Saint Domingo a great number of free people of color came to New Orleans to reside. Many of them were men of wealth and culture, owning large properties in that island, who had received their education in France. The French was their native tongue, and their early associations were with this race, which never carried the prejudice against color to the same unwarrantable extent which has prevailed in the United States. In their new home they found a State of society congenial to their taste; and, modified by their presence, it became one of the peculiarities of the Crescent City. From these people had arisen a class which is different from any other in the Union. They have been accorded many privileges and rights, which one would hardly expect in a State where the laws against education are as stringent as they appear on the statute books. Among the French and Spanish settlers an entirely different feeling existed toward their children of a mixed race from that which the emigrants from the States usually manifested. A man of the former class never appeared to regard such offspring as attaching any disgrace to his character, and was usually desirous of having them educated and trained up in such a manner that they would be an honor to himself. If he were living with a slave, it was the usual practice to emancipate her before she became a mother, in order that her children might be free, and the consequence was that they were sent to private schools, and obtained such an education as the father could afford to give them.

It sometimes happened, if the father were a man of wealth and influence, that the free child of a mixed race was sent to the most fashionable schools in the city, and it was no uncommon thing for them to be sent to the white boarding-schools at the North. In the former case the wealth and respectability of the parent was a sufficient guarantee for the admission of the pupil. In many instances they were educated in the best schools in France.

The number of these colored creoles who have received a foreign education can not be exactly stated, but it will not fall much short of two thousand. Among this class are many who have already obtained prominent positions among the people of their own color. Some are merchants, who are transacting a wholesale business with the principal houses in France; some are bankers, some are editors, and some are physicians, who have a large and lucrative practice, and have received their diplomas from the University of Paris. The profession of law has been so jealously guarded that they have never been allowed to practice in the courts, and their energies have been mostly confined to the medical profession and the various pursuits of trade.

Their style of living and dress corresponds to their circumstances. In fine, I very much doubt whether there is another city in the United States where so large a colored population exist who are so prosperous and well-educated as in New Orleans.

The consequence of this state of society has been, that in this city private schools for colored people have long existed and prospered. The law has tolerated them by a significant silence on the subject. Public opinion has also tolerated them by a *quasi* encouragement and patronage. Under the old régime this was one of the delicate subjects which the people did not think it best to interfere with in advance. They reasoned thus: "Any thing so weak and insignificant as these schools appear to be can be let alone till some solid reason arises for suppressing them, meanwhile we are strong enough to protect ourselves against any evil results from this course." An opposite course might have defeated their own ends, and given some excuse for an excitement on the delicate subject of negro insurrections. So the law held its power in reserve, and while it placed heavy fines and punishments on those who taught the slave population, and kept a strict watch over the movements of the colored people, especially their religious meetings and social gatherings, it refrained from going any further.

But among this class of people there are social chasms as wide and deep as between themselves and the whites. Aristocracy is not confined to color, race, or condition. The very fact that the stringency of social laws shuts them out from all familiar intercourse with the white races; that they are obliged to worship in their own temples, attend their own places of amusement, educate their children at their own schools, and live as a separate and distinct class of people; and above all, that they have no political power, tends to develop this trait of character. It is unavoidable, and in some extent necessary, in order to enable them to preserve their own self-respect.

The same contracted views prevail on the subject of religion and education. The French creoles are mostly Catholics; and this is the creed which usually prevails in their private schools, although I am not aware that any of them require any religious test of their pupils or their patrons. Their sympathy for every thing French leads them to adopt the national religion of that country. These people have little to do with the Freedmen's Bureau, and do not recognize it as having any application to themselves. They object to being placed in the same class with the freedmen just released from bondage, and seem to feel that they are a superior race, in the enjoyment of advantages which their less fortunate neighbors never obtained.

Many of these free people of color have been slave-owners, sometimes the husband purchased his wife, and occasionally a husband was owned by a free woman. In some parts of the State they own large plantations, and occasionally had the reputation of being far more severe toward their slaves than the whites. During the recent war many of this class were as strongly in favor of the rebellion as the veriest fire-eater whom South Carolina ever produced, and they defended the divine right of slavery as zealously as any of the disciples of Calhoun or De Bow. They as firmly believe that the inferiority of condition necessarily attaches to itself a lasting dishonor as the whites do that color is a badge of an inferior race.

Mr. Bouguille, a very successful colored creole teacher in New Orleans, relates an instance illustrating this current of popular opinion among the people of his acquaintance. On one occasion, long before the war, he was the recipient of a bright-looking boy, whose master and father solicited the favor of his attending school. Mr. B. made no objections, as the respectability and standing of the father was a sufficient guarantee that no legal proceedings would result from the act; but after a few days he found that every one of his pupils had decided to leave him. They had found out that a slave was being taught in the same room with themselves, and their parents would not allow such an indignity to be perpetrated upon them. Finally, Mr. B. was obliged to compromise the matter by dismissing the slave pupil, and calling every day at his master's house to give him instruction. His pupils agreed to remain, and the school prospered as usual.

It has already been shown that these free people of color not only copy our prejudices but sometimes improve on the original. With a little observation one will find that their standard of respectability contains as many different strata as Hugh Miller discovered in the Old Red Sandstone—with about as many fossil ideas as he found classes of distinct vertebrata. Especially is this the case in their schools. In some of these private institutions the standard of respectability is very high, and only those of the best society, and whose skin is tolerably well bleached with an admixture of Caucasian blood, can be admitted. In others the grade is placed lower, but the same principle is recognized; while the great majority of the Professors make

the social condition of the parents the only criterion. The majority of these schools are open to all pupils who were born free, and whose parents can afford to pay the monthly stipend required. They are usually held in private houses, without any external appearance which would indicate that the building was used for educational purposes. In former times the greatest care was often taken to conceal this fact, especially when there was any pretext for complaint.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE — APRIL, 1865

A SERMON TO SERVANTS

WHILE traveling through Tennessee, some years ago, I happened to hear a sermon which I think worth reporting. The preacher was a clergyman who had just purchased a plantation with the slaves upon it. This was the first Sunday of his occupancy, and I was informed that he proposed to inaugurate his new "settlement" by instructing his people as to their duties and obligations. The meeting was held in the wheel-shed. The audience, an unwashed, uncombed group of negro men, women, and children, stood before the preacher, who was seated upon the tongue of the cart. After a hymn had been sung the preacher proceeded to hold forth from the text, "Servants, obey your masters according to the flesh."

"My colored friends," he began, reading from a paper which he skillfully concealed from his hearers between the leaves of the Hymn-Book, "we have but a very short time sustained to each other the relation of master and servant. I do not know how well you may have been instructed as to the duties of this relation; but I consider that I am called upon this occasion, the first upon which we have assembled ourselves together for the worship of God, to speak to you on the subject of your duties to me your master. And, first, I will consider what your duties are."

Here the reverend gentleman closed his book, and entered upon an extemporaneous address.

"In the first place, it is your duty to rise promptly in the morning at the blowing of the horn. Too much sleep is not good for either body or mind. All through this blessed Book," he continued, holding up by mistake the Hymn-Book, "if you could read you would find exhortations on the subject of oversleeping, and warnings against it. There is no greater temptation to which you are exposed than that of yielding to an inclination to sleep. It is the besetting sin of your race. 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands together,' is the language of your hearts. Now, this is nothing more nor less than a temptation of that old wicked serpent, the Devil, who first deceived our parents in the garden of Paradise, and who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Now, if you yield to this temptation, you will surely be devoured by the Devil. Your souls will surely be lost; everlasting destruction and eternal woe will be your portion forever among the fiends of hell. I know it seems a little hard, especially if the morning is a little cold, to resist the temptation to sleep; but you must, or burn forever in a fire of brimstone and sulphur ten thousand million times hotter than the hottest fire you ever felt in your lives, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And there you will have to burn for ever and ever. When you have suffered there millions and billions and trillions of years, your suffering will just be begun. You will have to stay there as long after that lapse of time as though you had not been there a second.

"Just think for a moment of the greatness of your sin! Your kind, trusting master, who has the bronchitis, and knows not what it is to have a well day, gets up early in the cold morning, and stands undressed at the open door or window, with the cold blast blowing upon him, liable to take his death by cold, and blows his horn. With a trusting heart he returns to his bed, believing that his servants think enough of him to obey the summons to rise. Now think of his disappointment and your sin when he awakes two hours after to find his confidence betrayed and you in bed; to find that, instead of being up and about your work like faithful servants, you are wasting in slumber his precious time. For when you oversleep your hour, it is not your time but mine you are squandering, and it's just as wicked and hell-deserving to waste my time as to steal my money. *You* have no time—not a second—except what I in my kindness grant you, for you are my property. I have bought you, paid money for you earned by hard labor, riding on horseback in the blazing midsummer sun, and in the cold and rain, and snow and sleet, and preaching day and night, until I have worn myself out in the serv-

ice of God and my fellow-men; so that I feel that I can not last long; that my days here are numbered. I feel that you will not long have me for a master"—[Here the preacher was almost choked by his emotion].—"If you are unkind and unfaithful to me now, you will when you see me cold and stiff in my shroud, and hear the clods rattling on my coffin."—[At this point, unable to proceed, the speaker drew from his coat-pocket a red silk handkerchief, blew his nose, and wiped his eyes. Having recovered his composure somewhat by this diversion, he added, in low, tremulous tones]—"You will be stung by the worm of remorse."

This pathetic sentence, which brought tears to the eyes of many of his impulsive, demonstrative audience, closed the first portion of the discourse of this original sermonizer. Having disposed of this point the preacher proceeded to enlarge upon the other duties of slaves, some of which duties I think are not to be found in the code as given to Moses, or in that set forth by Christ and his Apostles. Notwithstanding this, his hearers were threatened, in case of their violation, with everlasting destruction of soul and body. He then proceeded, by what law of association I leave psychologists to explain, to set forth a somewhat original theology in something like these terms:

"You owe some duties to yourselves as well as to your master. It is your duty to improve the time which I will give you wisely. I'll give you Saturday night of each week after your day's work is done, and all the little jobs, such as feeding, milking, bringing the water, and chopping the wood for Sunday, etc. I can not give you any other night of the week, for you know there are a great many things to be done at night. There is the cotton to be baled, two cribs of corn to be shucked, and a part of it to be shelled for meal and hominy; wood to be chopped for the morning; apples and peaches to bring from the orchard and cut for drying; the geese to be picked and the sheep to be sheared; the pease and beans to be thrashed out, and spinning to be done. Now all these little things must be done at night, besides many more which I have not mentioned. We can't spend daylight on such trifles, because if we did the cotton would rot in the bolls. But the nights are getting long now, and if you will make out your plans, you can accomplish a great deal in a night. Now it is your duty to employ this night I give you profitably. I have proved that it is impossible for me to give you any but Saturday night. If I should give you any other you would sit up too late at your work, and then would sleep over my work the next day.

"You will need to put you up some beds, and get some bed-clothing for the winter. And now, maybe, you would like to know how you can earn money for this purpose, and I'll tell you! You men can make bread-trays—there's plenty of fine cypress on the plantation; or you can braid foot-mats—plenty of nice white shucks at the cribs; or you can make brooms, and scrub-mops, and tables, and chests to sell. Or you can have coal-kilns; and any Saturday night, for a small share in the profits, I would let you take my wagon and horses and haul it into some blacksmith. Or you can have a patch and raise some sweet potatoes or water-melons or corn to sell. I'll go shares with any of you in this matter. I'll furnish the land, and you do the work on Saturday nights when there is a moon. Why there are a thousand ways"—exclaimed the preacher, enthusiastically—"in which you can make all the pocket-money you need. But mind, I'll have no raising of fowls and pigs for sale. They would get their living from my corn and wheat and oats; I should have to sustain them, be at all the expense of supplying them with food; and besides this, you would claim all the eggs on the plantation as laid by your hens, and would sell three times as many pigs and chickens as you raised. I've seen the thing tried too often. I know all about it. And there's to be no selling of apples and peaches; indeed, I might as well say it here as any where, you are not to go into my orchards at all. I shall need all the fruit that is not used in my family or dried for fattening my hogs. But there are always berries or nuts in the woods which you can gather and take to the village Saturday night or Sunday. I'm willing to give you a pass any time for this purpose. A little later and the persimmons will be ripe; you can dry them and make beer of them, and have it all winter to sell. Then there are partridge-eggs, you can get five cents a dozen for all you find; then you can have your traps for birds and coons and possums; I reckon partridges will bring five cents apiece this fall, and possums half a dollar; coons won't bring so much. Then any of you men or boys, by going into the village Sunday morning, can make a half dollar in no time by blacking the boots and brushing the coats for young men—the young lawyers and doctors and clerks who haven't servants; or you can make your dime or quarter by taking care of the horses of planters' sons while they are at church. Why there's no end to the ways in which you can make money. I believe if I was a nigger I could

get rich;" and the preacher smiled at his facetiousness, and most of his auditors smiled with him.

"As for you women, you can make money in almost all the ways I have mentioned; and besides, you can knit socks and stockings to sell. You can sew and wash for negroes round here who haven't any body to do these things for them, or who haven't, as you have, any time given them to work for themselves. You can spin some cotton—I sha'n't charge you any thing for the cotton you use—then double and twist it and carry it to the village and sell it to some merchant for wrapping-cord. Then you can make soap and sell it. You ought every one to have an ash-hopper, for I mean to allow you half the ashes you burn in your houses, and all the grease from the tops of the pots where you boil your bacon, and all the bones from the meat you eat; for bones when boiled in lye give out a good chance of grease. Then you can wash for young men in the village—carry the clean clothes in on Sunday morning and bring out the dirty ones. Then you can have all the goose-quills the geese lose. You'll find a ready sale for these. Some people will buy them for pens, and some for tooth-picks. Why it would take me all day to mention all the different ways in which you can make money, if you'll only go about it in the right way.

"And you must go to work immediately; there is no time to be lost. Even now, not to speak of the winter, you are in great need of a great many things. You must have kettles to boil your bacon in, and you need pot-hooks, and skillets, and lids, for the purpose of baking. You can't always bake your cakes in the ashes, and broil your meat on the coals, as you have done up to this time—there's too much waste in it. You'll never save any soap-grease in that way. You'll have to have tin buckets to carry your dinners to the field in, and tin cups to drink your buttermilk from. I can't have you using my vessels much longer; you'd soon have them battered to pieces. Then you want water-buckets, and plates, and cups and saucers, and knives and forks, and spoons. You see I am ambitious for you; I want you to live genteelly. In getting these things for yourself the expense, you see, is divided among you, and so cut up that you will hardly feel it; whereas, if I should undertake to get them all, it would come very hard upon me.

"Then there are your winter stockings. I don't want you to be hobbling around here this winter with frost-bitten feet and chilblains. Now I intend to furnish you with the cotton, and so help you along; but you must spin and knit it, or get it done. The women can do this for themselves Saturday nights—there are a good many between this and cold weather—and the men can hire it done for a trifle.

Then about your winter clothing. Now some masters wouldn't trouble themselves about the matter. Mr. Haltom, over here, never bothers his head about such things; his niggers have to shift for themselves. But I don't mean to treat you in any such inhuman way. I mean to have the stuff spun for your winter clothes by the women at nights, and on rainy days, and when they are a little ailing—not well enough to do field-work; then I mean to get it wove, so that you'll have nothing to do but to see to the making, which you can do on Saturday nights. The men can't do their own sewing, but they can change work with the women—make them tables, or put them up shelves, or carry their stuff to the village and sell it for them, while the women do their sewing. Your mistress, of course, couldn't sew and knit for you all; it would come very hard upon her if she was to undertake it, but, divided among you, it would become very little. A woman who is smart with her needle can almost make a pair of pants in a night, and you know on Saturday nights you can sit up late, and work until midnight, because you can sleep late the next morning.

"Then you'll need shoes for the winter, but these won't cost you much; leather is cheap this Fall, and one pair will last through the winter, for your big feet are tough, and you can go barefooted until late, and turn your feet out to grass early"—here the orator smiled at his own wit. "Besides these necessary articles you'll want some nice clothes for church. You see I have some pride for my servants; I want them to appear as well as other folk's negroes. I hear Mr. Shoemaker brags a great deal about his plantation and niggers, and I want to be able to brag about mine."

At this speech of their new master's some of the motley audience smiled, but grimly enough; others displayed their great white teeth with well-pleased countenances; while others still looked sullen, as though determined not to be humbugged.

"Now you can go to your cabins," resumed the preacher. "I wish you to spend the Sabbath-day quietly and decently, for remember it is God's holy day. Think over seriously what I have said to you, and make out your plans. Lay out to-day your work for next Saturday night, and when the time comes go about it in earnest. If any of you wish to take a quiet walk into the

woods, to pick a few berries or nuts, why there is no harm in it. Some of you spoke about going to the village. If you will come to me after we have sung another hymn I'll give you passes, provided you'll promise not to stand around on the streets engaged in loud talking and laughing with other negroes. You must go there and attend to your trading, and then come directly home. I can see no harm in your going there quietly, attending to your business, and quietly returning home. Every body isn't required by God to keep the Sabbath in the same way. You are simply not to do the same things on Sunday that you do during the week. The idea is relaxation from the work of the week. Besides, you are obliged to do some trading, and there's no other time but Sunday for you to do it."

With this orthodox thought the preacher closed his sermon, a hymn was sung, and then the negroes dispersed, their heads filled, doubtless, with thoughts of the money they were to make by the sale of shed goose-quills and partridge-eggs.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE — OCTOBER, 1866

THE FREEDMAN'S STORY

By M. Shele DeVere

[I have thought that a plain, unvarnished account of a servant's trials in his efforts to secure his freedom might not be uninteresting. It is given as nearly as possible in his own words. Oby is now with me, my dining-room servant. He has learned to read himself what I have written.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA. M. S. DE V.]

MY name is Oby; they say it is because my father was an Obeah man, when he lived down South in Florida and drove a stage. I have heard him say, to the contrary, that he belonged, at the time I was born, to a man by the name of Overton, and that that is my true name. So when I went down to town the other day, and the Provost-Marshal asked me if I could sign my own name, I boldly wrote down "Mr. Overton Paragon."

I was raised at this place, by people who were ever so kind to me as long as I can remember them; but that was not very long, for they were poor white folks and could not keep me, or my mother, or my father either. So we were hired out to a very good master, who took good care of father especially, because he had hired him for more than twenty years, and I was living with them in his house, though I could not do much work, being rather weakly and, I am afraid, lazy too. One fine day master comes down stairs and says to father: "Uncle James, you have served me faithfully these ten years, and you know I only bought you because I did not want your master to set you in your old days to hard work. But I do not like to own you, and you are free. You can go whenever and wherever you choose. I can not give you your freedom in any other way, because the laws of the State do not permit me to do so, and we all have to obey the law; but you must understand that you can stay or go as you choose."

Father could not say much, for he was not handy with his tongue, but he told master that he did not want to leave him as long as he cared to keep him. But when master had gone up again, he comes in and tells mother, and Uncle Henry, who was there, tells him he had better go across the line and live at the North. Father had been there when master sent him all the way to Boston with a fine horse—his name was Topaz—and they tried very hard then to make father stay. But he did not like their ways; he said they were not genteel at all like our old family servants, and he came back and was mighty glad to be again in Old Virginia. So father staid, and mother staid, and I was taken up to the dining-room, and mistress taught me to wait, and to wash the china and the glass.

I was nearly grown—I may have been about nineteen or twenty years old—when the Yankees came right down upon us. We had been expecting them often before, and many is the time Uncle Henry came running in where mother was and cried out, "God be thanked, they are coming, they are coming!" And mother asked him, "Who are you talking about?" and he would say, "Our deliverers, the Yankees, whom God sends to make us all free!" But mother did not like his ways at all, and when he was gone she would take me and brother Henry by her little stool close to the fire and say: "Now, boys, don't you think you'll be so much better off when you are free. Folks have to work every where, free or slave, black or white; and it's much better for you to be with genteel folks, and go to church, and have nothing to do with poor niggers, than to be way off, where you have not

any body who cares for you."

Mother was mighty good to us, and I know she meant it all for the best, but, to save my life, I could not help thinking of what Uncle Henry said, and what a fine thing it would be to be free, and to have twelve dollars a month and nothing to do. So I went over to Colonel Wood's Aleck and we talked it over behind the wood-pile, where nobody could hear us, and he told me how he knew a plenty more who would go away as soon as ever the Yankees came. He said they were fighting for us, and if we wanted to go we need not run away by night, like a poor three-hundred-dollar nigger, but we might ride off on a fine horse, in the middle of the day, and our masters could not say a word against it for fear of the Yankees. So I promised I would join him, and when we heard that General Sheridan was coming this way, with a hundred thousand men, we knew that the Confederates could not stand before him, and we agreed we would go off all together.

I remember it well; it was a dark night, but the stars were all out and the mud awfully deep, when all of a sudden Uncle Henry comes rushing in by the side gate, quite out of breath, and tells us that General Early has been beaten all to pieces, and that the Yankees are coming across the mountains. They did not know any thing of it in town, and I had heard master say at supper-table that we need not be afraid; the Yankees would again go up the Valley to Lexington and pass us by. But we knew better, and mother would have told mistress, whom she was mighty fond of, but Uncle Henry would not let her, and mother was terribly worried about it. He told us that we must all put on our Sunday clothes, and be very polite to the soldiers, because they were coming to make us all free, and we were just as good now as they. Father was very uneasy about us, for he did not believe half of what the others said, and shook his head and groaned as he sat before the fire and smoked his pipe; but he said nothing, only now and then he would look up, and when mother looked at him at the same time, he would shake his head and sigh, until it made me feel quite badly, and I did not know what to do.

At night, when the white folks had all gone to bed, we, Aleck and I, took an ash cake and a piece of middling, and we ran up the turnpike, miles and miles, until we came to the top of the long hill, where Doctor White's house stood before it was burned, and there we sat the livelong night, and watched the camp-fires against the dark mountain side, thinking what the Yankees were doing up there, and why they did not come to help us all. It was very hard to trot back again in the morning early, and to go to work splitting wood for the cook before breakfast, but Aleck and I thought if we could but once see the bluecoats coming down the hill, and their horses standing by the side of the lake, we would be perfectly happy.

And so it did come about one fine, clear morning. On Monday a man in gray had come racing up the turnpike, looking right and left under his broad-brimmed, slouched hat, and gone into town. Uncle Henry had met him as he came up, and shook his head and said: "Now, I should not wonder if that was a real Yankee." They all laughed at him, and asked him if he did not see the Confederate gray and the ragged hat the man wore. But he shook his head and said: "Now, I'll tell you, boys, it may be so, and it may not be so; but that man there did not ride like one of our folks, and he had his eyes too busy and his hand too near his revolver to be one of our soldiers." That morning early there came two, and three, and at last a whole number of these graycoats, and somebody said in a whisper, as we were standing at the stile close to the turnpike, "Those are the Jessie Scouts, you believe me!" But we looked at the old man who said so, and as nobody knew him we did not believe him. It was all the same true; it turned out afterward that they were Jessie Scouts, as they called them from General Fremont's wife; and there had been a dozen of them in town all day long, and nobody had known them. We knew how little our soldiers cared about spies and that sort of men, and so it was not very difficult to come in and find out every thing.

But on Tuesday, early in the morning, as soon as master had had his breakfast, we all slipped out and went down to the road, where we found a great many people standing about and talking of what the Yankees were going to do with the house, and the servants, and the town itself. Down by the lake, where the road from the house comes into the turnpike, and not far from the little lodge, stood a heap of gentlemen, who had come up from town to beg pardon of the General, and to ask him not to burn them all out. They were mightily scared, and Mr. Fowler, the tailor, who is a great goose, as I have heard it said often and often, looked white and shook in all his limbs. It could not be from the cold, for although the rain had stopped overnight, it was quite mild in the morning. Alongside of them, but a little apart, stood master and some of his friends; I don't know if they had come too to ask the Yankees

to spare the house. Soon one man came flying down the hill, and then another, and then three or four together, galloping right by us without ever stopping, and just crying one after another, "They are coming! they are coming!" I slipped up close to where master stood, and I could hear them say that it was a mighty hard thing to stand there and not to know whether they would have a house over their head next night or not; and what would become of the ladies and of the little ones. One I heard say distinctly, "Oh, gentlemen, we'll all go up before night, sure enough!" William Gibbons, who preaches down in the big bath-house every Sunday, said the gentleman was very wicked, for if God would take us up we must all be ready at any time; and he, for one, was quite willing to go to heaven.

Every now and then somebody would cry out, "There they are!" and we all looked up to the top of the hill, behind which the road was hid, and when a man slowly rose over the brow and it turned out that he was on horseback, we thought sure enough there were the Yankees. So we stood hours and hours, and just when we thought they would not be coming that day, two men rode up the hill and down again slowly, then three more, then a dozen or more all in a body, with flags in their hands; and at last the whole turnpike was blue, and we knew for a certainty they were come. We just looked at one another, and I felt mighty queer; but Uncle Henry and all the others, who stood way down by the stile, looked exactly as if they were going to shout to the sky and to jump out of their skin. Aleck looked at me too, and winked, and shut his eyes, and shook all over, till I could not help myself, and I laughed, and they all laughed, and it set the others down at the stile a-laughing, and we held our sides and did not mind master and his friends looking at us as if they did not like it at all.

When the first officer came up to where Mr. Fowler stood, he rushed forward and came near falling between the horses' feet, and they all cried out together, I don't know what; but the tailor had the biggest mouth, and he talked loudest. So I suppose they heard him, and one of the officers said something about private property being spared, but public property must be given up.

Just then master walked up himself, like a real gentleman that he is, and although he was on foot and had not even a spur on his boot, he looked as good a man as the big officers on their fine horses. One of them told him he was not the General, but he would send up a guard as soon as they got into town. Then they moved on, and such a sight! They looked very different from our poor Confederate soldiers, with their sleek horses and bright swords, and there was not a ragged jacket or a bare foot among them all. They had, every one of them, a pile of good things strapped up behind and before their saddles, and a good many had a fine horse by their side with all sorts of packages and parcels strapped upon their back, ever so high, but nobody in the saddle. But I thought, what wouldn't I give if I could but ride one of those fine horses and be a soldier and as good as any white man! I looked at Aleck, and I saw he thought so too; and what is best about it, it did not last long, and it all came true, sure enough. We stood there and looked and looked until we were tired, for there was no end to the horses, and the big guns, and the wagons, and oh, they had every thing so nice and so whole, though they were bespattered from head to foot; I did not think soldiers could look so well. At last they were nearly all gone, and I and Aleck went back.

When we came to the other side of the lake we saw Miss Mary and some of the other young ladies standing by the window up stairs, and some of them were crying; but Miss Mary waved a little flag, such as our soldiers have, right in the face of the Yankees. But master looked up and gave her such a look! Miss Mary went away from the window, and when they sent for her to come down to dinner, she told Flora to tell master she had a bad headache and did not want any dinner. Soon after the bell rang, and when I went to the front-door there stood a big Yankee officer, with his sword by his side and the mud all over him, and he asked in a very soft voice if master was at home. I did not like much his talking of my master and he a Yankee, but I knew I must be polite to strangers, and I asked him to please walk in. He said he wanted to see master, would I request him to come to the front-door for a moment. I can't tell exactly what it was, but there was something in the officer's voice, and in the way he spoke to me, that made me feel a big man, and as if nobody ought to call me Oby any more. Master is mighty good to me, but he always talks to me as if I was a little baby and had not any sense at all. Now the officer spoke right sternly, though his voice was so soft, but somehow it did not hurt me in the least, and I felt all the better for it. I ran in and told master, who came out at once, not at all flurried but like a grand old gentleman, and he begged the officer very politely to walk in. But he would not

come in, and merely told master that he was on General Sheridan's staff, and that he wished to know where he should place the guard. I wanted badly to hear what they were going to say to each other, but master sent me down stairs to tell Aunt Hannah to cook a big dinner for the soldiers. We had done that often enough when our poor Confederates came by, and there was not much left in the smoke-house; but when the folks in the kitchen heard it was for the Yankees they were going to cook they set to work with a will. Aunt Hannah said she would sit up all night to work for them blessed Yankees, and Flora laughed and cried out that she hoped there was a handsome captain coming to take her to Boston.

Now I did not like that at all, for Flora was a mighty sweet girl; she was not one of your mean black niggers, but quite light, and had the most beautiful hair I ever saw in my life, and a waist—why she could wear Miss Mary's dresses, who is not bigger than a grasshopper, and they were still too large for her. So I sat down angrily; and turned my back upon them, and whistled to myself. All of a sudden there comes a hand and shuts up my mouth, and a voice says to me: "Why, Oby, you are not at all gallant to-day!" Up I jump and make her a fine bow, and say, "Oh, Madam, I did not know you was here, I hope you are well." She did not say a word, but looked at Aunt Hannah and looked at me, and then she burst out a-laughing and cries: "Oh, Mr. Paragon, you must look sharper, or one of these days Miss Flora will bloom in another garden." They had spoilt her mightily, and told her that her name meant "Pretty Flower." The young ladies on whom she waited gave her quantities of nice things, and when she went down on Sunday to church she looked every bit as pretty as a lady, and prettier too. Colonel Wood's Aleck was very sweet on her, and he and I had had many a fight about it—who was to escort her to preaching, and who was to hand her into supper, when Aunt Betsy's daughter was married. She went more with Aleck than with me, and many is the cry I have had about it; but then she would look so sweetly at me, and say with such a soft voice: "Get along, you handsome nigger!" that I could not help myself, and all the money I ever got went to buy her ribbons and candy.

I went up to her and said: "Now, sweet angel, don't you be angry with me, and you shall have that big red shawl that hangs out at Mr. Abraham's store window;" and I put my arm around her and was just going to— when there came such a pull at the door-bell that I jumped up and thought the Yankees were breaking into the house.

I ran up the stairs as fast as I could, and as I was trying to unlock the door—we did not use to do it, and so the key would not turn very quickly—somebody rang and rang until I got frightened out of my wits. When I opened the door there stood Miss Polly, as red as a peony, her dress all in tatters, and her hair hanging about her as I had never seen a lady do in all my life, and rushes by me to master's study. Master had just come out to see what was the matter, and she ran nearly over him. Then she began telling him to come, for God's sake, to her house; how the Yankees had come there and broken every thing to pieces, and were misbehaving shamefully. I did not believe a word of it, for they had been very polite to us all and to master too; but he did not say a word, put on his hat, gave Miss Polly his arm, and walked right off with her. I followed him, for I thought he might want me, and I heard Miss Polly rattling away like a water-mill, telling him how the soldiers had come to the house, and first broken into the kitchen and eaten all the dinner that there was, and then came into the sitting-room and asked for whisky. Her brother, who had been shot in the Valley and was lying with a broken leg on a couch, had gotten very angry and called them names. The Yankees did not like that, and went to work smashing every thing in the house. So she ran over to our house to get help.

When we crossed the road—it was knee-deep in mud—we saw Miss Emma, with her three little children, sitting on the big oak stump right by the house, crying bitterly, and in the house all the windows and doors smashed, and such a row as I have not heard in my life. Master puts Miss Polly down by her sister's side, and tells her to sit quiet, and then he walks as boldly up to where the Yankees were as if he were General Sheridan himself. I was afraid to go after him, so I staid by the ladies, who, I thought, wanted somebody to protect them, and they were so full of the misfortune they told me every thing. All the silver was gone, and all the china was broken, and the pictures cut to pieces, and the books thrown out of the window; and as they were telling me the soldiers came out. Some had a pillow-case full of flour, another a tureen filled with meal, and still another had two big gold watches in his hand. At last one came out with a silver cup in his hand. When Miss Emma sees him she jumps up and catches hold of it, and says, "You sha'n't take away my poor baby's cup!" "But I will," says

the soldier—a great big fellow with a sword by his side. "But you sha'n't!" cries Miss Emma again, and the big tears ran down her cheeks. And there they pulled, she on one side and the gentleman on the other side, and I thought she was going to fall down, when master comes out and very quietly puts his hand upon the soldier's arm, and says, "You will surely oblige the lady and let her have the cup." The Yankee looked quite bewildered, but he had let go, and Miss Emma ran back to her seat with her baby in her arm; and the baby held the cup with her dumpy little fingers, as if she knew what she held, and master looked pleased and said: "I am glad, Sir, you can act so handsomely." I thought the soldier had a great mind to tell him he did not want any of his praise; but I know most men were rather afraid of master, he looked so stiff and so stately; and he went slowly away. Then master called out in a clear, loud voice: "Mike O'Rourke! Mike O'Rourke!"

I was half frightened, when all of a sudden there stepped out from behind a big oak-tree a great red-haired Yankee, with a sword, and a carbine, and a pistol in his belt. "What do you want?" says he. Master answered, "Were you not placed here as guard, Sir, to protect this house?" "Well, I believe I was." "And when these marauders came, and the ladies begged you to protect them, you ran away and hid?" The soldier looked as if he did not like at all being talked to in that way, and perhaps he had not a very good conscience; so he said, in a sulky tone: "I could not stop all those fellows; they were too many for me!" Master said, very quietly: "You know very well that your orders are to do your duty, and to shoot down the first one who breaks the safeguard." The Yankee looked rather taken aback; but then he cried out very angrily, "I don't know what all this is to you, Sir, but I would have you know that it is very hard for a man whose house has been burned over his head, down in Pennsylvania, by these beggarly rebels, and whose old father and mother have been driven out by night and ruined for life, to stand here and protect people who, for all I know, may have been the very ones to do so to me." With that he turned on his heel and walked to the house. I don't know what master thought; but he looked rather puzzled, and went up to Miss Emma and began talking to them in a low voice.

Soon after the Yankees made a great uproar in the house, and then they came out, one by one, the red-haired man shoving them out with a laugh and a curse, until the house was clear again. I had been watching them, so that I did not hear what master said to the ladies, but just as the last one went down the hill I heard Miss Polly crying bitterly, and saying: "And would you believe it, Sir, one of these wretches told me I was the ugliest woman he had seen in the Confederacy; and as for Emma, she was too ugly to live?" I looked hard at master, to see what he would say to that, but I thought he was trying all he could not to laugh. Then he smiled and gave his arm to Miss Emma, and asked her when she had heard from her husband, and they all went back to the house.

The red-haired man came out and sat down on the bench in the veranda; and when he sees me standing there, he says, "Come here, man, and bring me some water; and, look here, bring me some whisky too, or I'll cut your head off!" I was certainly afraid he would do it, too, so I ran as fast as I could to Uncle Tony close by, who I knew had some apple brandy, and telling him that it was for a Yankee soldier he gave me some. I ran back to the Irish gentleman—for I knew him to be Irish, because we have so many of those folks around us, working on the canal—and brought him the whisky. I was running for the water too, but he called after me, and said he was not thirsty now, I need not go for water. So I sat down on the grass by his side, and looked up at him, and got hold of his sword, and made the little wheels on his spurs play as fast as they would go.

All of a sudden he looks at me and says: "Hallo, Cuffee, how would you like to have a fine horse and ride along with us all?" My heart jumped when I heard him make such an offer; but I did not know if he was in earnest, so I only laughed and laughed until he could not help himself and had to laugh too. But after a while he looked very sober, and said: "Nonsense, Cuffee, nonsense; don't laugh that way, but tell me soberly would not you like to go with me and become a soldier?" When I saw that he was really in earnest I jumped up and said, as loud as I could, "Yes, Sir, that I will, and I have long waited for the day; God be thanked it has come at last, and I shall be a free man!"

He told me then to follow him, and we went over to Burr's Hill, where the General had his head-quarters, and the red-haired man's regiment had their camp. When we got there I found out that he belonged to the artillery, and the whole wood was filled with guns, and wagons, and horses, and all about the hill were fires lit, and the men were sitting around them eating their supper. I felt all of a sudden as hungry as a rattlesnake, for there they had coffee, and

white sugar, and lemons, and all the good things we had not seen at our house for ever so long. We went past them all, until we came close to the house, and there I saw a great number of colored gentlemen standing around in a circle, and in the middle were some Yankee soldiers. Just as we came up I heard one of them say, "Here is another fine lot; what's the bid?" I felt as if I was turning to stone, when I found out that he held Bob, my second cousin, by his right ear, and pushed him forward in the bright light. I thought sure enough it was all the old story over again, and we were not free yet, but to be sold just as we were before. Somebody cried out, "I'll give a ham!" and another, "I bid a loaf of sugar!" Now I wondered more than ever, for Bob was a powerful fellow, and could plow better than any man on the plantation, and that was no price at all, even in Confederate money. But I soon found out that they were only offering something for the right to choose their servants, and that we were really free, only we could not choose our masters, but they chose us.

When I understood that right, I turned round and said, very politely, "Master, I wish you would not offer me to any body but keep me yourself. I would rather be your servant than any body's else." He seemed to be quite pleased at being called Master, and slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Well, Cuffee, if you wish it, you may do so." I did not like to be called Cuffee, which is not respectable for a nigger who moves in good society; so I said, "Master, my name is Oby; and if it is the same to you, I would rather you should call me by my name." I don't think he heard me, for he said nothing for a while, and then he showed me his horse, a fine big bay, and told me to rub him down: "But mind you do it well," he said, "or you will be bucked." I did not know what he meant by that, for the boys had often called me a "Buck," and I had always taken it for a compliment. I soon found out however what it was, for Jack, the doctor's boy, who was up here too, and who had refused to cook supper for his new master, because he was so tired from doing all they had made him do ever since dinner-time, lay not far off, bound up in the most curious way I have ever seen, and was hollowing most awfully.

My bay did not give me much trouble, only he had an ugly way of kicking, when you touched him at a particular spot; and he was so quick at it that I got one or two kicks against my shins before I was aware of it. I disliked it mightily, for I did not know then that his kicking was to save my life when nothing else could help me. They did not offer me any supper that night, so I ran home and told Flora all about it, how the soldiers said I was free now, and how I was to have a fine horse and become a sure enough soldier, and have my fifteen dollars a month, all to myself.

She was not half as glad as I thought she would be, and asked me if I thought it was better to be the servant of a Yankee than to serve a gentleman like master. I did not like her saying so at all, for I could not tell her why I liked it better; and still, I knew it *was* better. I had thought I would ask her to come along with me and become my wife, when we got to the North. But somehow I had not the courage, she looked so wicked out of her eyes; and then Aunt Hannah stood by, and although she made-believe she was busy with her pots and plates I knew she had heard every word I said. But I could not help looking at Flora, and just to say, "Oh, Miss Flora!" and I thought she looked as sweet as a rose-bud, when she cast her eyes down and picked at the pretty belt I had given her the Sunday before, and seemed to think very hard.

Just then Aleck came up, and asked me when I was going away. That put me in mind, that last week master had called us all up into the hall and told us, if we wanted to go when the Yankees came, we must be sure not to sneak off like a parcel of runaway niggers, but to come up like men and tell him, and he would see to it that we had some clothes and something to help us on the way when we went. I thought it was my duty to go up stairs and tell him that I had made up my mind to leave. I pulled off my shoes and went up softly into the veranda, where I knew he would be sitting. And so he was, in his old arm-chair, with Maida right across his feet and Miss Lucy sitting by his side, reading to him out of the big old Bible he uses at prayers, when we come up in the morning and the evening. She read so low I could not hear where she was, but I made out that it was something about God being our rock and a very present help in trouble; and when I looked at master I saw the big tears were coming down his white cheeks slowly, one by one. I knew then he was thinking of young master, who lay dead and killed way off in Spottsylvania, and nobody knew where. When I saw that I could not go up to him to save my life, so I slipped down again, and did not know what to do.

Master had always been mighty good to me, and I had never wanted any thing on this earth but he had given it to me; and I knew as long

as I staid with him, and he had any thing to live on, he would provide for me. But I wanted badly to be a free man, and I knew I could never earn fifteen dollars a month, as I could at the North; and perhaps they were going to give us each a farm, and we would not have to work any more. It was a bad night for me, and my head turned all around in a whirl; now I wanted to stay, and now I wanted to go. But when the red streaks came out over the mountain, and then the big sun rose right behind the old cherry-tree at the tobacco patch, I remembered what William had said, when he preached to us at Uncle James's funeral, about the rising of the Sun of Liberty, and our going to glory here upon earth, by the word of Mr. Lincoln, and I ran as fast as I could to Burr's Hill, and told them all that I had come to be free.

My new master showed me a beautiful horse that I was to ride, and when the light came through the trees and I could see every thing clear, I saw it was Master William's great big stallion. I did not like to get on him, because every body about here knew him, he had stood so often down in town, but I was told to take him down to water, and I did not like to be bucked like Bob. I went down to the spring, and I could not help thinking he was the handsomest horse I had ever laid eyes on, and it would be a great thing for me to ride alongside of all the gentlemen on such a fine horse. When I came back to the fire they showed me a quantity of bags and bales, all nicely fixed in white cotton sheets, which I had to strap on the horse; there was just enough room left between the pile in front and the pile behind to get into the saddle. They did not give me any breakfast either, but I did not mind that much, for soon the bugles sounded—it made me feel like a gentleman to be called by a bugle like all the others; and my new master, who was a corporal or a major, had some other gentlemen under him, and when the guns were all ranged in beautiful order, the Colonel came out and looked at us, and off we marched with the music at our head.

First came the Colonel and some officers, then came the music, with all sorts of instruments such as I had never seen before; after them came men who bore a number of flags, which I knew nothing of, and after them, before all the regiment, came we colored people, about fifty of us, all on fine horses, and the happiest boys ever you saw in your life. It was glorious. But when we got to the corner by the tobacco-house, where the gate has been out of order for many years and the lane is quite low and narrow, they all stopped and we could not go any farther. The mud was awful, and the horses could not pull the heavy guns and the wagons.

Just then who must come up but master. I felt mighty badly, but I could not run away, and I looked for my new master to stand by me and let them all know that I was free. When master's eye came slowly down the line and at last fell right upon me, I thought I was going to sink into the ground. It made me feel sick. When I looked up again he was making his way through the horses and the cannons right up to me, and did not mind the mud, and the way the soldiers all looked at him, and the horses that wanted to kick him. When he came up to where I sat on my horse, he just said, "Oh, Oby!" and before I knew what I was doing, I was out of the saddle and standing right before him, with my new cap in my hand. He said, in his quiet way, "Oby, you know you are not strong enough to sleep out in the open air; you have not even a blanket, and it is not three weeks since you were sick with pneumonia. Come home, my boy, and don't distress your father and your mother. You know it will kill them!"

I knew that what he said was but too true; but then again, when I looked at the fine horse I was on, and all the gentlemen around me, I felt quite undecided. Master said again, very quietly, "Come home, Oby!" and I followed him, I did not know why. But just as we were getting out of the crowd, on the side of the road, my new master came dashing up to where we were, and with a terrible oath told me to mount my horse and be ready to start. I was so frightened I did not know what to do. Master never said a word, but just looked at me as if he pitied me from the bottom of his heart, and I could not stand that; I did not think of father and mother at home, nor of Flora, nor of the nice times we had had together in the fields at night, but I just looked at master and went away with him. But the soldier was not satisfied yet; he came straight up to us, and swearing worse than ever, he said to master, "How dare you, Sir, force that man away? Do you not know that he is free, and has a right to go where he will?" Master changed color; I knew he was not accustomed to be spoken to in that way, and I wished I had never thought of enlisting as a soldier. But he said nothing at all, and although the soldiers all turned around, and my new master pulled out his carbine and cocked it, he made his way between the horses and the guns, I following him close by, until we came out on the

other side of the column, and then he said very quietly, "Now, Oby, go home and tell your father not to distress himself about you any farther." I was just running up the road, when I heard somebody galloping up, and as I turned round I saw it was a great officer, with a sword in his hand, who rode up to master and asked him what was the matter. I could not hear his answer, but the officer said, "We do not force servants to go with us, and if your boy wants to stay, let him stay."

When I came home I found father and mother, Uncle Henry, and all of them in mother's room, and when they saw me they all cried out, "Oh, Oby, what have you been doing?" Well, it made me right angry to be treated thus like a baby, and I went out into the yard. There stood Flora, and what must she do but come up to me in the prettiest way of the world and drop me a little courtesy, and say in a little lisping way, "Oho, Mr. Paragon, you had not the courage to go with your friends? Don't you look like a little whipped boy? Shall I ask Miss Lucy for some candy for you?" It made me mad to hear her talk so, when she had all the time been telling me that I ought to stay, and not run away like the poor stupid field-hands.

I turned round without looking at her, and ran over to Uncle Bob, to ask him what I ought to do. He was not in, but Aunt Betsy was there, with the children about her, packing up all her things. I wondered what she was doing, but she would not give me any answer, and I was too mad to go home again; so I staid and waited for Uncle Bob to come home again. They had some nice middlings that day, and goody-bread with the sweetest cracklings I ever ate, and we all laughed, and talked, and I danced a jig for Aunt Betsy, and others came in until the house was full.

Late in the evening Uncle Bob came home, and such a sight he was! He had a double harness hanging over his shoulders, and a saddle on his head, and his hands full of bags and satchels, and a big gun under his arm. He looked very tired, and threw it all down; then he opened the door again and laughed, and when we went out there to see what it was, we found a nice carryall and two good, strong horses fastened to the fence. I knew the carriage well; it belonged to old Miss Mary Fitch, and the horses were Uncle Bob's master's. I did not like his goings on much, but he was an old man and I had no right to say any thing to him. When he had had his supper he lit his pipe and looked around him, and when he noticed me he opened his eyes wide, and said, "Why, Oby, I thought you had gone with the Yankees!" I felt mightily ashamed. I had to tell him all about it, and when I had done he called me out and whispered to me, "Now, look here, Oby, don't you make a fool of yourself, but come along with me to-night and be a man." He talked and talked, and before I knew exactly how it was, I had promised to go with him. He had a way about him that few could resist, and when he wanted you to do any thing he was sure to get you to do it.

It was a dark night, the moon was behind the clouds, and at times you could not see the hand before your eyes. Uncle Bob had hitched up and put Aunt Betsy and the four children inside the carryall; he sat on the box, and every corner behind and before was stuffed full with bags and parcels. I do not know why they took so much; but Aunt Betsy would take every thing; and there was her spinning-wheel, and her split-bottomed rocking-chair, and the cradle for the baby. Then there was Colonel Wood's Aleck, and Dr. White's Jimmy, and I. We walked pretty fast, and listened with all our might, for we thought we might meet some gentleman and he might stop us. But there was nobody about that night; every body was afraid of the Yankees, and kept very close. Besides, the roads were awful, and Uncle Bob's horses could hardly pull the carryall at a snail's pace. Every now and then they would stick fast in the mud, and then we had to take rails from the fence and put them under the wheels and help Uncle Bob. It was not half as pleasant as riding on a fine horse among a crowd of gentlemen, or even sitting at home in mother's room and having a nice supper. After a while Uncle Bob became angry, and the next time the horses stalled he pitched Aunt Betsy's wheel into the road; then went the chair, and the cradle, and a great many other things. Aunt Betsy did not dare say a word, but she groaned and groaned. It sounded awful in the dark night and in the black woods where we were. At last we could not get any further, and just then we saw a light through the trees, and when we whipped the horses on both sides to get nearer to it we found an army wagon in the middle of the road, with the mud over the hubs of the wheels, and one of the mules half-dead and half-buried in the mud. The drivers and some of the escort had made a roaring fire in the woods, and we joined them. I was so sleepy I fell down where we stopped, and did not know what happened any more.

I was just dreaming of my young master's

calling me to saddle his pony when somebody touched me on the shoulder. I could not wake up at once. It always went hard with me to wake in the morning, and then I heard somebody call my name. It sounded very sweet to me somehow, though I did not know where it came from, and when I got my eyes open at last I thought I was dreaming still. For there was Flora standing by my side, looking up at the top of the tree, as if she did not know I was lying right before her. After a while she turned her eyes all around her, and when they came back to me she cried out, "Why, Oby, if that is not you! Where on earth do you come from?" Now that was a nice question to ask me; so I just jumped up and laughed heartily; and then she began laughing too, and before I knew what I was doing my arm was round her waist and I had kissed her twice. She pretended to be very angry, but I only laughed the more, and at last she told me how she had heard from Uncle Bob's son, who stays at master's mill, that I had gone along with him. Then she had made a little bundle of her nicest clothes and had followed us all the way, never saying a word, until she felt so cold in the morning she could not stay away any longer from the fire. When I asked her what she had come for, she said: "You would not have me let Aunt Betsy go away with all those babies and no one to take care of them? And then, might not somebody have come and frightened Mr. Paragon out of his wits and sent him home again crying?" At first I did not know how to take her, but there was something funny in her voice that I knew well enough from of old. So I jumped up, as quick as a squirrel, and before she knew what was coming I had my arms around her once more, and kissed her as hard as I could. We must have made some noise, for all of a sudden there was a crowd around us, and all cried out upon Flora and wanted to know how she got there and what she came for.

We were still talking and laughing in the jolliest way, as if there was no trouble in the world, and we were down at a corn-shucking, when bang went a shot, and another, and before we knew what was coming the wood was full of smoke that could not get out fast enough through the branches of the pine-trees. We all stood still, and my heart beat fast enough, not that I was much afraid of the shooting, but I thought it might be the gray-jackets, and if they should catch us and carry us back! I would not have minded the going back so much, for I knew they would not have punished us, but I could not have stood before master and seen him look at me again, as he did when he wanted me to come home with him from among the artillerymen. I did not stand long idly there, but I just took Flora's hand and told her to come along, and then I pitched Aunt Betsy and the little ones into the carryall, and all the bundles I could find. I was as in a dream, but it was not long before the horses were put in, and Uncle Bob was cracking his whip, and we were running after them as fast as we could.

When we were a little more quiet again we looked around, and then we found out that we had left our friends the Yankees, and were quite alone by ourselves. There were about five or six colored ladies with us, some of them had babies on one arm and a big pile of clothes and such things under the other; then there were one or two elderly men who looked scared and did not know, I believe, what they were doing, except that they must go on, on until they got to the North; and lastly, there were three or four little children who were just running along with the rest of them for the fun. After a while I began to feel hungry, and when I looked at Flora in the bright daylight I thought she looked hungry too; at all events she was very pale and drooping, and I saw she had no shoes on, and could hardly walk. I went to help her, but she tried to hold up, and said it did not matter. I saw, though, it would matter pretty soon, for we had not a mouthful of bread nor meal among us, and, except Uncle Bob, who was rich enough, there was not one among us who had any money. And here we were alone, left by our natural friends and protectors, and not likely to be received on any plantation.

It seemed that all of our party felt the same way, for no one said a word. Every now and then one of the children would begin to whine and be told to hush up. Then some girl would laugh right out and suddenly stop short, as if she was frightened at the sound of her own voice. Uncle Bob, who knew best, had his hands full to drive his tired horses and to pull the carryall, with its heavy load, through the awfully bad roads. I walked steadily on, Flora right behind me, Indian file, and what with the cold, drizzling rain, wetting us to the skin, and the loads of mud that stuck to our feet, and the heavy thoughts that weighed on our minds, we did not make a very merry couple. I thought, every now and then, what a glorious time I would have at the North. I knew I could make as good a shoe as any white man, and I thought of a nice little shop I might have in Cincinnati, where Peter Hite went when he was made free, and of Flora being my good wife, really married,

and the beautiful things I was going to buy for her, so that she might look a real lady. But in the midst of my thoughts I stumbled against a big, old root, or Flora sighed behind me, and then coughed a little to put me on a false track, or asked me some question, to show that she was not sad at all, and my dreams were gone in a moment, and I saw all our troubles clear before me again.

We tramped on until late in the evening, when we met an old field-hand, with a bag of potatoes on his back, who told us we were still eight miles from the canal, and that he had seen no Yankees any where. We asked him to let us have his potatoes, but he said he did not want to have any thing to do with runaway niggers, and was going away to leave us, when Uncle Bob came up and asked him what he would take for them in greenbacks. When he heard us speak of greenbacks he became very polite at once, and sold them for ninepence to Uncle Bob, who made him promise to bring some fat middling and some corn-meal up to the old tobacco house, where we meant to spend the night. We all went in there, and it was a nice enough place for us to get dry in; there was some hay in a lean-to on one side, and I made a nice little bed for Flora; but we did not dare make a large fire for fear they might see it at the house and send the overseer down to turn us out. Uncle Bob got his middling, and Aunt Betsy cooked all they had for herself and her children, asking me and Flora to come up and help ourselves. I did not like much going there, when there were so many others who had nothing at all to eat, but Uncle Bob told me to make no hesitation—he always loved big words—and to partake of his victuals. I took Flora by the hand and pulled her along with me to the fire. Aunt Betsy looked at us, and I thought she was going to have a hearty laugh, but somehow there was none of us that night could laugh heartily, and we ate just to satisfy our hunger, but it did not taste good. Then we had a chew of tobacco, and Uncle Bob proposed we should sing a psalm about the mansions in the sky, and hallelujah, but we broke down pretty soon, and then we all lay down, one here, one there, as we were sitting. I was tired enough, but I could not sleep; the thoughts would come into my head. I could not drive father and mother out of my head, and every time I saw them in my mind they looked so sad it made me feel very badly. Then the children cried and moaned and asked for something to eat; and some of the old ones groaned too, and cried out: "O Lord, O Lord a-mercy!"—it was very hard to hear it all and not be able to help them in any way. So I was right glad when the mist broke in the morning and the sun rose, first red, like blood, and looking as if it were angry at us, and then clear and bright, like the dayspring from on high.

I ran down to the spring, where there was a plenty of water, to wash, and when I came back I saw Flora talking very anxiously to Aunt Betsy. They hushed up when I came near, but I could see well enough that Flora had been crying, and that somebody had given her an old pair of shoes that were twice as big as her feet. She did not have big splash-feet, like a field-hand nigger woman, but hers were nice enough for any white lady. I felt mighty sorry for her; she was not accustomed at all to rough work, and down at home she had hardly ever been sent out of the house. I knew she could not stand it long, and I was determined to make her go back. I did not mean to speak to her directly. I knew she would not listen to me if she once had made up her mind; but I thought she would mind what Aunt Betsy would say to her. I took the old lady aside, and told her all about my fears and troubles, and she promised at once to talk to Flora and to persuade her to go home again.

I went behind the big oak-tree, lest she should see me, and I noticed Aunt Betsy going up to her and talking to her very friendly and very soberly. But I must have been too curious, for no sooner had she ended than Flora comes straight up to where I stood and said: "And of all men, Oby, that you should want me to go back!" and with that she broke out into such sobs and sighs that I did not know what to do, and just had to beg her to stay and to go along with us. I told her I would stand by her as long as I was alive, and she could trust me now and forever. In the mean time they had all gotten ready to start, and as there was not much over from last night for breakfast, we were soon on the tramp again.

It was an awful time, though, we had; the road was worse than ever, for Sheridan's men had been right ahead of us, and they had trampled the mud knee-deep, and if the carryall once got into the ruts the army wagons had made, there was hardly any way to get it out again. We were soon left behind, for we had to pull the horses out when they stuck fast, and to mend the harness, that was all the time breaking, and take the rails from the fence and pry the carriage up to let the poor starved horses pull it out again.

At last we came to a sandy stretch in the pine woods, where it was a little better, and as

we turned round a corner, there, right in the fence, lay Aunt Phœbe, and by her side two of her little babies, the one three years old and the other about nine months, and never a word did any one of them say. I went up to Aunt Phœbe and shook her, and asked her what was the matter. At first she would not answer at all; at last, when Flora came up and whispered into her ear, and begged her to speak to her, she said, very faintly, that she could not possibly go a step further, and that she had not a drop of milk left for her baby. Aunt Betsy came down too, and when she saw what was the matter, and turned the children round and found them look ashy pale, she called for Uncle Bob and fell to crying bitterly. He came up slowly, and looked at them all without saying a word. Then he pulled the mother and the children together into the fence-corner and put a quarter, a silver quarter, into the hands of Aunt Phœbe and left her there. We all followed him back to the carryall with our hearts ever so heavy, but what could we do? I asked Uncle Bob if he thought she would die? He did not look at me at all, but just said in his beard, "I don't know; maybe she will, maybe she won't; perhaps it's better for her to die than to live on as she has done."

After that we were sadder than ever before. Poor Flora lost her big shoes every other step, and most of the ladies had to throw away their bundles, and even then they could hardly get along. Whenever we met a colored man we asked him how far it still was to the canal, for we knew we would meet the Yankees there sure enough, and they would not let us starve, but give us all rations. It seemed as if we were never getting nearer to it, for every time we asked it was still some four or five miles, maybe six. We met some white gentlemen, too, on the road, but they just looked at us with stern faces and rode by. Once we came to a little bit of a house by the way-side, and saw an old lady sitting by the door, with a cat lapping up the milk in a gourd she held on her lap. I could not stand seeing that, so I walk up to her and make her a polite bow, and say, "Oh, Missis, I see you are a mighty good lady, won't you be so kind as to give me a little of that milk for a poor girl who is half dead over yonder?" The old lady looked at me and then at Flora, who was standing at the gate, staring with her big eyes at the gourd as if she had never seen milk in her life. After a while she said, "Well, I don't care; take it if you want it." I was just taking the gourd by the handle, being careful not to spill a drop, when a great big man in a gray uniform and a large revolver in his hand comes out of the passage, and swearing at me, as they did in the army, says, "Now, you rascal, you clear out here or I'll shoot you down like a dog!" I felt so mad I would have liked to run up to him and snatch the pistol out of his hand and shoot him myself; but I did not have the courage, that is the truth of it, and I knew also I must not get my friends into trouble before we got to the soldiers again. When I came back to where Flora stood I saw she had dropped down upon a big rock they used to get on horseback by, and when I spoke to her she said she could not get any further. That finished me, and I swore to God Almighty I would have something for her or take a man's life. But just then something came between me and her, and when I looked up there was the old lady with the gourd in her hand and a piece of corn-bread I had not seen before, and she said: "Never mind my son, boy; he is in bad humor because all our servants have left us in a body yesterday and taken our horses with them. Poor child, what is the matter with her?" And then she took Flora's hand in hers and rubbed it, and told her to sit up and eat and not to cry any more. I talked to her too, and after a while she did set up, and the way the milk and the bread went! It would have been a pleasure to me to see how she enjoyed it; but I was terribly hungry myself, and I counted every mouthful she took and every gulp that went down. When she had done, she stood up and looked much better, and then she thanked the old lady, as she had learned to do from Miss Lucy. The old lady had big tears in her eyes and looked mighty sad; she said something about God's Providence, which I did not understand, and about somebody's being ground between the upper and the nether millstone, which, I think, is somewhere in the Bible.

We had to walk fast enough to overtake the others, who had gotten far ahead of us, and it was late in the evening when we saw them all standing in a crowd together on a high place. The sun was just about setting, and the sky was golden, and as we looked at them we could see every ray of their clothes and every hair on their head. They all talked very loud, even Uncle Bob, who seemed to be very angry. We came up slowly, for we were terribly tired, and Flora could hardly drag one foot after the other. When we came up to where they stood, we saw we were on the side of the canal, and there on the tow-path sat Aunt Hannah, crying and screaming all together, and the others stood around her and looked as angry as could be. We pressed close up to Aunt Betsy, and I asked her in a whisper what was the matter. "Oh,

Oby!" she said, "just think of it, Aunt Hannah was the first to see the canal, and she walks right up to where we now are and takes her poor little baby—it was not more than two months old—and before we knew what she was about she had thrown it into the water, and there it lies now. Oh, Oby, these are awful times! God have mercy upon us!"

I could not say a word. I had never seen or heard of such misery in my life. Flora went quietly down to where Aunt Hannah was rocking herself, weeping like a child, and then screaming out aloud, and sat down by her and tried to take her hands and to soothe her. But Aunt Hannah would not be soothed; she cried out: "Leave me alone, you! leave me alone! You don't know what it is to have a baby and to see it die on your breast. She is happier down there than she could ever have been in this world. I only wished I was there too. Can't you leave me alone? or give me something to eat? I have not eaten any thing since day before yesterday, not a mouthful. Oh, my baby, my baby! She was the sweetest child I ever had!" And with that she began screaming again, as if she were distracted. I could not stand it any longer; so I touched Flora and told her to come along, Uncle Bob was going and we must try to get something ourselves, or we would be starved too, or get mad like poor Aunt Hannah.

Flora got up and followed me, but she did not say a word. The tears were just running down her cheeks, and she did not mind it in the least. Uncle Bob was driving along on the tow-path, and we all followed in a long string, very slowly. At last we came to another turn, and there, right before us, lay a big mill, and behind it the town. On the mill-race stood a soldier in blue, and I could have shouted aloud, for now I knew our troubles would surely be at an end. I do not know what made me so bold, but I walked right up to the soldier and asked him if he did not know somebody that wanted a really good servant. He looked at me and then at Flora, who was standing behind me, and said: "You mean two good servants, don't you? I can't afford keeping a servant, but there is the sutler; I heard him inquire a little while ago for a handy fellow, who understood horses and knew how to make coffee and such things."

I hardly let him finish, for that was exactly what I was good for, and Flora made beautiful coffee. I just asked him where the sutler was, and when he showed me some way down the street a splendid team of four gray mules, standing before a large, fine house, and said that was the sutler's wagon, I took hold of Flora's hand and ran down as fast as I could. But when I came between the mules and the house I saw a whole crowd of servants standing around the door and crying out: "Take me, master, take me!" I thought it was all over, and I had lost my first and last chance, when Flora suddenly let go my hand and fell down like a log of wood, right between the wheels of the wagon. I tried to lift her up, but there was such a crowd, and the mules began to kick, and I thought she was going to die right away. Just then a man who had been inside the wagon popped his head out, and seeing Flora lying there, he asked: "Hallo, what is the matter, my man?" I told him as well as I could, and begged him for mercy's sake to help me, for Flora was sure enough dying. He laughed and stepped down leisurely over the swingle-trees, with a piece of hard tack in one hand and a bottle in the other. He poured some out of the bottle into his hand and rubbed her head with it, then he poured some down between her teeth, and when I could see next, she was sitting up with her head leaning against the wheel, opening her eyes as if she had been fast asleep, and munching a little bread in her mouth. I thanked the gentleman for having saved her life, but he only laughed the more. Then he asked me if I was not hungry too; and before I could say a word he pushed a whole pile of crackers into my hands. When Flora was all right again, he asked us what we were going to do with ourselves, and we told him as fast as we could, for we were both mighty grateful to him for his kindness. Then he told us that he was the sutler himself, and that if we promised to do well and be faithful servants to him he might find something to do for us both. He called to his clerk, who was in the house, and told him to see to it that we got a place to sleep in and some supper. When I looked a little around me I saw they had a beautiful flag flying from the top of the house, and that was the first night I slept under the Stars and Stripes, a free man.

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HOW SAL CAME THROUGH

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS," ETC.

THE summer sun balanced itself so evenly over Holly Bluff plantation that the broad white dwelling cast no shadow. But there was shade for all that, great stretches of it where, between the road that curved around the house and the fields now wreathed in tranquil cotton bloom, the pines had been left to check the western winds; and along the edge of the ravine too, where stood the cabins, were cool Rembrandt shadows, into which the open doorways looked out pleasantly, the colors of sundry and varied garments strung along the lines that linked the spreading oaks lending cheerfulness to the scene.

And there was a deep, cool shade in the broad back porch overlooking the blooming field, whose thousand acres ran off under the tremulous heat to the varied green of the creek bottom, beyond which the bold ridge with its one hue rose abruptly and checked the vision.

ON THE PORCH.

Perhaps it was this fine restful background a mile away, boldly defying the swamp on the right but extending like a miniature mountain range in lessening knobs on the left, that made the back porch old Colonel Tom Broome's favorite spot; perhaps the fact that it overlooked the whole plantation and the broad back yard had more to do with it. Anyway he had sat there for forty or fifty years, when he had time to sit, and there his black hair had grown thin and gray, his dark smooth face wrinkled, and his erect form somewhat bent. And here he sat this day nodding in the noon, his pipe fallen to the floor, his glasses slipping from his nose. The erect and defiant rooster came up the steps deliberately, surveyed him with scorn, and began to pick about him with a great show of discovery, calling to his more cautious family, which waited silently at the foot of the steps. The colonel's heavy walking-stick slipped from his side and fell to the floor; the scornful rooster sprang ten feet into the air from the porch, and as he came down excitedly related to the startled family his hairbreadth escape from an imminent deadly trap set for him. Awakened by the disturbance, the old gentleman straightened up in his chair and would probably have soon drifted again into the familiar currents that lead down to repose, but at that moment a young girl stood beside him.

"Grandpa," she said, "here 's your julep." She bore a large goblet, from which and from the ruby lake it held rose a little forest of mint. "I know it is cool, for I drew the water from the north side of the well myself." Her blue eyes smiled upon him as she stood waiting.

The colonel gave her smile for smile as he took the glass. His own eyes were blue, and they softened the fine, stern face wonderfully.

He lifted the julep gallantly with mock formality, saying, "Your health, young lady!" As he sipped and drank, the girl laughed softly and recovered his pipe, which she proceeded to fill again, he watching her the while. Her dress was a simple one of some soft white material, with a bit of blue ribbon at the throat, and a bit to hold her sunny hair back from her face. The experience of the moment was an every-day one with them; the girl knew that presently he would blow the dinner horn, smoke his pipe, go in to dinner, return to the chair, smoke and nod again, and finally make his way to the cool East India lounge in the hall, where she would sit fanning him while she read or dreamed the fair sweet dreams of girlhood. This was the midday programme.

To-day she saved him the exertion of rising, by standing on tiptoe, and fishing the carved horn off its hook with the long stem of his pipe. He fixed his eyes upon the far ridge, fitted the mouthpiece to his thin lips, breathed into the instrument, and the mellow call leaped forth across the brooding field. As it soared above them, "Too-oo-oo-oot-oot-oot-oot-oo-oo-oo-oot-oot-oot-oo-oot," the distant negroes let fall their hoe handles, and the plow mules halted abruptly in their tracks. The great ridge gave back mellow echoes, and down the creek bottom into the far swamp a merry hundred fading calls hurried out of hearing. And as silence swallowed them all, July, the aged hound, came out from under the kitchen and stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully with his dim wistful eyes into his master's face, then turned again to seek the cool earth bed. So had he come for years; so would he continue to come as long as his stiffening limbs could bear him, stirred by faint memories and fainter hopes.

As the girl tossed the horn back to its peg the colonel said:

"Now, sweetheart, what 's that about your drawing water?"

She smiled into his face again.

"I said I drew it from the north side of the well. You know there is always a lizard that stays on that side and keeps it cool there."

"So I have heard," he replied with gravity. "Let me see those hands." She held out one tiny palm reddened by its exercise with the rope, and he took it in both of his, examining it closely.

"Why did n't you make Sal draw it? You must n't spoil this little hand with such work."

"Well, Grandpa, Sal is out of humor these days, and it is more trouble to make her do anything than to do it for her. I don't think she is quite well," she added quickly, seeing the slight frown upon her grandfather's brow. At that moment a short, thick-set girl came from the kitchen and started for the house. She had a round black face, the thick African lips, an enormous foot, and walked with a peculiar vim that suggested plenty of muscle. Black as was her face naturally, it was darkened by a sullen look that overhung it. The colonel stopped her.

"What 's the matter with you here of late, Sal?" he asked gravely. "You leave others to do your work. What are you moping about?"

The girl stood silent, picking at her apron. Her young mistress interposed quickly, her womanly instinct half divining the cause.

"Has Alec left you, Sal?"

"Alec been conjured," said Sal, after a long pause.

"By whom?"

All the pent-up wrath came rushing out.

"Dat yeller huzzy, M'ria. She done move ole Miss ter gi' 'er dat frock she promus' me, an' she conjured Alec tell he gone plum crazy 'bout her. Hit 's church dis Sunday an' church dat Sunday, an' dance, an' carry on f'om one day's en' ter 'nother. Ef ever I git my han's on 'er, she goin' ter know who she foolin' wid —"

"Hush!" the colonel spoke sharply.

"Ole Massa, you doan' know dat nigger. She de 'ceivines' huzzy on de place — lie, an' steal —"

"Hush, I tell you! This stuff must end right here. You go now and attend to your work. If I hear anything more of it, I 'll send you to the field."

"No, Grandpa, Sal shall not go to the field. She belongs to me, and I want her at the house." The young lady spoke with energy and emphasis, and Colonel Broome settled back in his chair and proceeded to light his pipe. He

was a slave himself sometimes.

"Now, Sal, you come to my room; I want to talk to you." The little lady marched in, and her air was that of an empress. "Sal," she said sternly, when they were alone, "don't you know it is wicked to talk as you do? Suppose you were to die to-day with all that hate in your heart, where do you reckon you would go? Straight down to the—the—devil; straight down like—like a bucket falling in the well." Her voice sank into an awful whisper.

"THE DISTANT NEGROES LET FALL THEIR HOE HANDLES."

"But, Missy, dat nigger—"

"Hush your mouth! Don't you 'but' me! I say you would go straight down to him, where you ought to go! Are n't you ashame—d of yourself, are n't you ashame—d! What am I to do with you, I 'd like to know? I have read you the Bible, and taught you how to pray, and you get worse and worse every year. Get down on your poor, sinful knees, and ask the Lord to forgive you before he strikes you dead!" Sal dropped down on her knees, and put her face in her hands while her mistress remained standing, lining out the petition to the throne of grace.

"O Lord, look down on me, a miserable sinner!—I am *desperately* wicked!—I am full of hate!—I lie!—I steal!—"

"No, I doan' steal, Missy!"

"Yes, you do; you stole my ribbon! Say it: 'I steal!—I ain't fit to be with decent people!—I ought to be hoeing in the field!—And have forty lashes! O Lord, forgive me—as I forgive my enemies! As I forgive M'ria!'"

"Can't do dat, Missy!"

"Yes, you can; you *shall*. Say it: 'As I forgive even M'ria!'"

"Can't do hit, Missy, can't do hit; not tell I git my han's on 'er wunst."

"But you shall!—'As I forgive even M'ria!'"

"Lah, Missy, look at de dirt on yo' new frock!"

"Sal, are you going to mind me, or must *I* have you sent back to the field?"

"As I fo'give even M'ria," said Sal, meekly.

"And, O Lord, make me a good girl!—For Christ's sake!—Amen!" Sal's conclusion was positively cheerful, and she rose with alacrity.

"Now, Sal," said Missy, gently, her eyes resting pleadingly on the other's face, "I want you to promise me that you will go to prayer-meeting Sunday night and try to get religion; won't you, Sal—for me?" It was an old subject between them. "If you will, I tell you what I 'll do: I 'll get you a better dress than M'ria's; I will."

"Sho 'nough, Missy?"

"Sure enough. If you genuinely get religion. I know it is n't exactly right to hire people to do that; but if you get it, it does n't

make much difference at last. O Sal, I do so want you to be good! Go to prayer-meeting Sunday night and ask the Lord to help you, won't you, Sal?—just for my sake this time?"

The two girls were about the same age, and foster sisters. The earnestness in Missy's voice made Sal serious at last.

"I will, Missy," she said. "I goin' ter do my bes', an' ef you hear me er-singin' when I come erlong back by heah, hit 's all right. Goin' ter git me er red frock, Missy?"

The dinner bell rang and the girl darted off with a face full of smiles; or rather with a face full of a smile, for Sal's smile involved everything in its neighborhood when given full play.

II.

THE road that wound around the pines and into the woodland a quarter of a mile away, where stood the little log plantation church, lay with the tranquil shadows printed darkly upon it by the full moon as Sal plodded along on the following Sunday night. The way was otherwise deserted, for she was the latest comer. As she neared the meeting-house the opening hymn sprang out as if to meet her, and she paused a moment to listen, for Alec's rich voice was leading, with the whole congregation swinging into the chorus:

When I wen' down en de valley ter pray,
Studyin' 'bout dat good ole way,
(*Chorus:* Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.)
Ole Satan was deir fer ter hender me,
Layin' up unner de apple tree:
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
He rustle de weeds as I come erlong,
So I lif' my soul en er holy song:
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
He come right out by de side of de road,
An' 'e says, "Mister man, I 'll tote yo' load":
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
Says I, "No use fer ter temp' we men,
De sinner got er better frien'":
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
Er shinin' ange-ul lit right down
An' 'e promus' me dat starry crown—
Oh, I 'm goin' ter wear dat starry crown:
Good Lord, show me de way; Good Lord,
Good Lord, show me de way!

As the refrain died out Sal entered the church and took a seat near the door. Many heads were turned—it takes so little to interest a church audience—and some few worshipers near at hand giggled, for the poor little romance in the girl's life was known, as all such things on a plantation invariably are. Aunt Tempy whispered to Aunt Chloe that Sal was after M'ria "like er houn' dog on er rabbit track"; and Aunt Chloe ducked her head down in her lap and shook all over with the violence of her appreciation. But fortunately at that moment Preacher Adkins stood up in the pulpit and said:

"Brer Manuel, will you lead us in de praar?"

There was a sudden commotion on all sides, and the congregation settled down upon its knees, and lifting his face an aged negro began:

"O Lord, look down upon us dis night, an' doan' turn yo' face erway f'om us, fur we come er-'seechin' de throne o' grace."

"Look, King!" responded the stentorian voice of Unc' Clay from his corner. "Amen!" exclaimed many voices fervently, while Unc' Peter under the pulpit uttered his low plaintive "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo" like the tremulous call of a basso-profundo owl in the swamp.

"Lord, let yo' footsteps come over de mount'ins inter de valley, wher' yo' chillun es er-waitin' an' er-watchin' an' er-callin' fur yer, en de day-time an' en de night-time, ye'r en an' ye'r out!"

"Come down, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Ef hit warn't fur you hit 'u'd be er sorry time down heah; hit 's bad ernough anyhow, but hit 'u'd be er heap worse. O Lord! de load 'u'd be hebbier, de sun 'u'd be hotter, de mule 'u'd git bofe legs ober de trace at de en' uv e'ry row, de plow 'u'd fine more stumps, an' our poor sufferin' souls 'u'd be jerked heah an' deir f'om de risin' up uv de sun ter de settin' down uv de same!"

"Yes, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Lord, you know what es en our hearts, you see all de sin down en um; nobody c'n fool *you*, an' you es got yo' pow'ful eye on de sinner de very time he t'inks 'e es hid out bes'. Dey c'n fool ole Massa, dey c'n fool de overseer, an' dey wives an' dey husban's, but dey can' fool you. When you tarks dey shakes an' come sneakin' out. But, Lord, hit 's er poor,

sorry crowd atter all, an' hit ain't wuff yo' time ter projec' wid 'em. Let yo' mussy fall down an' cover 'em all—de las' one uv 'em; an' let 'em feel hit heah ter-night."

"Do it, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Lord, we don't know how long we got ter stay heah. Some got ter go soon, an' all got ter go atter erwhile. Las' ye'r dug more graves out yonner en de plum orchud dan de ye'r 'fo' lef' deir, an' dis one dug some too. Deir 'll be more deir 'fo' Christmus come. Last week Unc' Siah went; de week 'fo' Aunt Charlotte put two little baby-girls out deir—"

"Mercy, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Charlotte's voice in a low chant broke into the prayer and continued to the end in counterpoint. Presently Unc' Manuel's glided into rhythm also, and the whole assembly rocked back and forth, keeping time with their bodies:[1]

We *all* gotter go! An' I *reck'n* hit 'll be ole *Manuel* nex'; fur-somehow-my-legs-ain'-what-dey-*onct*-was; an'-w'en-I-git-down-hit's-mighty-*hard*-ter-git-up—mighty-*hard*-ter-git-up; fur-de-mis'ry-en-de-*ole-man's*-back; de-ole-man 's-*wearin*'-out; but-es-trust-es-*en*-*de*-Lord; an'-'e-ain'-nev'r-cail-but-de-Lord-come; mebbe-nex'-time-'e-won't-come-but-*sen*'-es-chariot.—

Send hit, King! Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo—

An'-es-snow-white-*robe*-too; sen'-es-snow-white-*robe*-too; an'-de-ole-man-go-'*long-an'-fine-es*-master. Oh,-hit 'll-be-er-*great*-day-an'-I-wish-hit-'u'd-*come-erlong; an'-I-wish-hit-'u'd-come*-erlong. All-'long-de-road-dey-*dropped*-down; mammy-an'-daddy-*dropped*-down; sissers-an'-brudders-*dropped*-down; frien's-an'-chillun-*dropped*-down; an'-lef'-me-heah-to-*wark*-erlone; all-by-myse'f-ter-*wark*-erlone—ter-*wark*-erlone. But-hit 'll-be-er-great-day-w'en-he-call-'em-all-up-*ter-tell-ole-Manuel-howdy; yes-hit*-will. Lord, doan'-let-none-be-missin'-w'en-de-horn-blows-fur-de-*niggers-ter-git-up-fur-de-las'*-time; none-missin'-f'om-de-*lowes'-ter-de*-highes'; let-em-*all*-git-deir—

Grant hit, King! Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo. Amen! Amen! Amen!

(All:) Let-'em-git-deir!

"An'," concluded Unc' Manuel, resuming his usual voice, "thine be de kingdom, an' de glory, f'r ever an' dever, amen." To which all responded heartily.

1 To imitate this negro, select one tone and keep it monotonously except on the italicized words, which are pitched two notes higher.

Preacher Adkins's black face rose up from behind the pulpit and shone out over his enormous cotton collar; but before he could give direction to the services a woman began singing, and the whole congregation joined her, their voices in sweet harmony, leaping out through the dreamy night. One grand soprano and one grand contralto lead all the rest, rising, falling, curving, and sinking to rise again in the moonlit silence. When the sun went down two mated swallows were cruising in the amber haze above the silent field, controlled by a perfect sympathy that linked them together under a single impulse. It was as though these had vanished into voices, and the ear followed their flight when the eye gave them up to shadows:

When I git up ter heaven
My work 'll all be done—
I 'm goin' ter wark 'ith Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home,
I 'm er-goin' up home,
I 'm er-goin' up home,
Ter er-die no mo'.

I 've foun' de load too heavy,
Too heavy ter tote erlone,
I 'll lay hit down ter Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home, etc.

Sinner, de way ter glory
Es de road wher' Jesus run;
Hit 'll carry yer home ter Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home, etc.

O brudder, doan' git werry,
Yo' work es almos' done;
Meet me at de feet er Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home, etc.

"Sis' Charlut," said preacher Adkins, as the last tones died away, "will you lead us en de praar?" As the congregation sank to its knees again the slow, plaintive voice of the woman was heard:

"Our Father who art in heaven, I doan' ask yer ter lay as heavy er load on nobody's heart as yer laid on mine. Las' ye'r daddy an' mammy; dis ye'r my chillun—all gone,

all gone!"—the voice rose in a sudden wail that echoed out in the pines and thrilled the rude hearts about her,—"all gone; laid 'em en de cole groun' an' I 'm lef' ter cry over dem—to cry! to cry!"

"Help her, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"An' I have cried! But, O my God! I doan' cry 'ginst *you*—oh, no, not 'ginst *you;* fur I know hit 's all right, hit 's all right. But I have cried tell de piller was wet, tell de cott'n row was wet, tell de bread en my han's was wet, an' I 'm er-cryin' now,"—her wail was almost a shriek,—"I 'm er-cryin' yit—"

"Heah 'er, King!—" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

There was a moment or two of sobbing and mingling of women's voices calling to one another, and then Charlotte's altered, and in a clear, suppliant chant was lifted again; and as she sang, the voices of the other women in a wordless chant ran over hers, making a wild, sweet melody in the church.

"O my dear Saviour, come down ter-night—an' let yo' sof' han'—fine us en de dark—let us see yo' face er-shinin'—let us see yo' blue eyes smilin'—let us heah yo' voice er-callin'—let us heah yo' sof' step comin'—en de lonely night. De sinner knows yo' step,—de sinner knows yo' smile,—de sinner knows yo' voice,—de sinner knows yo' touch;—deir ain' but one friend;—deir ain' but one Saviour; he 's ernough fur me; he 's ernough fur anybody;—he 's ernough fur ev'body;—Lord, we are waitin', look at us! Look at us!—Look at us!—"

"Look, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Er-kneelin' an' er-waitin'—er-watchin' an' er-prayin'; an' heah us!—an' heah us, dear Lord! an' bless us, fur we sho'ly need hit."

Charlotte's voice had become hoarsened to a whisper and incoherent; finally a general "Amen" was uttered for her.

Up to this time in the prayer-meeting Sal had remained crouching with her face pressed in her hands. The eyes of several were still upon her, and there was considerable whispering among those nearest. Tempy said something to Chloe, but it did not produce a laugh this time. She went over silently to where Sal crouched, and kneeling there talked to her.

"MEN AND WOMEN STRUGGLED IN EVERY DIRECTION."

She tried to pull the girl's hands from her face, but she held them tightly, and as the older woman whispered words of comfort Sal began to cry and moan. Some one had started another hymn: by that subtle influence which connects an audience the struggle in the mind of the young girl was known, and it gave direction to the services. It was Tempy who lifted her tremulous voice and led the way:

Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las',
Po' sinner 's foun' er home en de new bright worl',
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las'.

Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las', etc.

Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las', etc.

O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
Po' sinner fin' er home at las', etc.

Several women were kneeling by the side of Sal, and all the congregation sank to their knees as Sal's mother in great excitement began to shout:

"Bless de name er de Lord! Bless de name er de Lord! My chile es comin' through."

"Bless de King!" Clay's voice rose like a clarion's.

"Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo!" There was a triumphant agony in the response that came from Peter.

"Amen!" was shouted by half a hundred lips.

"Er-comin' through! Hit 's been er long time."

"Yes, sister!"

"Hit 's been er long time! — but hit 's come at las'; his han' done foun' 'er sinful heart, an' hit 's er-leadin' de way."

"Bless the King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"My chile es er-comin' through, she 's er-comin' erlong de way!" The woman was swaying back and forth and clapping her hands. Her excitement was communicating itself to those around and her speech was growing thick and incomprehensible when suddenly she fell over, her voice died out, and her limbs stiffened. Two men lifted and carried her out gently, the congregation chanting and scrambling up again. As the little group passed Sal, she sprang to her feet and rushed to the front. She turned first to one and then to another, waving her hands and shouting in the cadence of a quickstep:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!

Each took her hand, gravely shook it, and released it; and as she moved around, the feet of all beat time, as though the whole congregation was marching, while through it all ran the wild monotone, "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" Occasionally a woman would shout a response and throw her arms around the girl's neck. Presently some began singing again, and all joined in the refrain until the church fairly thundered:

Sister Mary weep, Sister Marthy moan,
Who 's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who 's on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who 's on de Lord's side?

And through the weird melody in singular cadence rose the wild cry of the marching girl:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
O sister, lay yo' burden down,
Who 's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who 's on de Lord's side? etc.

Sal had made considerable progress on her circuit and was beginning to add a queer little shuffle to her march, popping her long, broad foot upon the resonant plank, when she came face to face with M'ria sitting in all the glory of the Ole Miss frock by the side of Alec. M'ria touched her escort in the side with her elbow and said aloud, grinning:

"Look at Bigfoot Sal!"

It was a fatal remark. Sal was fairly frenzied with excitement, and M'ria drew the whole current. Her rival sprang on her with the fury of a tigress, and in a few moments the Ole Miss frock was reduced to shreds. Sal lifted her light enemy into the air and brought her down to the floor with terrific force, M'ria giving expression to her pain and fear in frightful screams. As Sal tore and bit, the clockwork of her religious fervor ran on: "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" she muttered. The congregation had been fired to a white heat by the conversion of the girl, and were just drifting into the ecstatic church dance when the sudden conflict began. M'ria's brother sprang over the benches intervening, and catching Sal by the hair began to cuff her vigorously. The next instant Alec, whose love for his dusky fiancée had only slumbered, jumped on his back like a catamount.

Plantation life is like village life; there are always two sides, and blood is thicker than water. In the excitement of the onset good intentions were mistaken for declarations of war, and when war developed it involved the whole community. Men and women struggled in every direction. Some took flying leaps out of the windows, and some, crawling over the heads of those who packed the doorway, dropped down safely outside, perhaps only to become involved at last, for many old debts

"SHE PASSED ON AMONG THE PINES."

are settled in such emeutes.

Gradually the crowd escaped to the exterior of the church and groups were formed on all sides. Fights were still in progress. Presently blows were suspended, and excited discussion took their place. Just at this moment, when a reaction was setting in, and friends were pinning remnants of clothing over the almost nude forms of Tempy and Chloe, while the two loudly abused each other, out of the doorway came Sal. Her head was high in the air, her feet were keeping time to the monotone she was still somewhat exhaustedly shouting:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

The crowd gave way, and looking neither to the right nor the left, marching with measured tread, putting in every now and then her queer little shuffle, and slapping the roadway with her long foot, she passed on among the pines, her cotton dress appearing and disappearing at intervals until the distance and shadows swallowed her up. Silence for a moment fell upon the crowd, then a burst of laughter followed: the excitement had taken a more cheerful turn.

On went the girl, and faintly sounded the marching cadence:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

Then it died away in the distance, and the crowd found itself interested in two wrecks that crept out of the church and appealed to their sympathies. One was M'ria; the other, Peter.

Slowly, still arguing, the gathering dissolved. But as the scattering groups faded away through the patches of moonlight and shadow, and the night hushed discord, from away up the road where it winds around the house and Missy's darkened bedroom at the corner, there came floating back the words of Sal's triumphant hymn:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

H. S. Edwards.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—DECEMBER, 1864

DEBATES ON ARMING SLAVES

Governor Brown, of Georgia, between whom and President Davis there is a bitter feud of long standing, on the 24th of February sent a message to the Georgia Legislature, in which he makes a bitter attack upon the policy and measures of the Confederate Government at Richmond. We quote a considerable portion of the telegraphic abstract of this message, as published in the Richmond papers of February 28:

> He opposes the arming of the slaves, believing them to be more valuable as agricultural laborers than they could be as soldiers. They do not wish to go into the army, and the principal restraint now upon them is the fear that if they leave, the enemy will make them fight and compel them to take up arms, and they will desert by thousands. We can not expect them to perform deeds of heroism when fighting to continue the enslavement of their wives and children, and it is not reasonable to demand it of them. Whenever we establish the fact that they are a military people we destroy our theory that they are unfit to be free. When we arm the slaves we abandon slavery.

The question of arming the slaves has been warmly discussed in the Confederate Congress, where, as well as in the Executive department, there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. General Lee, in a public letter, strongly advocates the measure. He writes, under date of Feb. 18: "I think the employment of negroes as soldiers not only expedient but necessary. The enemy will certainly use them against us if he can get possession of them, and as his present numerical superiority will enable him to penetrate many parts of the country, I can not see the wisdom or policy of holding them to await his arrival. ... I do not think that our white population can supply the necessities of a long war without overtaxing its capacity and imposing great sufferings upon our people.... In my opinion the negroes, under proper circumstances, will make good soldiers.... I think that those who are employed should be freed. It would, in my opinion, be neither just nor wise to require them to serve as slaves. The best course would be to call for those who are willing to come with the consent of their owners.... I have no doubt that if Congress would authorize their reception into service, and authorize the President to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled, a sufficient number would be forthcoming to enable us to try the experiment. If it prove successful most of the objections to the measure would disappear, and if individuals still remained unwilling to send their negroes to the army, the force of public opinion in the States would soon bring about such legislation as would remove all obstacles."—Bills to this purpose have been introduced into both Houses of Congress. That in the House of Representatives passed on the 20th of February, by a vote of 40 to 37. It empowered the President to ask and accept the services of as many negroes as he deemed expedient, to be employed during the war on any military service which he should direct; that these troops should receive the same pay and rations as white troops; that if a sufficient number of colored recruits was not obtained, the President might call upon each State for its proportion of 300,000 men, to be raised irrespective of color, from persons not subject to military duty under existing laws; and that nothing in this act should work any change in the relation of master and slave, except by the consent of the owners, and of the States in which they reside. But, in the mean while, the bill originating in the Senate was lost, on the 21st of February, by a vote of 11 to 10, both of the Virginia Senators voting against it. Thereupon both branches of the Virginia Legislature passed resolutions directing their Senators to vote for the arming of slaves. The

Southern theory being that Senators in Congress are bound to obey the instructions of their State Legislatures, it is probable that the Virginia Senators will reverse their votes, which would make a majority of one in favor of the measure. The Senate of Virginia also, on the 25th of February, passed a bill, by a vote of 27 to 3, which was sent to the House of Delegates, authorizing the Governor to call for volunteers for one year from the free negroes and slaves, to "aid in the defense of the capital and such other points as are or may be threatened by the public enemy;" these volunteers to be commanded by white officers. The bill suspends, in the case of these volunteers, the operation of the laws prohibiting the carrying of arms by slaves and free negroes.

APRIL, 1865

By various laws now existing in the Confederacy all free negroes between the ages of 18 and 45 are made liable to perform military duty upon fortifications and in Government works. The Secretary of War is also empowered to employ in a similar manner 20,000 slaves, the owners to be paid in case of their escape or death. If they can not be hired they may be impressed. The Southern papers urge that these laws shall be carried into immediate execution. The Richmond *Enquirer* of October 6 also urges that free negroes and slaves shall be employed as soldiers. It recommends that the Confederate Congress shall purchase 250,000 negroes, present them with their freedom, grant them the privilege of remaining in the States, and arm, equip, drill, and fight them. It says that these freedmen could be depended upon not only for ordinary services, but for the hardest fighting.——A letter from Henry W. Allen, Governor of Louisiana, to Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, dated September 26, has been captured, in which he urges the employment of negroes as soldiers. He says: "The time has come for us to put into the army every able-bodied negro man as a soldier. This should be done immediately....We have learned from dear-bought experience that negroes can be taught to fight, and that all who leave us are made to fight against us. I would free all able to bear arms, and put them into the field at once. They will make much better soldiers with us than against us, and swell the now depleted ranks of our armies."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE — MARCH, 1890

BLOODHOUNDS AND SLAVES

An interesting article on the English bloodhound, by Mr. Edwin Brough, in the June, 1889, number of The Century Magazine, reminded me of the long-standing slander that the Southern master formerly used the bloodhound to run down his runaway slaves. Mr. Brough says that the English bloodhound "is quite different . . . from the Cuban bloodhound of slave-hunting notoriety." We look at the article "Bloodhound," in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" (J. B. Lippincott & Co., editions of 1884 and 1887). I find the following statements: "The Cuban bloodhound, which is much employed in the pursuit of felons and fugitive slaves in Cuba, differs considerably from the true bloodhound of Britain and continent of Europe, being more fierce and having more resemblance to the bull-dog. . . . It is this kind of bloodhound which was formerly employed in the United States for the recapture of fugitive slaves." It is not surprising that Englishmen should believe all this, as it is what we told them of ourselves. Laying aside the brutality, one would hardly think that an ordinarily sensible man would purposely select so ferocious a brute as the Cuban bloodhound is reputed to be to tear to pieces or maim a valuable chattel worth $1000 or $1200, especially as this animal, "resembling the bull-dog," is very deficient in nose. This simple statement ought to show the absurdity of the slander. As to this Cuban bloodhound—so terrible to the morbid imagination—and its use in the Southern States, I have lived for many years in Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama, and I can count on the fingers of one hand every one I ever saw. They were said to be fierce, and were used as guard dogs when used at all.

The dog used in the Southern States for tracking criminals and fugitives was the ordinary little foxhound of the country, familiar to everybody. His nose is all but infallible, but he is very timid about attacking man. Consequently, while it was next to impossible to escape him, the master of the colored fugitive knew that his property was in no sort of danger.

To illustrate this: when I was a boy living in Georgia I was fond of talking with an intelligent colored man who belonged to a neighbor. On one occasion he "took to the woods." Trained foxhounds were put on his trail with the usual result. I asked him after he was brought home if he had not been frightened when the dogs came up with him. He laughed at the question and said: "I knew when they found me there was no use running, as they would follow; but they won't trouble anybody. I just took up a little stick, and they stood off twenty or thirty yards barking." The first time I ever knew of dogs being used to track any one illustrates their disregard for color or condition. A wealthy and respected man who lived near a Southern city took a fancy to increase his wealth by setting fire to his barn, which was insured. About

daybreak the hounds were produced to find the criminal. To the surprise of everybody, the trail was carried to his front door by the dogs. No one prosecuted him for burning his own barn, but the canine evidence destroyed his standing in the community and prevented his getting the coveted security.

I suppose it will hardly be believed, but, as a fact, dogs were rarely used in the South for tracking human beings. I never knew of a case where they were used in Virginia, and I lived several years in the black belt of that State. I saw but one pack in Georgia, where I lived many years, and I never heard of a pack in Alabama, where I spent a good deal of my youth in a planting community where the colored people predominated largely in numbers.

William N. Nelson.

ALEX HALEY PAYS FOR PLAGIARISM

ALEX HALEY

Alex Haley, the author of the celebrated work, *Roots*, recently agreed to pay Harold Courlander, the author of a novel called *The African*, and his publisher, Crown, more than a half-million dollars. This huge payment was made in settlement of a suit charging that Haley, in writing *Roots*, had substantially copied from *The African*.

The press reports of the settlement indicated that Courlander had charged that over 80 passages in *Roots* had been copied from his book. However, Courlander's complaint went much further than this. He charged that the material Haley copied "constituted the framework, life and substance of *Roots*." The legal brief said that "Mr. Haley copied language, thoughts, attitudes, incidents, situations, plot and character." It asserted: "Without *The African*, *Roots* would have been a very different and less successful novel, and indeed it is doubtful that Mr. Haley could have written *Roots* without *The African*."

These charges were backed by detailed documentation submitted to the court, including evaluations prepared by two professors of English at Columbia University. Robert W. Hanning, professor of English and Comparative Literature prepared a 41-page analysis of the similarities found in the two books. He drew these conclusions:

"*1*. The similarities between the two books are not accidental; they lead to the conclusion that Haley knew and copied from *The African* in writing *Roots*; and that many of these copyings in turn underlie incidents and characters in the *Roots* teleplay.

"2. The similarities between *The African* and *Roots* are substantial, and the material in *Roots* that shows these similarities are both qualitatively and quantitatively important to the language, plot, content, form and overall impact of Haley's novel. Without the materials Haley copied from *The African*, *Roots* would have been a far different and, in my opinion, a less effective novel. I believe the materials Haley copied from *The African* were crucial to the success that *Roots* has achieved."

Prof. Hanning found that the section of *Roots* that describes the life of Kunta Kinte, the young African who was captured by slavers and transported to America, follows closely the overall structure of Courlander's account of the life and attitudes of a remarkably similar young African named Hwesuhunu. Haley's hero, Kunta Kinte, grew to manhood in the Gambia; Hwesuhunu went through the same process in Dahomey. Each, before his capture by slavers, had a strange dream, foreboding trouble.

They had remarkably similar experiences and companions on the slave ship that carried them to America. For example, they were both assailed by lice. Courlander's lice "worked their way into the hair and the body crevices. They crawled on the face and drank at the corners of their eyes." Haley's "were worst wherever the body crevices held any hair.... But the lice preferred to bite him on the face, and they would suck at the liquids in the corners of Kunta's eyes...."

Each of the heroes, in the hold of the slave ship, found that his companion on the right came from a neighboring tribe and spoke enough of his language that they could converse. Each had as his neighbor on the left an old man who would not say anything and who died during the voyage. Each saw a slave leap overboard and dangle above the water, held by the chain that bound him to nine other slaves. On both voyages one of the slaves died of a gangrenous leg and was thrown overboard. The ships went through remarkably similar storms, and after reaching America the heroes had some remarkably similar experiences.

The outstanding characteristic of both heroes was their unwillingness to forget their African heritage. They both refused to follow the other slaves in their apparent acceptence of their degraded status as chattels, lacking any sense of their African identity and heritage. This concept won praise for Courlander's novel in 1968. Ten years later it helped Alex Haley win a Pulitzer Prize and a fortune, part of which he will now share with Harold Courlander.